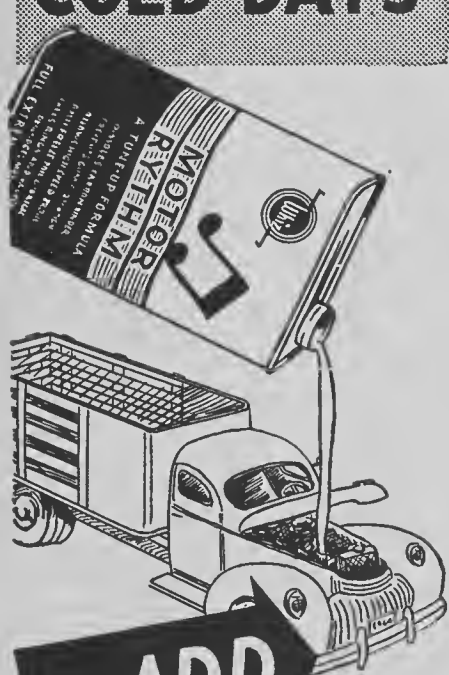


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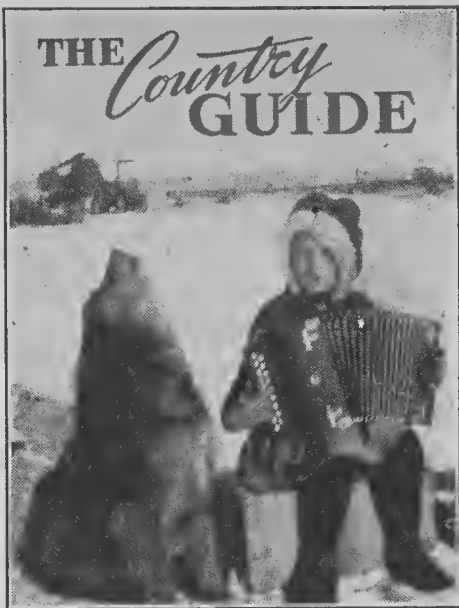
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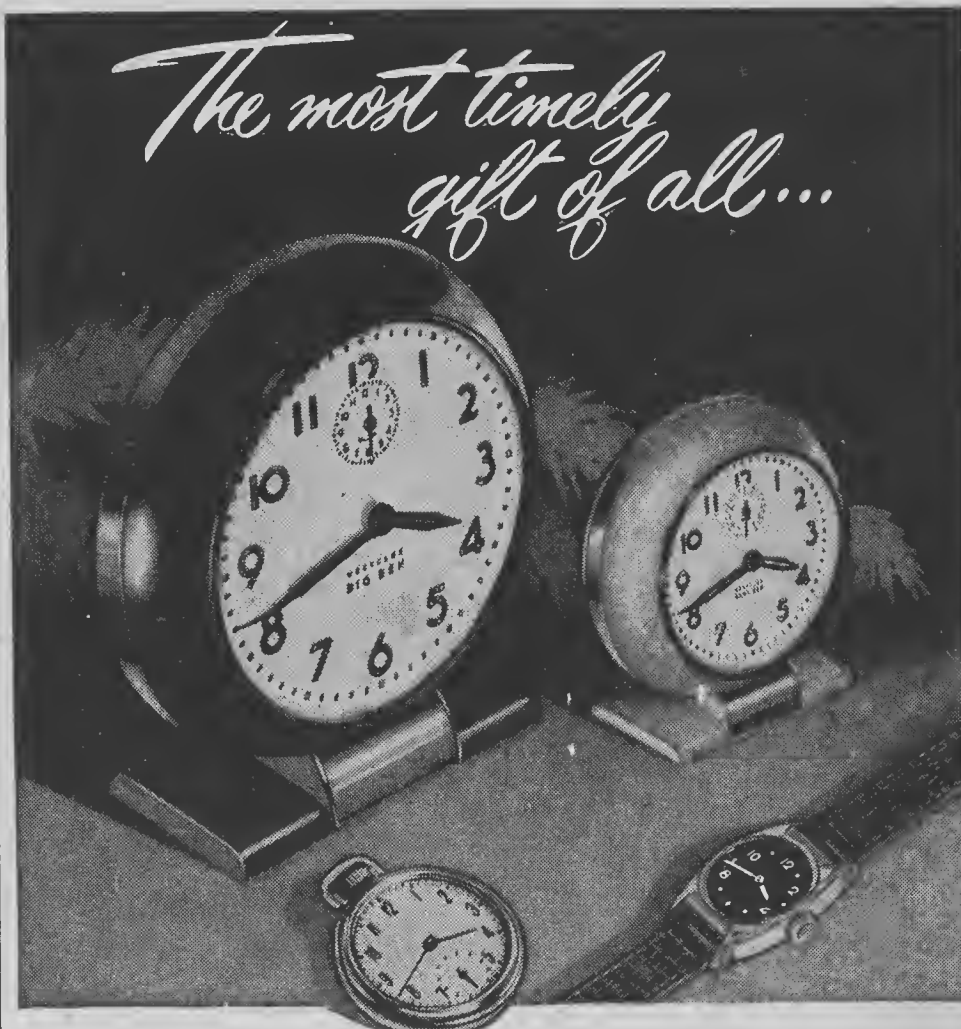


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Under The Peace Tower

IF you happen to be a person 51 years or over, this may interest you. The other day, the government advertised for somebody to feed mice. That's right, feed mice. These mice are a very special kind of mice, and they are being closely watched by the government. With mice, guinea pigs, rabbits and other animals, experiments are being constantly made by the government's scientists. But to keep the animals alive, a special mouse attendant is required.

A big, burly veteran, 51 years of age, turned up, and was turned down. This really aroused a colonel working here in the Department of Veterans' Affairs, so he called in the person who had turned down the 51-year-old Vet.

"Why did you turn the man down?" said the D.V.A. colonel.

"The man is too old," said the official who hires the mouse watchers.

"Too old? What has he got to do?" asked the colonel.

"He has to haul bags of food up two flights of stairs, carry things down, you know, heavy work." Thus spake the personnel man who turned down the 51-year-old applicant.

"Look," said the colonel, "I was in the late war, and I know I am pretty soft today, because the hardest work I did requiring physical labor was when from time to time I lifted a cup of tea. I am in no very great physical shape, yet if I could not handle the food to feed these rabbits, guinea pigs and mice, I would be a very surprised man. But this fellow, husky, in good condition, could do the job easily."

The official agreed tentatively to reconsider, and to hire the World War II veteran. But just at this writing, there comes word that there has been a change of plan, and a man 27 has been retained instead. After all, he will have the strength to feed the mice.

NOW if you who read this are a farmer, you ought to have a first class snicker. Here is a man, 51 years of age, deemed by a hiring agent of His Majesty's government to be too old to carry food up two flights of stairs to mice!

How often on the farm has a man 51 years of age had to lift 100 pounds? Today, in the west on the farms, alike as in the east on the farms, men 51 years of age are lifting heavy burdens, thinking nothing of it. More than that, farmers who are 61 are tossing around weighty bundles. Go one further, and what will you bet that there are not a lot of men 71 who are still managing somehow to heft a pretty fair piece of avoirdupois?

Surely farmers must be amused to learn that at 51 they are too old to lift heavy loads. Yet such is the belief of our lily-like government menials who have the hiring and firing of personnel.

If the thing stopped there, it would be merely funny. It would mean that this is just another stupid government employee we shall pension off with a good allowance at 65. But there is stark tragedy behind this, and ultimately, it is going to hit the people of Canada where it hurts most, in the pocket book.



Today, many government offices will not retain any new employee who is over 35. Certainly in far too many cases the absolute age limit is 40. I am not going to give you any long spiel about the virtues of experience; let's waive that, for we all know that the experience of age usually is worth more than the vigor of youth. If that were not so, high school boys would be presidents of railroads, heads of co-operatives, and premiers of provinces.

What bothers me first is the loss of morale. Once a man who is 40 plus is told he is no good, in due course he begins to believe it himself. Yet a man at 40 plus is in the prime of life, and in the case of the big successes of our day the prime of life is often 50 plus, and more frequently than not, closer to 60 than 50. So the idea of a man being through at 40 is eyewash.

So let's not go into the loss of morale, nor should we probe the consequences if some of our best people today find themselves permanently unemployable.

The first point I want to stress is that if the government, which should be a model employer, and which should set a standard for the rest of Canada, cannot do any better than that, it means that private firms, and non-government organizations, will take their cue from the federal authorities and refuse to take on anybody who admits to being 40 plus.

This means, as sure as sure can be, that we shall soon have tens of thousands of people, between 40 and 50, and of course from 50 on, who will be walking the streets. The loss in potential manpower is bad enough. But what is this all going to cost us?

These men are not eligible for pension at that age. Either we shall have to alter the pension laws to make them eligible, or they will have to take unemployment insurance. But that is only a temporary measure, a palliative. Sooner or later, unemployment (Turn to page 26)



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PLOWING



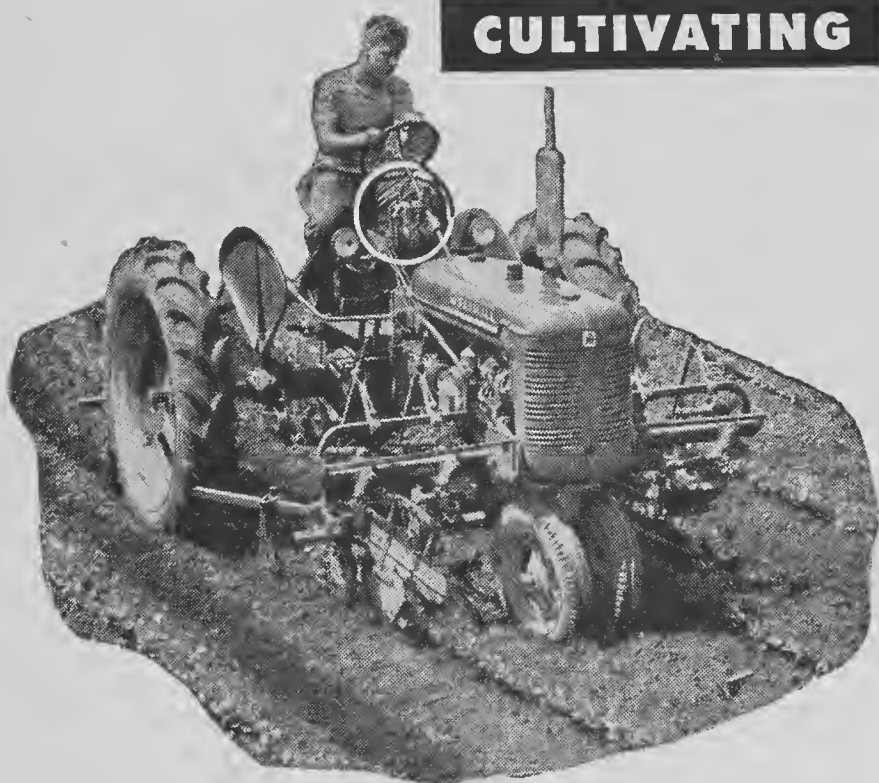
Farmall Touch-Control on this Farmall Super-A tractor lowers and raises the plow bottom and separately adjusts the drawbar height to change the depth of plowing.

PLANTING



This planter, forward-mounted on a Farmall C tractor, is easily raised by Touch-Control. Planting depth may be similarly controlled.

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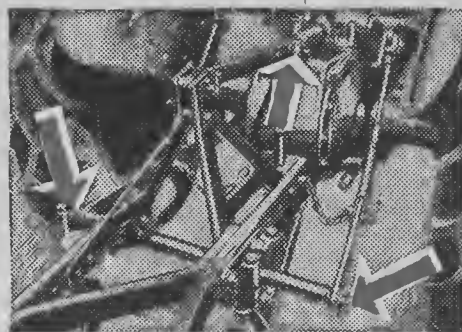


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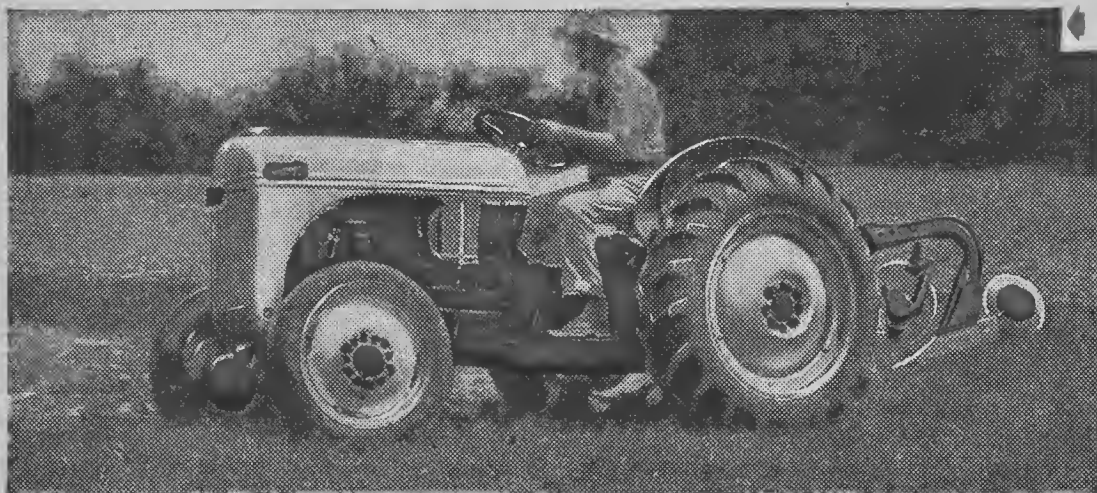


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Revolution

IN AGRICULTURE!

by DAVID MacFARLANE

IT is possible to start farming with extremely little capital, but we have reached the point in history where this may be more of a curse than a blessing. Until the end of World War I Canadian agriculture was a rapidly expanding industry and like other such industries it was possible to run a small stake into an investment which would give modest financial independence.

All that has changed. Agriculture went through a 20-year period of depression between the two wars. For 42 years or more it has lost ground relative to the growth of other major industries. Farming became a haven for the industrial unemployed in the 1930's, and this further depressed farm returns. Even the present prosperity of agriculture has not brought financial returns to farmers anywhere near those enjoyed by workers of comparable skill in manufacturing and commerce.

This background, the impending downward price adjustments, and the general uncertainty which faces Canadian agriculture, means that farming will be rough on the man who starts on a shoe string. Success for such a man is still possible,

but it will be rare. Where it occurs it will be a tribute to remarkable skill in operating and managing a farm. It is no longer possible to ride up on the crest of the wave of an expanding industry.

There is perhaps a more substantial reason why it will be extremely difficult for a man with a small amount of capital to build up a farm business which will yield attractive financial returns. This reason is that farming is becoming more capitalistic. With the increasing mechanization of farming, the position of those operators who are not mechanized becomes relatively worse and worse. The development of highly efficient tractors and tractor equipment ***Agriculture is going through a transformation no less drastic than that which overtook industry in the last century. It is reshaping the return per worker, the economic size of unit, and the kind of living which can be wrested from a family farm.***

ment has tremendously increased the productivity of farmers using this machinery. Operators not using them are increasingly disadvantaged.

THIS point can be made more obvious by a little exploration into the theory of capital. Economists assert that the amount and value of a product turned out by a worker depends on how much capital (machinery, buildings, land, etc.) he works with. At the one extreme would be the man who works a small plot of ground with a hoe. At the other is the skilled mechanic in an automobile plant who may work with \$50,000 worth of capital, or the locomotive crew which handles an engine worth \$500,000. The value of the product turned out, and the returns to the worker, are in the first case very small; in the others large.

The same rules apply in farming. A man who works with hand tools, or with one or two horses is going to turn out only a fraction of the product raised by the man who works with a tractor and power equipment. The first worker will surely get

(Turn to page 34)

ME, I'm in favor of the family as an institution, not to mention a convenience. But with some people, like Mr. Ned Whately, for example, it's a miracle just to hold one together, let alone get a new one started.

Mr. Ned Whately is short and stocky, and year in and year out he markets more cotton, potatoes, prime cabbages and pure bad temper than any other planter between Princetown and the Savannah River. Luther Simmons, who works for me off and on when the fish aren't biting, says that when the cotton crop is slow coming, Mr. Ned just walks up and down between the cotton rows in the dark of the moon, talking. Talking and cussing. Luther says it's a thoughtful sight to see the cotton breaking out like a little white wave on either side of Mr. Ned as he walks. Scared white in the boll and prime for picking. Which may be just one of Luther's tales, but on the other hand . . .

Like this time in the afternoon. We were sitting on my porch, four of us, looking out through the gas pumps at the heat shimmering on the highway. Me and Luther Simmons and Mr. Ned Whately and Mr. Ned's son, Bubber Whately. We sat there watching the cars zip by, coming into sight just this side of where Gadsden's Bridge crosses over to Waccamaw and disappearing again where the road bends off into Mr. Ned Whately's stand of pine. It was hot, and I could tell without even turning my head that the tide was licking up in the salt creek behind the house, and that down at the inlet it was just about set for fishing. I mentioned as much to Mr. Ned Whately. I could have saved my breath.

"Fishin'!" Mr. Ned said. "Don't talk to me about fishin'. I've got work to do."

But of course he was sitting right there on my porch, and probably still would be, come sundown. Bubber Whately said, "You might just as well go, Papa. Luther here can take care of Mr. Bob's pumps, and if anything comes up over at the house I'll look after it."

Mr. Ned Whately looked at him. "You," he said. "You always talk so big for your birthdays."

MR. NED always talks to Bubber like that, as if he still hadn't worn pants, and I guess he always will. Bubber is 26 and the image of Mr. Ned, except for being twice as tall, not even a little bit fat, and nice-natured. He was in North Africa and Sicily and then France and Germany with the Engineers, and it's often a puzzle to me why he puts up with Mr. Ned at all. Sometimes I suspect against all nature that he must actually like the old rip. If blood could be thicker than vinegar.

Mr. Ned rocked little short rocks in his chair and fanned himself, and he said to Bubber, "Besides, where would you watch the work from? From over on the Waccamaw?"

Bubber got a little

Mr. Ned sat perfectly, absolutely still. And then he got red, and then purple.



ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

Mr. Ned was an opponent who dealt savage blows, but the year he put a big acreage into spuds he really led with his chin.

by PHILIP CLARK

Illustrated by George Shane



red under the tan, and that was the first I knew he was courting. But he only said, "When I've got farming to do, I farm. Which is more than anyone is doing on this porch this minute."

Mr. Ned rocked a little quicker, and I thought: Oh, my, here we go. And wished I was fishing. Mr. Ned said, "You'll have to go a long ways, if ever, before you're even half the planter your father is."

"Which half do you mean?" Bubber said, getting mad too. "The gambling half, or the shut-your-eyes-and-pray half?"

By which I knew that they'd been at it again over Mr. Ned putting his whole, big, huge acreage in potatoes. Mr. Ned stopped rocking and looked at Bubber hard.

"Farmin's always a gamble," he said. "What separates me from the shirt-tail boys is knowin' what to gamble on." He started to rock again, and then stopped like he was shot. "Bubber," he said, "you haven't been talkin' over Waccamaw side about what I've got my acreage in? Not where George Stevens would just maybe hear about it?"

Bubber got a little red. He said, "Papa, you know I wouldn't do that. I—that's purely social. I don't talk crops."

Mr. Ned snorted. "You're girl-foolish, which means you probably don't have any idea *what* you talk about. The good Lord alone knows what that girl pries out of you."

Bubber got really red. "Papa," he said, "you shouldn't talk like that. You've hardly ever seen her. You don't know anything about her."

Mr. Ned rocked harder. "I know she's a Waccamaw Stevens, and I don't like the Waccamaw Stevenses."

I thought it was time to break it up. I said, "Which Stevens is she, Bubber?"

"Marylee," Bubber said. His jaw set and he began to rock, too. Slower than Mr. Ned, but just as stubborn.

"Well," I said, "congratulations. You couldn't do better." I meant it, too. There aren't any prettier girls than Marylee Stevens. "But," I said, "I see the trouble. Her Uncle George Stevens kind of got the edge on Mr. Ned here in a cabbage deal, back in '27."

Which was only the very small half of it. Those two had spent a long life trying to outguess and outsmart each other. I certainly hated to see Bubber's future happiness caught in the middle of that thing.

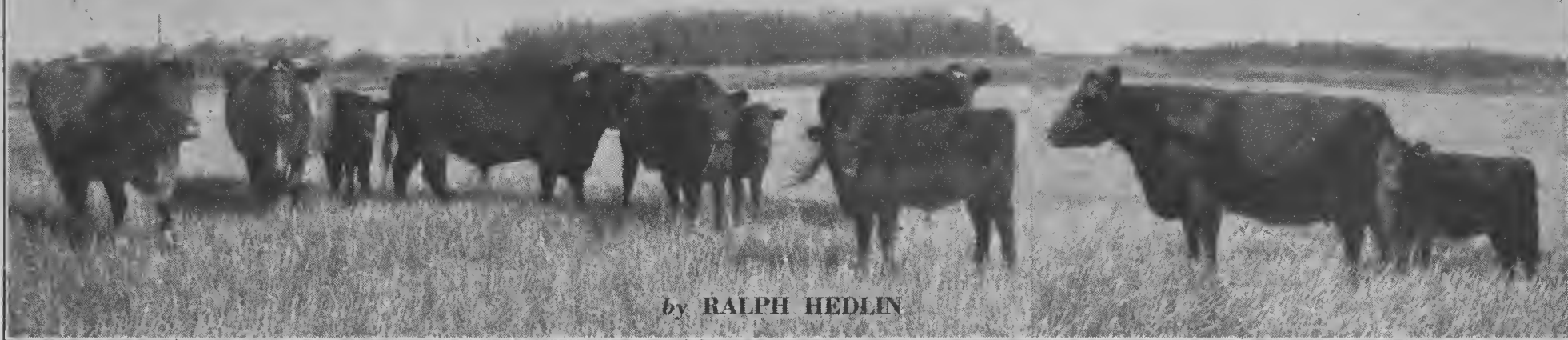
"George Stevens!" Mr. Ned said. "George Stevens never beat me on a deal in his life. But he sure knows I can smell out a market. He sure knows who to tag onto in this neighborhood."

There was a car coming down the road from the Waccamaw side. You could tell by the way it was slowing down it was going to stop. Luther Simmons has got wonderful eyesight. He said, "Speak of the shark and you see the fin. Yonder comes Mr. George Stevens."

It was, too. Mr. Ned looked at Bubber. "See what I mean," he said. "Snoopin' arround. Just you watch."

(Turn to page 40)

He Saves His Soil



by RALPH HEDLIN

Above: Part of the herd of purebred Shorthorn cattle. They form an essential part of the erosion control program.

Right: John Rankin points to the slight water erosion that has taken place in spite of the sowing of the gully to grass.



Shorthorns and Barred Rocks help John Rankin to save his soil and make a good living.



Right: These pullets will soon be laying. Part of the Approved flock of Barred Rocks.

in grain crops, a quarter in grass and a quarter is kept black. The farm is not fully into the rotation as yet, but experience already gained indicates that the plan will work well.

The farm is not large. Only 300 acres are broken on the three quarters. This means there will be 150 acres in grain crops on the farm each year. With this kind of acreage Rankin needs good yields. When he sows the summerfallow to wheat he applies 25 pounds of 11-48-0 fertilizer per acre. The next year he applies 20 pounds of the same to the second crop. The two grain crops after breaking are fertilized at the same rate. In the eight year rotation, fertilizer is applied four times. All manure from cattle, hogs and chickens is put through the manure spreader onto the fields. Stubble and trash is worked into the soil. The over-all wheat yield on the farm this year was 36½ bushels to the acre. One field that had received a 10 ton per acre dressing of manure in the spring of 1947 gave a per acre yield of 44 bushels. Yields of this nature, based on good soil management, give him as much grain as many farmers with larger holdings.

JOHN RANKIN has known what type of farm he wanted to own for many years. In 1930, when at the age of 16, he was working for his father on the farm, he went out and bought two good, purebred, Shorthorn cows. It took him three years to pay for them. They have paid for themselves a good many times since.

At the present time he has 41 head of purebred Shorthorns, an Ayrshire cow and calf and three grade Shorthorn cows, with their calves. The Ayrshire and grades are used for milking. The four cows provided two households with all the milk, cream and butter needed, and brought in \$150 in cream cheques in the last year. He likes the grades for milking, as these particular cows milk well, and produce good beefy calves. He makes money from the milk and from the calves.

Below: The stony hill in the foreground has been sown to grass to reduce erosion. Note the rolling topography.

Rankin is not new to cattle breeding and selection. At the age of 34 he has a background of 18 years experience. He has learned a lot, but he has made mistakes in the process. "When I was pretty young in the game I bought a bull out of a cow with white socks," he said. "It gave me a color tie-up that was hard to straighten out." He breeds for reds and solid roans, but it is from necessity rather than conviction. "We've got so many charac-

(Turn to page 28)



JOHN RANKIN is a young farmer at Oakner, Manitoba, who bases his farm operations on the philosophy that "it is more important to feed 10 people off one section of land than for one person to work 10 sections of land."

On his three-quarter section farm he grows wheat, oats, barley, flax and grasses, keeps 49 head of cattle, a dozen hogs and a good-sized flock of poultry. He might make more money by getting more land—and he has not lacked opportunities to buy land—and he would not have to work as hard on a straight wheat project. He does not intend to make any change. He believes that a large holding provides a farmer less chance to give his soil the attention it requires; and he considers specialized wheat production is less challenging and less amenable to good soil techniques than mixed farming.

Rankin's farm is hilly. It is made worse by a high ridge running right through the centre of the farm. The tops of the hills tend to be eroded and stony. He realized that water erosion was carrying away a lot of his soil and took steps to stop the loss. One of the first steps was to smooth over and seed to grass, gullies where run-off was cutting out the soil. When he is working a field and comes to one of these gullies he lifts his machinery and it passes above the grass. The soil was coming down from the slopes, so he sowed the high hills and ridges to grass also. Obviously this is rather a nuisance when the fields are being worked. He considers it cheap at the price. In the first place it stops a large part of the serious water and wind erosion. In the second place he is able to harvest hay for the cattle from these patches and strips. Different mixtures of brome, alfalfa, sweet clover and crested wheat grass are used. He finds alfalfa and crested wheat grass particularly useful in holding the soil on the hills.

In order to maintain the soil fertility and reduce erosion he adopted a new rotation a few years ago. It is an eight year rotation developed at the Brandon Experimental Farm. The land is in summerfallow the first year followed by wheat, followed by oats nursing a hay crop. For the next two years it is in grass used for hay or pasture. In the sixth year, it is used for pasture for a month in the spring, broken, and kept black for the remainder of the year. In the seventh year he grows wheat, followed by coarse grain in the eighth and then back to summer-fallow. The rotation is then repeated. This means that every year half the farm is

JIM Keller, ready for breakfast, found no one about. He shouted to Ah Ling.

"Get me some coffee! I wonder where in mischief Jane is?" he added to himself, testily. Then his mind went back to yesterday and he remembered her face; she had said little, but he knew her well. "Confound it," he thought soberly, "she's got a fancy for that fellow! My fault, too; I'd no business to have a stranger about, a man without credentials."

He drank his coffee hastily and ate little. Fanny Sewell had spoken the day before of going away. Stenhart, she said, was well. Jim did not mean to let her go, but she was hesitating; he wanted her to marry him, but she wanted to work two more years. "Ridiculous idea!" Jim growled; "I need you more than these sick people!" She had not yet appeared and it angered him to feel that perhaps she did not want a tete-a-tete just now. He rose from the table, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and walked to and fro in the hall. He began to be more and more puzzled by his sister's absence.

"She went on horseback—long while ago," Teresa told him.

Jim thought of the rustlers.

"Where's Mac?" He shot the question at Jose, who had come in from the stables with a message.

"Gone down to th' corrals, Meester Keller."

"Did you see Miss Jane go?"

"Si, señor." Jose relapsed into his native tongue.

"You saddled for her, I suppose. Hadn't you sense enough to tell Mac? Jordan's somewhere about!"

"Meester Stenhar' go after her."

Jim stared. That Stenhart was able to ride at all surprised him, but it was a relief to have him with Jane. Lately, Jim had felt that the girl was playing fast and loose with his friend. She would never marry Max, he thought. But this news was reassuring; if Jane—a daredevil rider—would slow her pace to

suit a half sick man, she must be glad of his company. Jim walked out on the veranda and looked toward the bridge; they might be coming home by now. The sunshine was wonderful, it dazzled him for a moment; then he saw Stenhart coming across the bridge, urging his horse. He was alone! Jim went half way down the slope to meet him.

"Hello, Max," he shouted anxiously, "where's Jane?"

Stenhart made no reply, he swung himself down from the saddle, looking haggard.

"Come into the house," he said thickly; "too many men about out here!"

Jim whitened; he had a strange foreboding. Without a word he turned with Stenhart toward the house, and once he had to steady the man on his feet, he was so exhausted. They entered the dim old hall and Stenhart flung himself into a chair, gasping. Jim stood in front of him with a set face.

"For God's sake, speak out, Max!" he exclaimed.

"What's up? Where's my sister?"

Stenhart, getting his breath, answered with cold fury.

"She's up the mountainside with Sherwin."

JIM drew a hard breath. He was furious, but he controlled himself, sat down on the edge of his desk and looked attentively at Stenhart. It occurred to him that the man might be in a fever from undue exertion and not responsible.

"Will you kindly explain yourself?" he said gravely; "you're speaking of my sister."

"I'm telling you nothing but the truth," Stenhart replied stubbornly. "She and I had a quarrel this morning. She left me to go out on horseback. I followed—I had it in mind to overtake her, to try to make it up—you understand?" he stopped, biting his lips, and Jim made an impatient gesture of assent.

"Go on!" he exclaimed.

Stenhart did not look at him. He stared at the bright rectangle of the open door and his fingers drummed on the arms of his chair.

"She was a long way ahead, riding fast. I followed; she didn't know it. Presently she turned into a mountain trail and dismounted; I could see her through the trees. I got down off my horse and followed; I thought to overtake her on foot more easily. The trail is difficult. It ascends sharply; I found it hard climbing and she got far ahead. Half way up I heard voices and stood still—I wasn't an intentional eavesdropper." He drew a hard breath. "I saw them—Sherwin had met her!"

Jim stiffened. "You mean that my sister, going out alone, as she often does, chanced to meet this—this convict?"

Stenhart lifted a grey face; there was no doubt now of the misery in his eyes. "She loves him, Jim!"

Jim struck his open hand on the desk. "That's an intolerable thing even for an old friend to say, Max!"

Max met his eyes steadily. "It's the truth, Jim!" And then he added chokingly: "I know!"

The sheer passion of that cry, its defeat, its bitterness, carried conviction. For an instant Jim, usually so even tempered, stared at him; then he swore softly and



The Turning Point

Part III—Conclusion

by MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

seized the telephone receiver. Stenhart snatched at his arm. "What are you going to do?"

Jim shook him off. "Get the sheriff after him; I know about where Cutler is—Hello! Yes?" he began to talk into the receiver.

Stenhart, who felt really ill, turned and poured a glass of water. He had drained it when Jim finished telephoning.

"Cutler left Manning's two hours ago, headed this way; he'll be here soon. I—Max, what are you going to do?"

Stenhart was at the door; Jim saw that he walked stiffly.

"Come back!" he exclaimed, "you're ill."

But Stenhart was climbing into the saddle again; as he mounted he turned a white face toward Jim. "I'm going to meet the sheriff; he doesn't get away this time!"

"Max—I say!" Jim wanted to direct this thing himself. Even in his rage he remembered Sherwin saving him that first night; but Stenhart was off at a gallop, swaying in the saddle.

The thing was done! Jim turned back, thinking grimly of Jane. If she really cared—he wondered what they would do with an escaped convict in Rhode Island?

As his rage cooled he thought of Jane; he must get her before the posse arrived. He heard Stenhart's horse gallop across the bridge. It occurred to him that it would be terrible to have the sheriff

find Jane with this man. He drummed with his fingers on the edge of his desk, his face white. He had just telephoned to the stables for his horse when a door opened and old Teresa came toward him, a paper in her hand. Jim looked around impatiently.

"You'll read this for me, señor?" The little brown woman thrust the paper in his hand.

It was the picture of Sherwin; below it was printed a description of the crime. Jim

frowned. "This isn't pleasant reading, Teresa, and it wouldn't interest you!"

She caught at his sleeve. "Read it, señor!" she begged.

Half annoyed, Jim complied. The description was fairly minute and included the pruning-knife with which the old man was stabbed. As he reached that Teresa uttered a little cry, crossing herself.

"Madre de Dios, it's as he said!" she mumbled, her eyes dilated. "He's got a devil!"

Jim looked around at her, frowning. "See here, Teresa, you've been hysterical for some time; what the deuce do you mean?"

The old woman caught at his sleeve, pointing. Through the open door she could glimpse Stenhart's disappearing figure, high up the road.

"He told us that in his dreams, señor!"

FOR an instance Jim stared, then he smiled grimly. "He was a witness at the trial, Teresa; it may have bothered him a lot."

The brown face opposite wrinkled deeply with horror, it seemed to Jim uncommonly like a witch's!

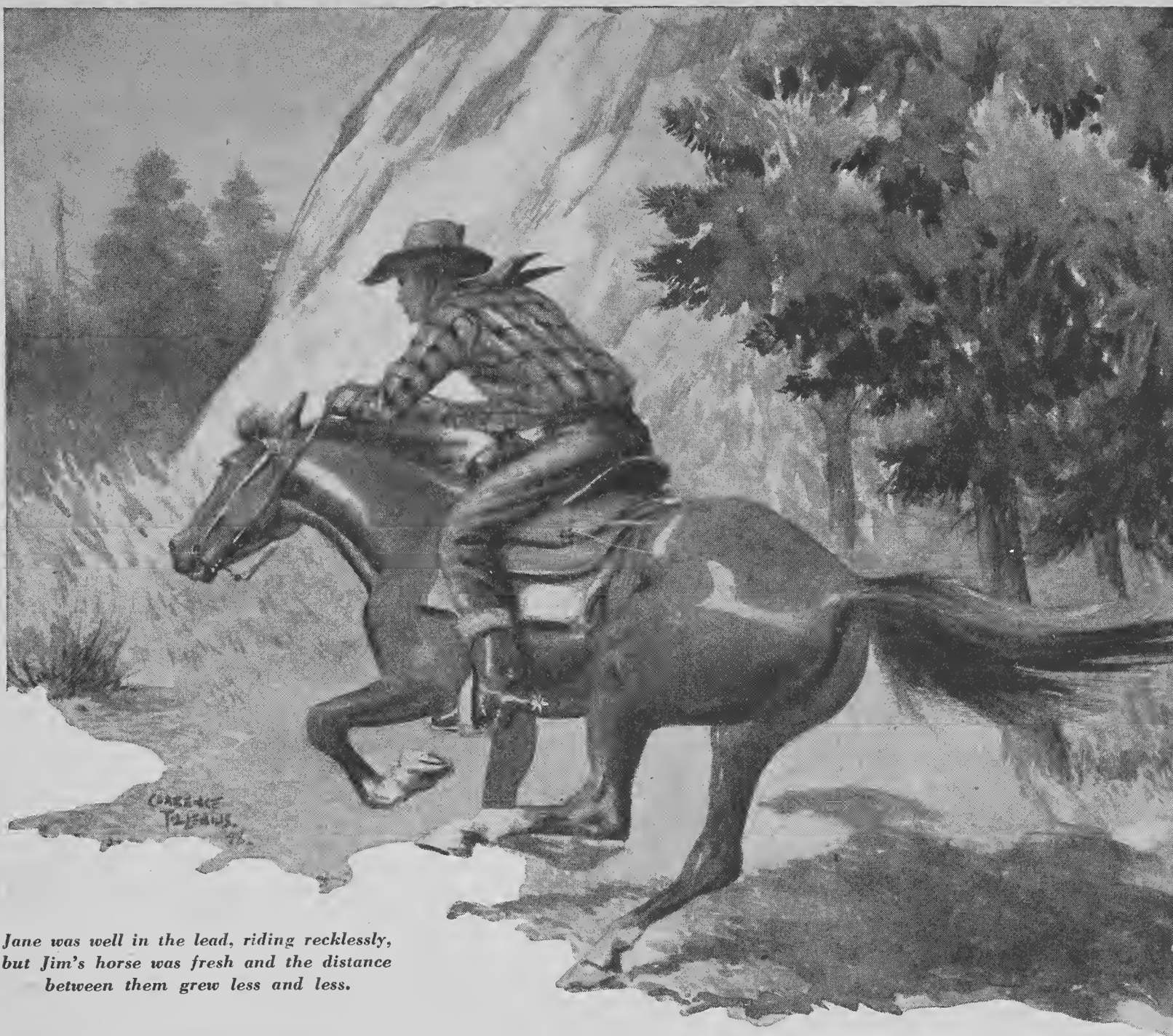
"He's got a devil!" she mumbled, crossing herself. Then she caught at his coat and clung to it, keeping him from the door. "Madre de Dios, don't let Jane marry heem, señor!" she begged.

Jim, tried to the limit, shook her off. "Oh, mind your own business, Teresa!" he growled.

She covered her face with her shaking hands and he heard her praying in Spanish as he ran down the slope. He must get to Jane before Stenhart unleashed the sheriff's gang! He was honestly worried. Second thought had cooled his rage; he remembered that he owed something to this fugitive that he was hounding. Then he saw his sister. She had just swung herself from the saddle down by the stables, and as she turned he saw how pale she was. Jane had never looked like this!

"The devil take that fellow!" Jim muttered to himself, wrathful again. Then he spoke sharply. "Where have you been?"

*Along a wild ravine high above
a cataract and before the eyes
of searchers comes the dramatic
climax of the enmity of John
Sherwin and Stenhart.*



"I swear you won't!" Jim flung back, red in the face; "you're my sister."

The girl struggled, trying to free herself, and both horses plunged. Then, suddenly, she gave a little cry, looking up through the trees. The horses had whirled around the curve and faced the cataract; through wide spread branches Jim caught a glimpse of the trail along the ledge, above the precipice, a trail he had never followed, never even seen before.

"I'm too late—oh, God, I'm too late!" Jane moaned, dropping the reins into Jim's hands and clasping her own against her breast.

The white agony of her face smote her brother; in a tumult of feeling, anger and regret, he held the horses steady and tried to follow her eyes. At first, in the broad glare of the sunlight on the high hills, he saw nothing but the white spray of the cataract and the mighty tree trunks that seemed to rise upward in serried ranks, like an army. He could not even hear voices above the roar of the water, but he knew that Cutler's men were behind them and before them, creeping up the mountainside,

stealthy and sure, upon their quarry, as the hunter steals upon his game. Suddenly his heart failed him—he felt he had done a thing that he might well regret. No matter if the man was a convict, he had no reason to hunt him down; rather, indeed, he had cause to spare him. Jim's face sobered and grew pale. Then Jane flung herself from the saddle and started toward the screened opening of the trail, but, though she was quick, Jim was quicker; he was down in a moment and after her. He caught her and held her, struggling, in his arms.

"You're too late, Jane!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Don't you see? I do! They're bound to meet—look!"

He had glimpsed the steep side of the precipice at last, and seen what his sister had been watching. Sherwin was standing beside a cliff, high on the trail. Below him, two hundred feet, dashed the cataract; along the narrow, dizzy ledge, as yet unaware of him, came Stenhart—alone! Cautiously, searching, peering this way and that, unaware that his quarry saw him, waited for him. Those two alone and the chasm at their feet—Fate, that mocking siren, had staged the scene for murder; the wild torrent below flung up its mad spray with a shout.

JANE, looking up now, saw that she could not reach Sherwin, could not even cry out to him. She knew of the cave—he had told her of it—as a way to escape; a warning in time and they would never find him, could not trap him, but she was too late; Stenhart would see him, Stenhart would betray him! She had fought with Jim, but now she stood still with her brother's arms about her; he could feel her shake from head to foot as she looked up at the two men alone there, on the edge of eternity. The climax had come; they were face to face to fight it out, no one could reach them in time!

(Turn to page 64)

Jane was well in the lead, riding recklessly, but Jim's horse was fresh and the distance between them grew less and less.

Jane took no notice of his tone. She came up, panting.

"What's the matter?" she gasped.

"Perhaps you know better than I do," he replied ironically.

Jane caught at his arm with shaking hands. "What does it mean? I saw Stenhart meet the sheriff on the upper road—tell me quick, quick!"

Jim eyed her coldly. "I 'phoned for Cutler. He's going to take that jailbird, Sherwin, back to Rhode Island, and I'm going to help him—that's all!"

Jane's hand dropped from his arm. She turned deathly white, and for a moment she swayed on her feet. Jim threw an arm around her.

"My God, Jane, you don't care for a murderer?"

She pushed him away from her with both hands. "He saved your life and you've betrayed him—you Judas!" she cried.

"Jane—" he tried to restrain her but she broke away, ran back to her horse and leaped into the saddle. Jim made an ineffectual snatch for the reins. "Where are you going, you mad woman?" he shouted at her.

She turned and looked back at him, haggard and broken. "I'm going to warn him—something dreadful will happen if he meets Stenhart!"

"Stop—wait, I'm coming!" Jim cried, but she was gone at a gallop.

HER brother turned and shouted for his horse. Jose had saddled it and Jim flung himself into the saddle and was off in an instant. Jane was well in the lead, riding recklessly, but Tex was tired; Jim's horse was fresh and the distance between them grew less and less as he reached the bridge, crossed it, and raced on. He could see now, as he turned the loop, that Stenhart had met Cutler on the upper road; they were far ahead. The posse had divided, too, and, as Jim rode on, he made out their plan; they meant to cut Sherwin off, pen him on the hillside, and then beat the bushes.

If Jane reached his hiding place first, if she knew of some secret trail, she would be trapped with him; The blood rushed to Jim's face at the thought; he cursed his folly for giving Stenhart this chance. "He's mad with jealousy!" he thought, and urged his horse.

But Jane was still ahead and she had taken an unexpected turn to the right. Jim remembered that he did not know where the man was hidden. But Stenhart did, he had tracked her, and Stenhart was going toward the cataract when he glimpsed him last through the trees.

On the upper road they travelled faster, Cutler and Stenhart, turning a sharp curve between two wooded spurs. The trees below them hid the brother and sister as they galloped past the creek, and there was a long piece of virgin forest where they could see nothing either way, and the voice of the cataract deadened all other sounds.

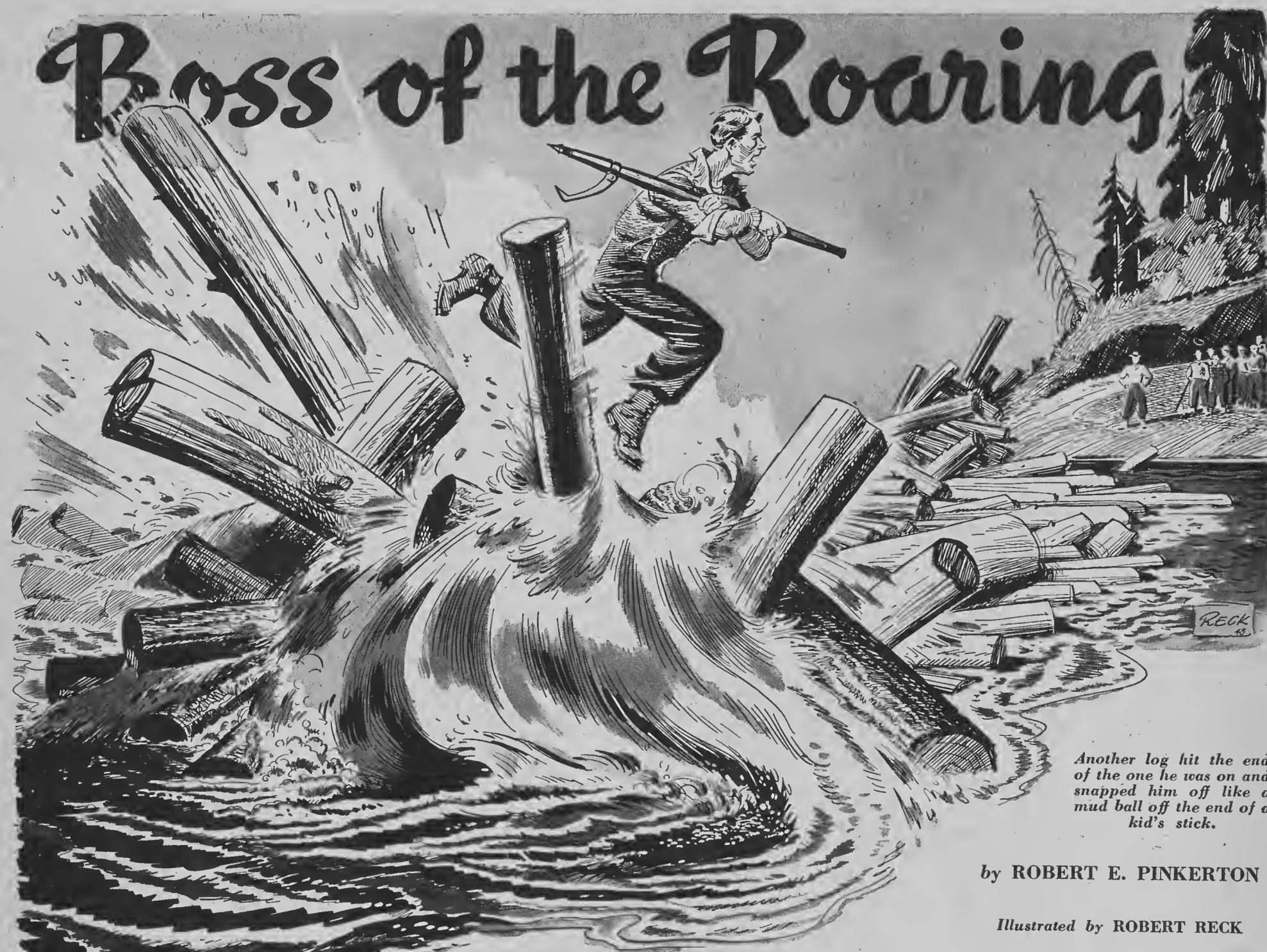
Here and there was a glimpse of the wild ravine, but Jim had never seen Mac's little cabin and, as yet, he saw no trail; then he observed Jane reining in her horse, looking up. Could she see anything? He struck his spurs into his own horse and the animal bounded forward. They had come to a sharp curve and Jane, trying to turn aside, lost her chance to escape. Jim's horse, faster than hers, leaped a fallen tree and her brother snatched at Tex's bridle and brought him to a standstill.

Jane struck at his hand with her quirt. "Let me go!" she cried fiercely; "I've got to go up that trail!"

She was pointing with a shaking hand at an opening in the brush, until now unseen.

Illustrated by Clarence Tillenius

Boss of the Roaring



Another log hit the end of the one he was on and snapped him off like a mud ball off the end of a kid's stick.

by ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Illustrated by ROBERT RECK

JACK was nine when he jumped onto a log and walloped his old man on the nose. Made it bleed, too.

"This ain't your river," Jack said. "You can't keep me off it."

He wasn't crying, like kids do. He was mad. Not hopping mad, but cold mad. Mad like you wouldn't expect a kid to be, unless it was Dan Champion's kid.

But what Dan's crew couldn't understand was why Jack waited 13 years before he hit Dan again. Then, when Jack did cut loose, it was the last thing any of us expected.

That first clout of Jack's came when Dan was taking a drive down Roaring River. A lot of good loggers said the Roaring couldn't be drove, but Dan was doing it. Dan Champion was that kind. If there was white pine on Mount Vesuvius, Dan would bring it out on a stream of lava. Trouble was, as Jack grewed up he was that kind, too.

And there wasn't room on Roaring River for two Champions.

The whole matter could have been settled before it got started, Matty Gallagher always said; meaning when Jack first hit Dan. Jack had run away from school and walked in 60 miles by the tote road. Dan ordered him back to town.

"Some boys in school said you couldn't drive the Roaring," Jack said. "I'm going to see you do it."

Dan wouldn't have been the man he was if he didn't have orders obeyed. But, before he could do anything about it, Jack hopped onto a log so's he could reach his dad's nose. That left only one way out for Dan, and Dan would have taken it. Only, just then we heard yelling downriver, and a river pig was telling how a jam had started at Flat Rapids.

Dan Champion never stopped to wipe the blood

off his face, and we were right behind him. It was a real jam before we got there. Logs were piling up fastern'n a dozen Paul Bunyans could pick off the loose stuff below. Barging down with the swift current. Upending, crisscrossing. Twisting together in the craziest ways. As if they had a spite ag'in us.

Don't get the idea it meant excitement and men risking their necks every minute. Breaking a log jam is as lively as hauling hay, and ten times as hard work. No more dangerous — except the last few minutes, of course. Then your hind teeth are chewing the top off your heart.

We jumped to it like we'd taken a hate to the first man who ever stuck a long, flopping steel hook on a short, spiked stick of oak and called it a peavey. It was invented to break river drivers' backs, but we broke the peaveys on that Flat Rapids jam. Prying logs loose. Yanking 'em out. Rolling 'em away. If we couldn't slide one into the current, a half-dozen men would slam in their hooks and carry it. We got 'em out. Young Jack got himself a pickpole and kept logs moving when they floated clear, below the jam.

WE worked our fool heads off, though that's all river men ever did, especially for a man like Dan Champion. We pecked away at the wings, which is the piles of logs crowded up on the banks, and chewed back on the centre, until late the next afternoon. Not another log could be

worked loose. Mess up a few boxes of matches and you get an idea of the tangle. The breast was ten feet high, the jam a quarter of a mile long. The River still ran out underneath, but a lot of water was backed up and there was enough pressure, logs and water, to make a locomotive into darning needles.

But no matter how a jam gets piled up or how solid it is, when it's picked clean on the lower side, there's always one log that ties all the rest. It's low down, of course, and generally in the middle where the current's boiling through. It looks like any other log. But just loosen it! *Wah!*

There could be only one boss on this river and the title belonged to Dan Champion.



Only, nobody loosens it except the river boss. Any driver would be glad to, but an old-time foreman, the kind a crew'd go through hell and high water for, breaks out his own log jams.

LATE that afternoon we started coming ashore. Nobody said anything. Just lit pipes and sat down. Acted calm, but nerves was tight as logging chains on a 20,000-foot load. All anybody thought was, "Can Dan Champion pry the key log loose and make shore before the jam gets him?"

When we was all out, Dan went into the river. He sized things up. Took a bite on the key log with his peavey.

We could see the handle bend, and then the log turn. In the flip of a red deer's tail, the whole jam started to move. And move fast!

(Turn to page 48)

Bonanzas

DON'T LAST FOREVER

by H. S. FRY

"SEED is a good cash crop, and has hurt livestock. It has made the seed grower lazy in carrying a swill pail." So spoke Nelson Letts, who this year is growing 100 acres of alsike for seed and 70 acres of altaswede clover for the same purpose. "Farmers get stingy about letting stock run in the seed field, especially in the fall if it is at all wet."

"Alsike will dirty your place up," said Dave McMaster, who will harvest the seed from 90 acres of alsike. "Altaswede grows well when the alsike is stopping growth. For this reason it will check sow thistle and take it pretty well out."

"Seed prices have been out of line, but the turn is coming," said D. C. Smith, who keeps a herd of good Yorkshires, and in addition has a large acreage of alsike clover seed.

"Yes," said Letts, "when you get \$50 for pigs, it will nearly pay to feed pigs."

"Don't forget that \$50 is tops, though," said Smith. "At the present time, the run of pigs bring \$43 to \$44. In addition, we can't forget that we are probably feeding three-cent grain."

Growing clover seed has been a little bonanza for enterprising farmers in the area northwest of Edmonton, especially those in the valley of the Pembina river. This valley seems to be favored for good growth and satisfactory seed setting. The river takes its rise in the hills of the Rockies between the North Saskatchewan river and the Athabaska river, flows north-easterly and after passing both Sangudo and Westlock on the west, turns north to join the Athabaska near Flatbush. From E. S. Wood, manager of the Alberta Co-operative Seed Growers' office at Westlock, I learned that this territory includes about 17 shipping points which last year produced about two million pounds of forage crop seed, of which about half was produced at three points, Westlock being the largest.

The total area, which does not include the Sangudo district, ranges from Barrhead on the west, Busby and Legal on the south, Rochester on the east to Flatbush on the north. Within this area there was produced in 1947, 850,000 pounds of alsike seed, 600,000 pounds of sweet clover, 317,000 pounds of altaswede, 38,000 of alfalfa, 1,500 of White Dutch clover, 10,000 of peas, 4,000 of timothy, and the balance, about 24,000 pounds, in forage mixtures.

"Two years ago," said Wood, "sweet clover was the biggest volume producer. Now alsike is away up and altaswede will show such a substantial increase this year that it may be a toss-up between altaswede and sweet clover for second place."

The reasons for the sharp increase in the production of altaswede were given me by the growers, who said that at present the U.S. market would take all they could produce, and last year's crop to the grower gave him around 47 cents per pound. Some think that altaswede is easier to handle, stands the drought and controls weeds better. Alsike sometimes kills out the second year, and in this respect is not any too satisfactory. On the other hand, altaswede is only a single-cut proposition, and is not as sure a seed crop as alsike, though a better hay crop. Growers are looking forward to the time when Ottawa's plant breeders will provide them with a double-cut clover. Alsike is regarded as a fairly sure crop, but dislikes heat and drought. It can stand the heat provided there is sufficient moisture.

D. C. Smith thought growers would have to settle down to a good crop rotation. He prefers the three-year rotation of clover, summerfallow and grain seeded to alsike.

Mr. Wood pointed out that in some ways the rapid growth of forage crop seed production has been almost too fast for the good of the district. Last year saw a very difficult harvesting season. It was almost impossible to get all of the crop, and also difficult to get the remainder in first class condition. Growth of seed production has been phenomenal; and under the circumstances, growers were bound to get some mixtures owing in the first place to very limited experience and in the second place to too large acreages.

Exceptionally high returns per acre are difficult to resist. I visited the farm of George Beach, who had around 90 acres of altaswede that promised as well as any crop I had ever seen. Last year he managed to get \$100 per acre from the same field in spite of extremely heavy seed losses resulting from rain and difficult harvesting. Mr. Wood tells me that the 1946 returns ran as high as \$200 per acre on some fields in the district.

Alfalfa comes a poor fourth in point of favor for seed production. Seed-setting is much too unpredictable. No one has yet satisfactorily solved the problem of alfalfa seed-setting. When there are plenty of them, honey bees certainly get credit for increasing yields, but entomologists seem to believe that the wild bee still controls the insect trick of tripping the alfalfa bloom. No one has yet seemed

to have gone very far in the direction of encouraging wild bees, and the more cleared land a district develops, the less likely it is that this profitable little worker will be able to find all the alfalfa blossoms.

The other leguminous crops, however, which are now grown in such abundance in the district, have encouraged beekeepers to really develop the area, and there is now a lusty and healthy beekeepers' association at Westlock. I do not know how many colonies there are in all, but I talked with one man who expects to extract about 150,000 pounds of honey this year.

THE entire Westlock area has been settled since 1900. D. C. Smith, who himself came from Illinois in 1907, told me that the first settler was John Edgson, and that the place was first called Little Grande Prairie. Perhaps the reason was that there was at that time a winter trail to Grande Prairie by way of Edson. Since that time the district has, of course, experienced a very decided transformation. Evidence of this was indicated when Jim Goode, district agriculturist, showed me a farm now owned by Steffes Bros., who came up from Morrinville and bought six quarters at around \$18-\$20 per acre. This farm was originally a homestead, and after World War I it was built up from the original homestead and paid for by selling timothy at four cents per pound and shipping baled hay to the prairies at good prices. It had been a timothy farm for many years when Steffes Brothers bought it. The railroad had come to Westlock in 1913.

The origin of forage crop seed production in the Westlock area seems like an accident. Actually, it was no more accident than thousands of other changes that take place in farming communities wherever they exist. Mr. Smith was in at the very beginning, and told me the story. It seems that

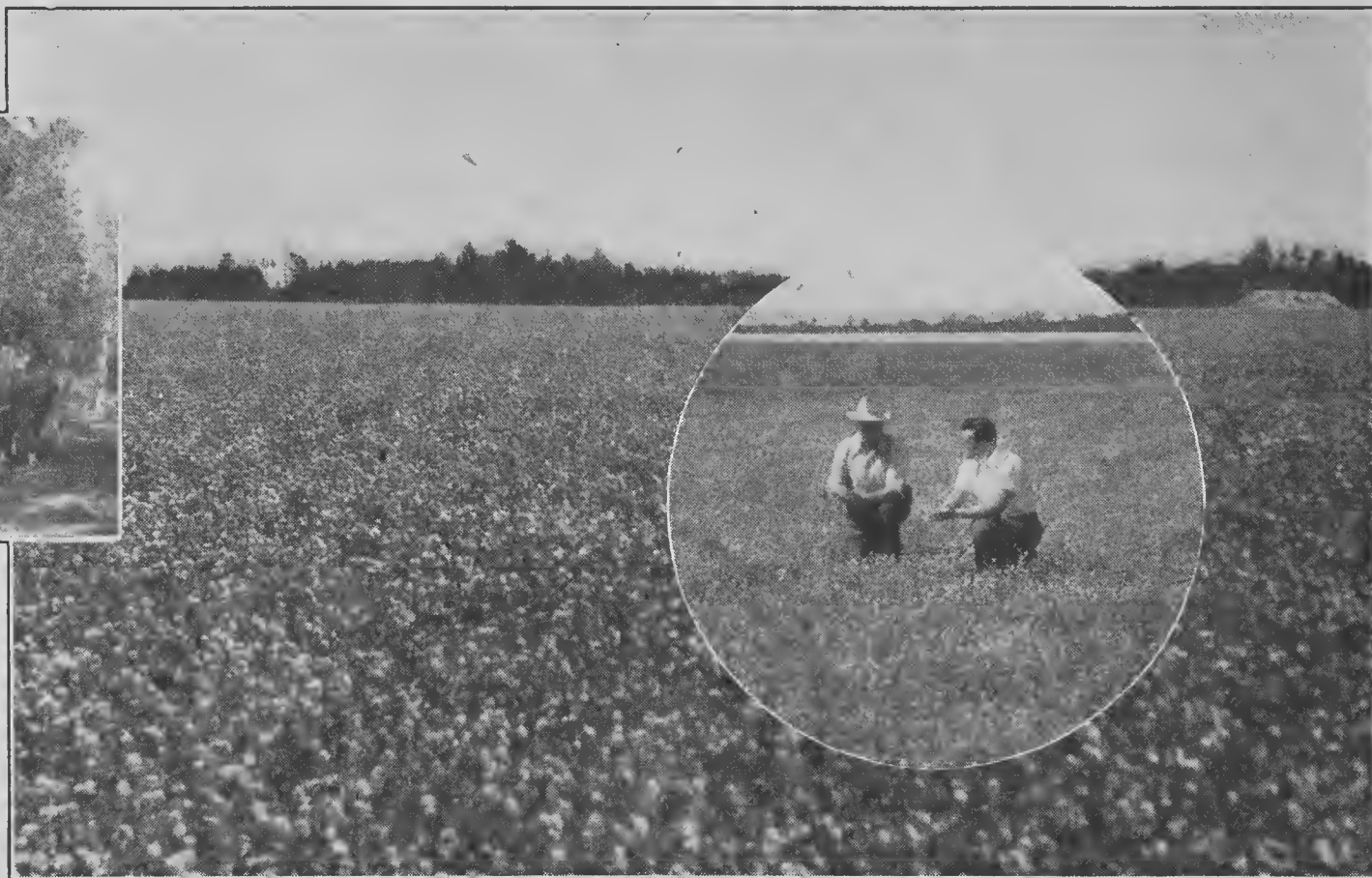
(Turn to page 26)

The small but good Hereford herd developed by A. J. Wallace, Pibroch, illustrates area progress with livestock.



These 90 acres of altaswede promise well for George Beach; (inset) D. C. Smith examines one of his alsike fields with Jim Goode, the D.A.

Exceptional prices for forage crop seeds and a group of enterprising growers have led this northern Alberta district to develop profitable cash crops.



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Backyard Monsters

The enlarging camera presents some frightening spectres.

by PAUL HADLEY

MOST of us have been thankful, when looking at a drawing or other reproduction of the dinosaurs and other monsters that walked the earth millions of years ago, that no such creatures exist in our time. But—are you sure that no such hideous appearing creatures exist today? Better not be, for we are surrounded on all sides by creatures whose appearance is as horrible as that of any prehistoric monster or creature from our fondest nightmares, and it is only by reason of their small size that we have failed to notice them with more than passing glance.

These midget monsters are the various bugs, beetles, caterpillars and other tiny, many-legged forms of life that are abundant in our lawns, flower beds, gardens, even in our houses. If they were to be given suddenly the stature of a human being, or if we were to be reduced to their size, we would find most of them to be as terrifying and as dangerous as any of the horrors of prehistoric days.

All the "bugs" shown are common ones that can be found in most any garden or yard. In late summer, the trees ring with the harsh voices of the cicadas, or "locusts" as they are commonly called. About two inches in length, their voices are out of all proportion to their size. They are experts in matters of camouflage and ventriloquy, and are hard to locate or to catch. Yet, if one were to examine one under a magnifying glass, it would present the appearance of a three-eyed monster. By stretching the imagination to the extent that one could imagine this noisy insect to be as large as a horse, we can see what a formidable looking creature it is. And our trees contain dozens of these tiny monsters in July and August.

The praying mantis is another odd insect that is commonly seen in mid-summer. This long, slender "bug" should be termed the "preying" instead of the "praying" mantis, for no more bloodthirsty insect exists, and its pious folded-paw attitude which gives it its name, is merely to catch you more easily, my dear! It is harmless to us, and can be caught and handled with impunity, but it is a merciless and bloodthirsty monster to all other insects who may come within reach of its flashing forelegs. Its bulging eyes and hard, horny mandibles could soon make short work of us, if we were both the same size!

THE rhinoceros beetle and the stag beetle are two other bugs whose appearance is anything but reassuring. The rhinoceros beetle has two "horns" placed one above the other, with two lesser ones on the sides, and all are merely for bluff, being incapable of movement. It is one of our largest bugs, over two inches long. The stag beetle has two long and powerful jaws that extend side by side, and this pinching apparatus can give one a wicked nip, though not serious, if caught. But imagine what it could do to us if we were only of the same size.

The wheel bug is another odd crawler. The shape of its back gives it the name, reminding one of half a cogged wheel; many of the prehistoric dinosaurs had similar appendages on their backs, including the stegosaurus, with its bony plates along the entire length of its backbone.

Other insects, common in our yards and houses, present equally hideous aspects, and we should all be thankful that they are of small size so we are not compelled to face them in our daily life.



How alarming these would look to a Lilliputian! Top left, a Praying Mantis. Top right: the Cricket, fiddler of the hay meadows. Lower left: the Stag Beetle. Lower right: the Rhinoceros Beetle.

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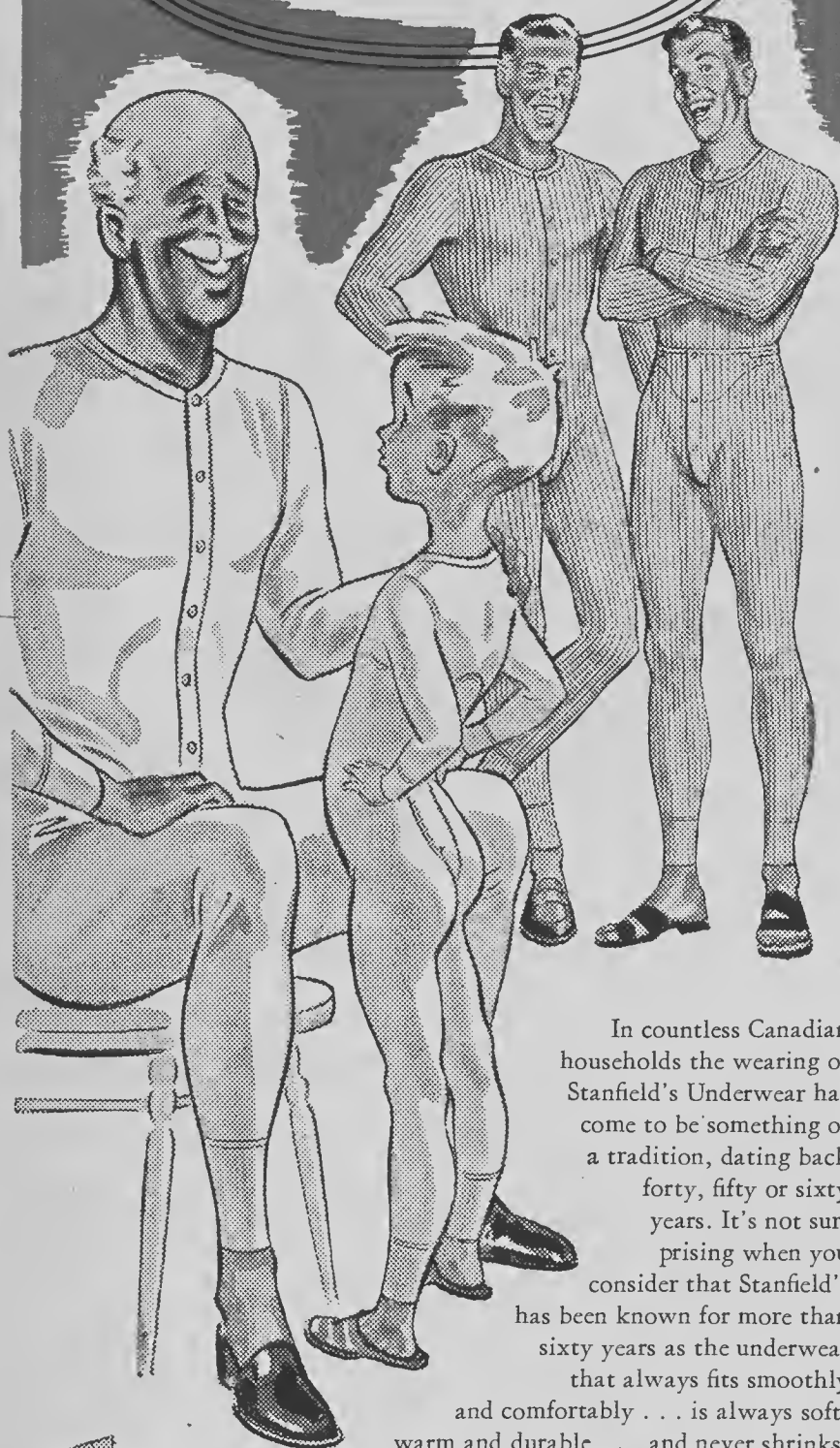


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UNDERWEAR

Economic Adjustments At The Coast

For farmers and other producers in B.C. the postwar economic pattern begins to take shape.

by CHAS. L. SHAW

FOR the British Columbia farmer there has been one source of anxiety after another—the late spring, the unprecedented floods, troubles over fruit packing as a result of power shortage in the Okanagan, loss of the United Kingdom market for apples, acute difficulties over feed for cattle, coupled with spiralling costs of operation.

The resilience of the farmer, whether he be a producer of fruit, vegetables or livestock, is such that he can be depended on to come through eventually, but many of his number will bear the scars of one of the most difficult seasons in their experience.

In some respects the cattleman has been hit harder than anyone else. Because of the lack of feed many stock-raisers have been tempted to dispose of their herds, and the government has been issuing warnings against the depletion of breeding stock. The cattle ranchers of the Cariboo district depend entirely on wild meadows for their feed supply, and many of these areas were disastrously flooded when the Fraser and the other rivers went on the rampage early in the summer.

The situation was aggravated by the fact that last winter was the severest since 1884 in the interior cattle country and there was virtually no hay left when cattle were finally put out on the range land in the early spring. Then came the wet period which interfered with hay production.

THE government has been urging construction of more silos to meet the situation that may, of course, be repeated next year since no one can forecast the weather a year in advance. Meanwhile the Cariboo Cattlemen's Association is arranging to import grain and is receiving assistance from the government.

"Some reduction of herds will be beneficial to the range and pasture lands and eventually to the industry as a whole," writes one well informed cattleman. "Wholesale liquidation of the herds is what must be avoided if possible. It will leave those who sell their cattle completely without the means of making a living from the other part of their investment—the land."

And he adds: "As long as Mexican cattle are excluded from the United States because of hoof and mouth disease, the demand for slaughter cattle is likely to be strong enough to keep the price of replacement breeding stock so high as to make restocking a ranch an expensive business."

Some dairymen in the Fraser Valley have suggested that there should be a provincial subsidy to maintain milk production; that the inevitable alternative is a continuing drain of dairy cattle either to the slaughter house or across the border. The government's view, however, is that milk production is not actually threatened, although it does admit the existence of a difficult period.

The problem of the fruit grower, on the other hand, is marketing rather than maintenance of production. The

Okanagan had a big apple crop this year, and if the market were to be considered in so-called "normal" terms the situation would spell heavy losses. However, there seems to be a good chance that loss of the British market for apples will be offset by increasing sales in the domestic market, in the United States and South America. The degree of success to be achieved will lie largely in the quality of the crop.

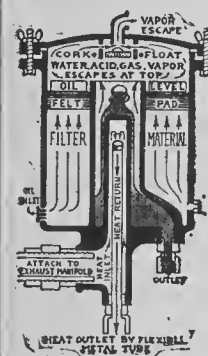
From a province-wide standpoint the market problems confronting the forest industries, or rather the lumber division, are far more serious. Ever since the adoption of the Empire preferential tariff back in the early 1930's, British Columbia's No. 1 lumber market has been the United Kingdom. The whole industry has been geared to meet a continuing demand from that quarter, but this year Britain simply cannot afford the dollars required for the lumber purchases she actually needs. Wherever possible, according to no less an authority than Sir Stafford Cripps, Britain will have to buy lumber in the non-dollar countries—Scandinavia and other parts of continental Europe.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S Lumber industry cannot swiftly re-organize its whole selling procedure and sell elsewhere. Canada at present consumes more lumber than ever before because of the coast-to-coast construction activity, and the United States will absorb substantial quantities too; but exporters are frankly worried that they may face a surplus of production before long—and that is something they haven't had to contemplate for considerably more than a decade.

On one front there was reason for comfort in the forest industries, for it appears as though the Communist domination of the important loggers and sawmill workers unions has been broken. It is still too early to essay the long-term effects of the present somewhat turbulent and complicated situation, but for the immediate future it looks as though the operators will have a more reasonable and conservative element with whom to bargain over wages and living conditions. There was more than a suspicion hitherto that some of the union leaders were as much interested in creating difficulty as they were in getting higher wages for their membership.

The present upset was largely the doing of the Communist leaders themselves. They had repeatedly clashed with the international officers of the unions in the United States who sensed the Communist tendency of the British Columbia union leaders as readily as did the employer group. The Communists, however, evidently felt they were stronger than they actually were when they rebelled a few weeks ago from the international and formed their own union. What they had not foreseen came to pass. Instead of rushing to join the new union, an overwhelming majority of the rank and file decided to stay with the international, leaving the Communists a long way out on a rather shaky limb.

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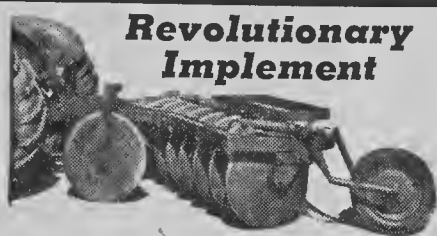
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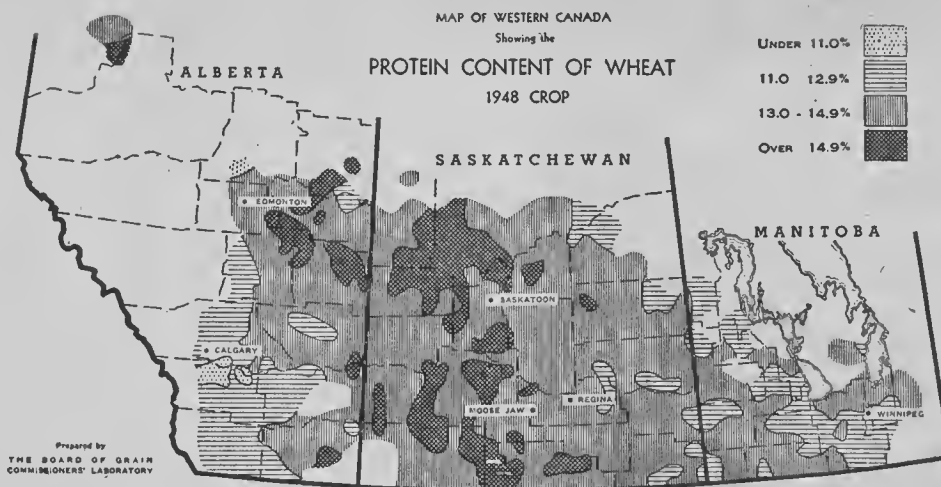
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News of Agriculture



This map follows the preliminary 1948 Protein Survey and analysis of 3,337 early samples. In general, high-protein areas are smaller and low-protein areas larger than in 1947. As at September 22, the Western Canada average was 13.9 per cent protein, which will be lowered when low-protein Northern wheat is included.

Livestock Decreases

COMPARED with June 1, 1947, numbers of livestock in Canada in each of the principle kinds of farm animals showed a decrease at June 1 of this year. Hogs, at 4,463,100, were 18.5 per cent below 1947. Cattle, at 9,470,300, were down 2.6 per cent, though there was no significant decrease in cows and heifers two-years-old and over, kept mainly for milking purposes. Decreases in other provinces off-set slight increases in Quebec, Ontario and Alberta. Horses declined 6.3 per cent to 1,904,900, the lowest figure since 1906. Sheep decreased 17 per cent to 2,250,800. Since 1944, horses have declined about 830,000, cattle 876,000, hogs 3,300,000, and sheep and lambs 1,500,000.

Our Export Wheat

AS late as 1927, Canada's export wheat consisted of from 60 to 77 per cent of Marquis. In 1935, rust-resistant Thatcher was introduced and by 1938 Marquis made up only 54 per cent of our wheat exports, Thatcher 14 per cent, Red Bobs 10 per cent, Garnet and Reward six to eight per cent and the balance miscellaneous varieties. The Cereal Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, has been analyzing for years the varietal composition of official cargo samples leaving Canadian ports. According to J. G. C. Fraser, by 1947 with the introduction of other rust-resistant wheats such as Renown, Regent and Apex, Canadian export wheat consisted of less than 10 per cent of Marquis, with some 78 to 89 per cent of all cargoes originating from Fort William made up of the four rust-resistant varieties, Thatcher, Renown, Regent and Apex. From Vancouver more Red Bobs was shipped out, but still rust-resistant varieties comprised anywhere from 17 to 46 per cent of the cargoes. It is believed that Thatcher has now reached its peak and that the percentage of Regent is increasing year by year.

December Farm Survey

CANADIAN farmers during the last week of November will receive from Ottawa copies of the annual December questionnaire. This will contain questions about livestock, poultry, farm labor and farm acreages for purely statistical purposes and will have no relation whatever to income tax or other governmental inquiries. Each year, the Agricultural Division,

Dominion Bureau of Statistics, co-operates with provincial departments of agriculture to obtain official statistics relating to Canadian agriculture, and will base final figures on answers given by farmers to these questionnaires. If you receive such a questionnaire, you will be doing a favor to agriculture by filling it out promptly and returning it to Ottawa as requested. All individual forms are kept strictly confidential.

Those Damascus Guns

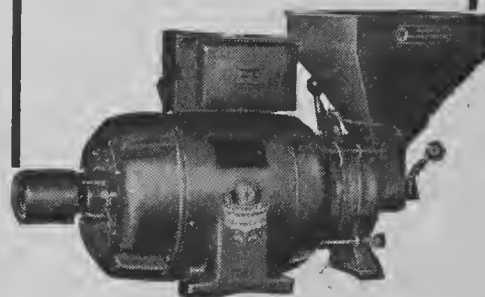
MANY hunters in western Canada still use those expertly made old guns of 40 years ago or more, which are correctly spoken of as Damascus iron guns. In other words Damascus iron is iron made in imitation of Damascus steel by welding and twisting together alternate bars of iron and mild steel.

These old guns which were a sensation in black powder days are not strong enough to stand the use of smokeless powder. We have heard of at least four instances this year when such gun barrels blew up. They are therefore dangerous, even when they appear in good condition. The reason, according to gun experts, is that even when new, the completeness of the weld was more or less uncertain and might be undetectable by visual inspection. Unsuspected corrosion often starts in weak spots and the barrel may gradually deteriorate unnoticed. Barrels with "blow holes" in them are sometimes brought in for repair. Better follow the advice of experts and hang up permanently the old Damascus iron gun.

Few Blame The Farmer

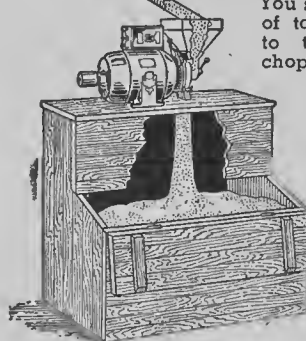
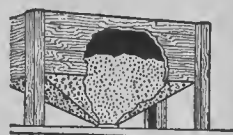
THE Canadian Institute of Public Opinion has polled consumers to find out who is blamed for price rises. Fifty-seven per cent of a cross-section of adults throughout the country thought that interested groups of people were deliberately attempting to keep prices rising. Another 22 per cent thought there was no deliberate effort in this direction. Twenty-one per cent laid the blame for rising prices at the door of manufacturers, financiers, big business firms and capitalists. Six per cent blamed the meat packing companies, seven per cent the wholesalers, four per cent retail merchants, three per cent middlemen, and five per cent labor unions. Only three per cent blamed farmers and grain and feed merchants, and only one per cent blamed the dairy interests.

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to 5 bushels of whole grain in feed value. You can make the same amount of feed go 25% farther by grinding it at home.

SAVES YOU MONEY

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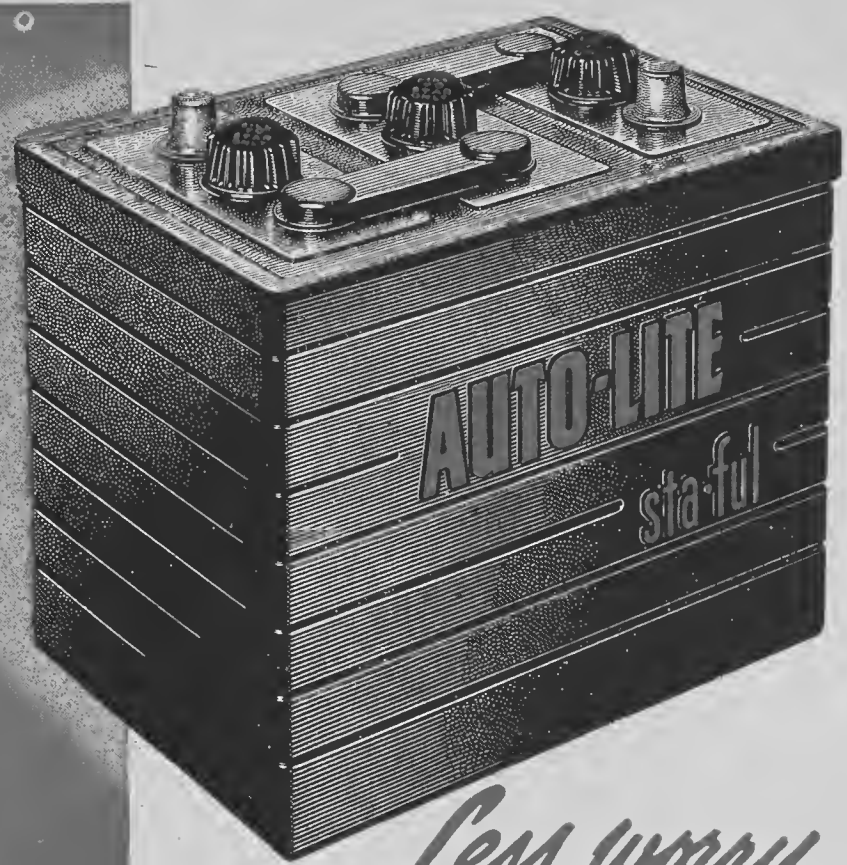
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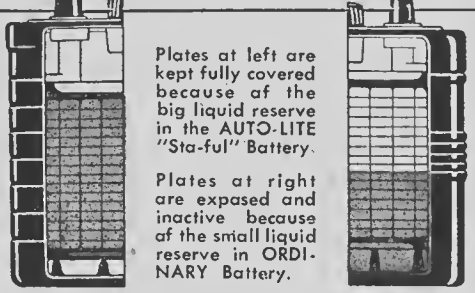
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Get It At A Glance

Varied items of farm interest for quick reading.

BY far the most valuable shipment of livestock ever made from Great Britain to Russia consists of over 1,000 head of cattle, sheep and pigs, and was forwarded at the end of September. The shipment included seven beef Shorthorns, 15 Aberdeen-Angus, nearly 70 head of Herefords and several Lincoln Red Shorthorns, as well as 450 Lincoln long-wool sheep, 338 Kent Romney Marsh sheep and 94 Large White pigs.

THE first international conference of young farmers, consisting of 25 delegates from 16 countries, met in London, England, in June. The countries represented were Australia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Eire, France, Finland, Holland, Luxembourg, New Zealand, Northern Ireland, Norway, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland, and the West Indies.

DRIVES reminiscent of the days of the open range have been undertaken this fall in the short-grass country in southern Alberta. A herd of 750 commercial cattle destined for the United States market were recently trailed overland from Manyberries to Aden, on the Milk River. Another herd of fat cattle and feeders was rounded up in the Eastern Irrigation District at Brooks. It was expected that about 1,800 head of cattle would be trailed south to Sweet Grass. Another bunch consisting of about 1,000 head, valued at \$160,000, were being driven from Manyberries down to Chester.

THE index number for prices of farm products at the farm in Canada rose to 256 in August. It was 231 in March, 205 in August, 1947, and since 1939 when it averaged 91.8, it has risen by years as follows: 1940—5 points; 1941—13.4, 1942—22.9, 1943—24.7, 1944—14.5, 1945—8.5, 1946—11.8, 1947—11.2, and January to August, 1948—24.4.

H. W. MARKWARDT, an Iowa farmer, entered two steers recently in the Upper Midwest Stock Fair and Carcass contest at Austin, Minnesota. He went home with \$1,670.19. He won \$300 on his champion carcass, but on the hoof the steer had not placed in the top ten. He won another \$500 with his other steer shown alive, which however, was not to be found among the first ten on the rail. There were 95 other entries.

DR. J. H. BROWN, entomologist, Alberta Department of Public Health, believes that Alberta, which

is now free of rats, has at most five years of grace. Rats have migrated steadily westward. They first became established in Manitoba around 1900, reaching the Manitoba-Saskatchewan boundary 1900-1914; Regina and Moose Jaw, 1929; Saskatoon and Prince Albert around 1935; the south Saskatchewan River at Elbow, Outlook and Riverhurst around 1938; and they had crossed the river by 1940 and have since become well established on the west bank.

A FARMER at Ashern, Manitoba, was startled when one of his R.O.P. pullets which had begun laying the end of July and produced about a dozen eggs by mid-August, blossomed into a full-feathered cockerel in two or three days and proceeded to crow. It was one of 12 supposedly Leghorn pullets. D. C. Foster, Manitoba Poultry Specialist, knows of one other case in Manitoba, where a female reversed its sex and developed a heavy male comb and male feathers.

A U.S. cattle buyer from New Hampshire violated Canadian quarantine regulations in Ontario, and was fined \$500 and costs. He altered an export certificate issued by the Health of Animals Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, in order to substitute an animal not approved for export. Earlier, he was fined \$400 and costs for substituting an ear tag.

IN Canada, according to the Dominion Department of Agriculture, pests consume yearly about 17 per cent of the national farm income, or about \$350,000,000 out of \$2,000,000,000. It is estimated that 80 per cent of this loss could be prevented with modern pest control. At present Canadian farmers spend about 10 million dollars on pest control.

Appointed or Retired

THE appointment of Dr. R. F. Peterson, as officer-in-charge, Cereal Breeding Laboratory, Winnipeg, has been announced by the Dominion Department of Agriculture. In his new position, he replaces Dr. C. H. Goulden, recently named Dominion cerealist.

Dr. Peterson was born at Winnipeg in 1900. Eleven years later his family moved to Teulon, Manitoba, and it was here that he completed his public and high school education. From 1917 to 1925 he combined teaching school and working on the farm. His interest



Four Ontario plowmen, champions at the recent International Plowing Match held at Lindsay, who with their coach-manager, World War I veteran Elliott Moses (centre), a Delaware Indian, will have a trip to Britain in January paid for by Imperial Oil Limited and Salada Tea Company Ltd.

in agriculture led him to the university, and he received his Bachelor of Science of Agriculture degree in 1930.

In 1930 he began post-graduate work at the University of Minnesota, specializing in plant genetics and breeding. He received his Master of Science degree in 1931, followed by his Doctorate two years later.

During the years he was attending university, Dr. Peterson spent the summers as student assistant at the Dominion Cereal Breeding Laboratory in Winnipeg. In 1932 he joined the laboratory staff as graduate assistant in wheat breeding.

In 1934 he was appointed assistant in charge of cereal investigations at



Dr. R. F. Peterson

the Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon, Manitoba. A year later he was called upon to succeed Dr. K. W. Neatby as cereal specialist at the cereal laboratory in Winnipeg. Appointed agricultural scientist in 1937, he later became assistant in charge of wheat breeding.

THE Dominion Department of Agriculture has announced the appointment of H. E. Wilson, as superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station, Melfort, Sask.

Mr. Wilson was born in Prospect, Ontario, but was raised on a farm near Saskatoon, Sask. He graduated from the University of Saskatchewan in 1923. On graduation he joined the staff of the Dominion Experimental Station, Rosthern, Sask. Three years later he was transferred to the Dominion Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alberta, as assistant superintendent in charge of animal and poultry husbandry, the position he has held ever since.

THE retirement of S. H. Gandier, superintendent of Alberta Schools of Agriculture, has been announced.

Mr. Gandier is a native of Ontario. He graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College in 1911. From 1911 to 1920 he was secretary and registrar of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. In 1922 he joined the Alberta Department of Agriculture as a member of the staff of the Schools of Agriculture. Since then he has been principal of the schools at Claresholm and Vermilion, Agricultural Relief Officer, Assistant Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and superintendent of Agricultural Schools.

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Sludge is the arch enemy in winter.

of sludge in the crankcase . . . which is one of the main hazards of winter operation. Sludge is caused by condensation of water

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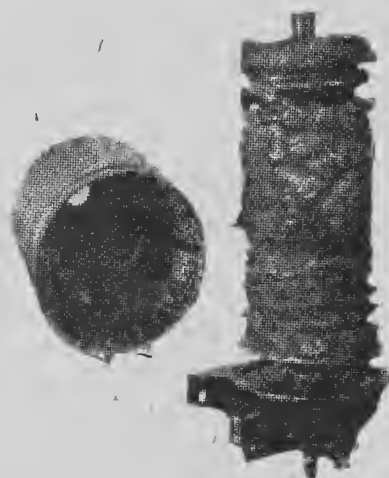


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in the crankcase while it is still cold . . . the water mixes with the oil to form a "goo" that is freezeable. This can happen in any engine, and is particularly apt to happen in a worn engine that allows more "blow-by" between pistons and cylinder walls. If sludge forms, it may plug the screen on the oil pump or freeze in the pipe lines and cause burned-out bearings.

Two other steps help to fight sludge. One is to change oil more often than in warm weather. The other is to change the oil filter element more often (see picture).

For winter operation, it is always advisable to flush the crankcase and re-fill with winter-grade Marvelube. Also to flush out the transmission and re-fill with winter-grade gear oil.

Two Steps Protect Batteries

One is to charge the battery fully, and keep it charged, so the liquid will not freeze. The other is

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When the fuel tank is left empty, or half empty, overnight, the moisture in the air (inside the



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tank) condenses and mixes with the gasoline . . . to cause trouble later. Best way to prevent such condensation is to fill the fuel tank last thing at night . . . or after the day's work is finished.

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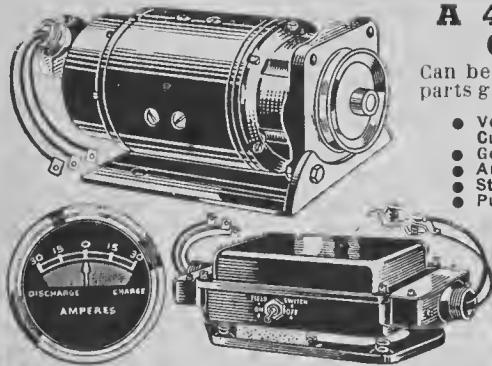
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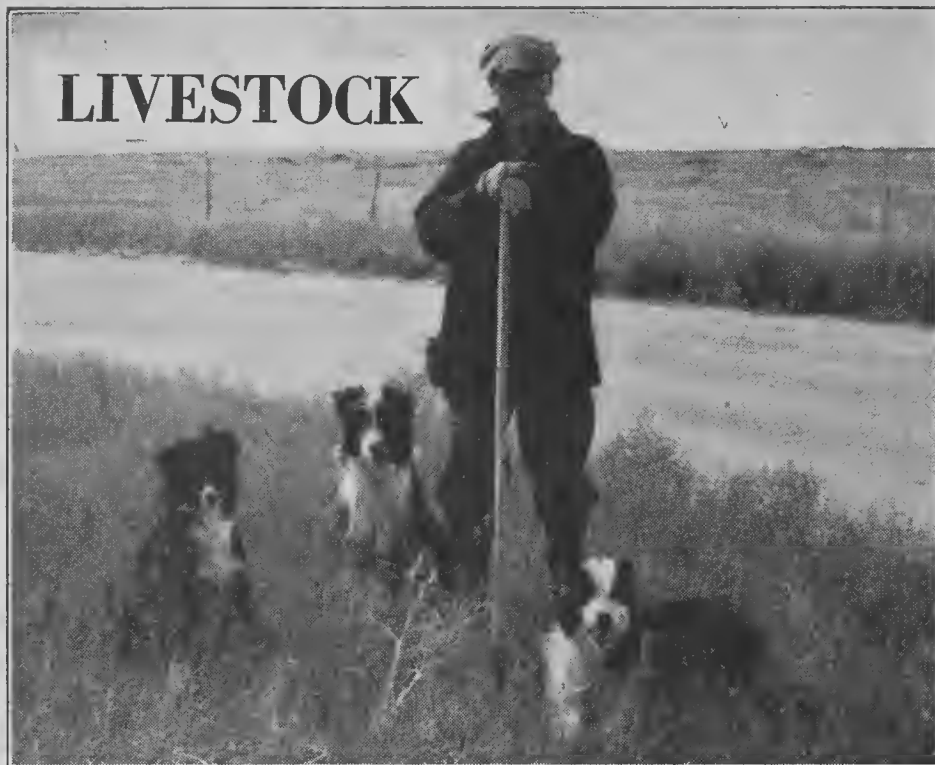
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MACDONALD'S BRIER

Canada's Standard Smoke

LIVESTOCK



Guide Photo.

Sheep are decreasing but, on the ranges large flocks are still tended by shepherds and their dogs. Here Wm. Baynton with his three busy bees, Biddy, Bob and Ben, look after 1,300 ewes for Wahlmark and Green, Piapot, Sask.

Effects Of Inbreeding

THE effects of inbreeding on dairy cattle have been studied recently, at the Agricultural Experimental Station, University of Wisconsin. Records of dairy herds in the State which have been co-operating with the College of Agriculture at the University since 1938 were analyzed, and daughters of 11 sires in three of these herds were studied. Records of 78 inbred daughters and 94 daughters not inbred, were available.

The Wisconsin work was directed toward ascertaining the effects of inbreeding on growth, development, health, fertility and production. It is known, of course, that either inbreeding, or the modified form of inbreeding known as line-breeding should result in increased purity of breeding. Most stockmen refrain from inbreeding because of the difficulty of knowing which animals can be safely inbred without fear of unfavorable effects on production and conformation. In other words, inbreeding unless for a particular purpose, and in the hands of someone exceptionally well skilled, is dangerous; and line-breeding, most frequently and profitably practised with such types of livestock as dairy cattle and poultry, where production records are more often available, is equally likely to be unproductive of desired results, unless in the hands of skilled breeders and after much study of pedigrees.

Results of the Wisconsin study, representative of these commercial herds, were naturally effected by herd differences as well as by inbreeding. Also, where 794 calves were involved, the average birth weights of inbred and outbred calves were also effected by the proportion of male calves, which on the average weighed 6.1 pounds heavier than the female calves. Heifers also produced calves lighter than cows that had calved previously.

Averaging all 794 calves in the three herds, it was found that the average birth weights of outbred calves were 93.2 pounds and 85.6 pounds for the inbred calves. However, it was found in this study that only about 30 per cent of the total variation came from inheritance: About 23 per cent of the birth weight variation was due to herd differences, seven per cent to

sex differences, and 15 per cent to calving frequency.

On the average, the production of inbred daughters of the 11 sires was 23 pounds less than the production of non-inbred daughters. There were substantial differences between the daughters of one sire and another, however. In one case 10 per cent of inbreeding cut the butterfat production of daughters by only 2.4 pounds per year, while the same amount of inbreeding in the daughters of another sire brought about a decrease of 38 pounds of butterfat. These results indicate that inbreeding can be practised more safely with certain individuals than others, without a serious loss either in production or in size of calves.

Dairy Records by the Million

SOME interesting findings are being made by the Bureau of Records of the British Milk Marketing Board. In its first year of operations it studied 420,000 lactation records. By September of this year it was expected to pass the million mark. Its investigations already show significant results.

A study of milk yields at 305 and 365 days has indicated that in lactations over 305 days 91 per cent of the yield was given in the first 305 days. There was some increase in butterfat. Additional tests beyond 305 days had the effect of increasing the butterfat for the lactation by .048 per cent.

Different breeds showed considerable variation in the length of lactation. Guernseys milked longest with 59 per cent milking 305 days or longer. Jerseys were next with 51.4 per cent, Holstein-Friesen 45.2 per cent, Red Poll 43.3 per cent, Ayrshire 38.1 per cent, while Shorthorns were last with 35.1 per cent milking over 305 days. On the average 20 to 33 per cent milked between 255 and 304 days.

The average calving interval for all breeds was found to be 394 days. Individual breed figures were Red Poll 389, Shorthorns 392, Jersey 393, Friesian and Ayrshire 394, and Guernsey 402 days. The average length of the dry period was found to be 73 days.

The milking life of the average dairy cow was found to be very short, the average number of times calved being 3.1. Only 7.2 per cent of the cows studied were in their seventh or later

lactation. The seventh lactation was found to be the most productive period in a cow's life.

Feeding Peavines

THE Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alberta, has completed experiments designed to show the relative feeding value of peavine hay and peavine silage. They are important feeds in areas where peas are grown for canning purposes, and the peavines are fed to livestock.

Three lots of cattle were used in the experiment. All three were fed the same grain mixture in equal amounts. Different roughages were fed. Lot 1 received alfalfa hay, Lot 2 was fed peavine silage, while Lot 3 was fed peavine hay. Lot 1 made an average daily gain of 2.08 pounds, and an average gain over the 105-day feeding period of 218 pounds. Lot 2 made an average daily gain of 2.17 pounds, and an average gain in the 105 days of 228 pounds. Similar gains for Lot 3 were 2.29 pounds and 240 pounds, respectively. The feed requirements per 100 pounds of gain for Lot 1 amounted to 498 pounds of alfalfa and 558 pounds of grain; for Lot 2 1,768.3 pounds of peavine silage and 534.5 pounds of grain; and Lot 3 required 454.2 pounds of peavine hay and 507.2 pounds of grain. The dressing per cent was 57.0 for Lot 1, 57.9 for Lot 2, and 57.0 for Lot 3.

The results do not permit a conclusive statement as to the relative feeding value of peavine hay and peavine silage. They do suggest that both peavine hay and peavine silage are as good as fair quality alfalfa hay in producing gains in beef cattle in the feed lot.

Watch Those Vitamins

WHEN feeds are bought it is important that the vitamins originally contained be still present. Some of the most common carriers of vitamins are green feeds, grain and grain by-products, liver meal, fish meal, fish oils and synthetic vitamins. One of the chief properties of vitamins is stability, the inability to resist deterioration, says Moriss Novikoff, Poultry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

Destruction of vitamins is caused chiefly by heat, light and oxidation. High temperature rapidly destroys vitamin A, and the B vitamins—thiamin and pantothenic acid. Vitamin A is also destroyed by oxidation. Riboflavin is destroyed by light.

The presence of a rancid fat increases the possibility of deterioration of vitamins A, D and E. Rancidity itself is advanced by high temperatures and exposure to air.

Mixed mineral supplements—bone meal, ground limestone, dried milk products, iron sulphate and iron oxide—will often lose vitamins rapidly. If mineral mixtures contain only small amounts of vegetable ingredients, almost all vitamins A and D can be lost within a few hours of mixing. Vegetable carriers such as oilcake meal, cereals, or molasses tend to retain their vitamins. It has been found that the presence of soybean meal tends to slow down deterioration of vitamins A and E.

Where feeds can be kept in darkness and refrigeration they will retain their vitamins for at least a year. As this kind of storage is rarely available, it is wise to buy feeds in small quantities in the summer months. It has

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Quonset 20 adaptation, Killius Hatchery and Breeding Farm, Marshall, Minn. Owner Charles H. Killius writes: "We now have five 108-foot Quonset 20 buildings, which will house about 5000 hens. This is the first of a planned unit of twelve buildings. Our plans are for two such units of twelve buildings each. During the last two winters, with these buildings, we have been able to maintain our summer production rates, which is an increase of about 20 per cent over other winters. Mortality due to respiratory ailments has been eliminated." (From a letter to a Minnesota agriculture college.)

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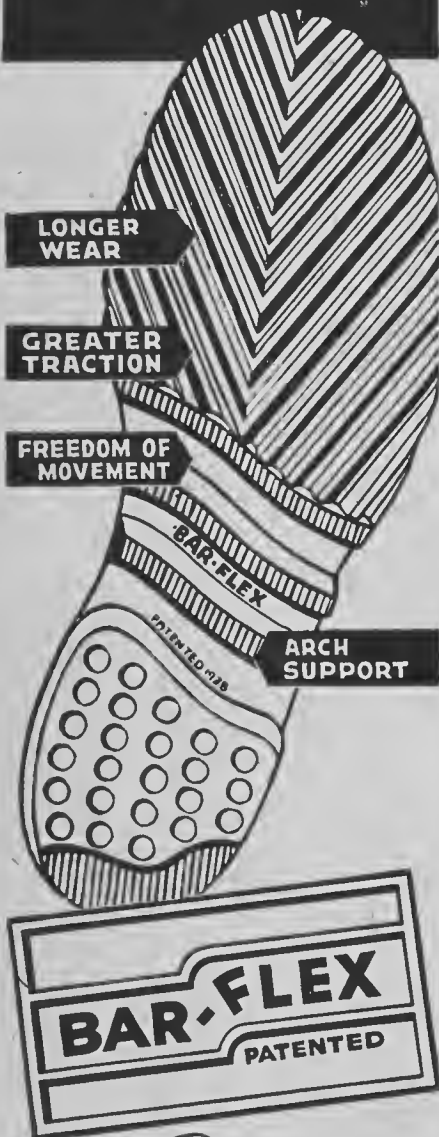
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also been found that feeds stored in a paper bag will lose less vitamins than the same feed in a burlap sack.

Because of the danger of loss of vitamins a margin of safety is allowed in compounding rations. Recommended allowances have been set as

a standard, which allows a margin of 60 per cent for vitamin A, 40 per cent for vitamin D, and about 20 per cent for the vitamin B complex, over and above normal requirements.

In spite of this margin it is important that feeds be stored well.

There Is Money In Hogs

This Manitoba farmer raised profitable hogs even in 1947.

FREEMAN JORDAN, Portage la Prairie, has an unusual angle in the raising of hogs. His technique used to be to raise his own feed and market it through hogs. In 1946 the government policy with respect to coarse grains convinced him that he would be better off if he sold his grain in the elevator and bought his feed. He began to buy commercial mixed feeds and was so pleased with the results that he now sees no need to change.

Mr. Jordan normally keeps 12 to 15 sows and raises two litters a year. If the sow farrows in cold weather he places the new-born pigs in a small electric brooder in a corner of the farrowing pen. The brooder is a flat, three-cornered box set in a corner of the pen. It is open at one side so the small pigs can enter and leave at will. When they are new-born a 100-watt bulb is used. After a few days it is replaced with a 60-watt bulb, which soon gives way to a 40. At the end of two weeks the brooder is removed. When the brooder is removed an infra-red lamp is hung above the pen. This serves to take the place of sunshine and provides warmth. It is left above the pen until weaning time.

When the little pigs are three days old they are given reduced iron, by the simple expedient of dropping it on the tongue. This performance is repeated a week later. They get their next dose when they are up to about 75 pounds. They are given a dose for worms. This is repeated at 150 pounds.

The piggery is divided into a large number of small pens. The litters are not mixed, each complete litter being put into one pen at weaning time. The pigs on feed never leave these pens. The only pigs on the farm that are allowed a pasture run are the dry sows.

The young pigs are creep-fed pig starter before they are weaned. It is started at two weeks, and starter is fed until two or three weeks after weaning. The pigs are fed no milk. Mr. Jordan feeds a carefully balanced starting ration, and it has been his experience that adding milk leads to

bowel trouble. This would not, of course, be so if farm grains were fed. At about two months of age the pigs are put on a commercial growing mixture and kept on it until they reach 140 to 150 pounds. They are placed on a fattening ration until they are ready for market.

Mr. Jordan keeps a good, purebred Yorkshire boar and grade sows. His market hogs grade out well. It takes him a long time to get a pig ready for market—seven to eight months—but he argues that this is a calculated policy and gives him better grades. He holds back on the feed, giving the pigs only as much as they will clean up quickly at morning and night. They are given all the clear water they want. He believes he feeds the same in eight months as others feed in six.

The results appear to justify the policy. Since 1941 Mr. Jordan has marketed 760 hogs of which 52.2 per cent have graded A and 85.6 A and B. It should be borne in mind that the total of hogs marketed included older sows or boars that were shipped. This makes the proportion of A's and B's even better.

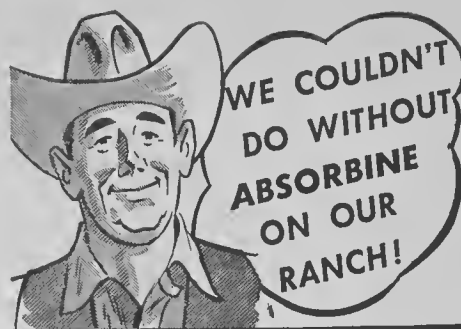
Jordan has complete records of his feed costs from 1946 forward. In 1946 he sold hogs to a value of \$4,446.52. His feed bill was \$1,966.10. In 1947 he sold \$3,776.85 worth of hogs. His feed bill was \$1,992.40. Depreciation and interest on his \$1,000 building investment adds a production cost of \$100 a year. An average of two to three hours of labor a day amounts to about a quarter of one man's time, valued at \$140 a month for pay and keep, adding a cost of \$35 a month or \$420 a year.

Analysing costs and returns on the basis of the number of hogs sold in 1946 Jordan's cost was \$18.69 a pig and his return was \$33.43 per pig, leaving a net return of \$14.74 per pig. In 1947 costs had risen to \$22.20 per pig and gross return to \$34.33, giving a net return of \$12.13 a pig.

Mr. Jordan is careful in feeding, does careful breeding and culling, and manages his hog project well. On this basis he has built up a profitable business.



A few of Freeman Jordan's good grade Yorkshire sows.



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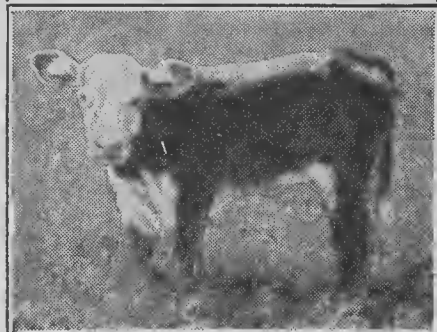
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[Guide photo.]

This interesting Manitoba soil profile was revealed last summer during highway construction. Only small portions of the prairie provinces show this depth of black topsoil.

Next Year's Grasshoppers

YOU do not have to be a mathematician to calculate that a reduced yield of wheat means a reduced return. If a field that was well on the way to producing 25 bushels to the acre is reduced to 15 and wheat is worth \$1.55 a bushel, the loss looks like \$15.50, minus harvesting costs. The farmer could spend over \$10 an acre to avoid this loss, and still be money ahead.

The Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Saskatoon, has completed its survey of adult grasshoppers in Saskatchewan. A survey of adult hoppers is made in July and early August for the purpose of predicting grasshopper infestations the following year. The number and species of grasshoppers is noted in certain areas, and an estimate is made for the province. Later in the year a survey is made to estimate the number of eggs in the soil. As these will hatch the following spring, if the weather is suitable, it provides a very direct means of estimating the next year's infestation. The Laboratory does careful work and farmers ignore their forecast maps at their own risk.

H. W. Moore, co-ordinator of grasshopper survey work for western Canada, reported the results of the adult survey to the Saskatchewan Agricultural Representatives Conference recently held in Saskatoon. He reported that no area in Saskatchewan is without grasshoppers. In many areas they are not likely to appear in economic numbers, however, though in large parts of the province heavy infestations can be expected. Certainly farmers are well advised to take early steps to prepare to combat the menace.

The agricultural representative service considered the threat important enough to justify spending all of their two-day conference studying the survey reports and mapping a plan of action in preparation for the spring attack. Agricultural representatives in the infested areas were advised to call meetings as soon as possible for the purpose of discussing the problem with farmers concerned, and giving them all information possible. It was considered desirable that the municipalities appoint a supervisor who would spend the winter familiarizing himself with the grasshopper situation, and so would be in a good position to administer a control program in the spring. Municipalities are

also to be cautioned to lay in supplies of sawdust, millfeeds and poison that are likely to be needed in the spring. A rush of late orders in the spring could lead to loss of days when hours are important.

Dr. A. P. Arnason, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Saskatoon, pointed out that no control program should be based entirely on poison baits and sprays. "The emphasis should be on farm management and cultural control," he said. "The control possible from cultural methods has never been realized in the history of the province. It probably came closest in 1934. An individual operator can do a lot to control insects on his farm if he practices good techniques. Control must start on the farm." Good cultural control is not an on and off affair. It demands careful planning and practice over a number of years, and if many farmers will do it, grasshopper numbers can be reduced.

There is no free method of control. Baits are not very expensive. Sprays on the other hand are considerably more expensive than baits. The cheapest method of control is effective and well-planned tillage, and the use of this method will give farmers the best control for the money expended.

Red Thatcher Is Out

FOLLOWING some ill-advised publicity favorable to the variety of wheat called Red Thatcher, officers of the Dominion Department of Agriculture and of the Board of Grain Commissioners for Canada have made clear the fact that the sale of Red Thatcher for seed purposes in Canada is illegal. The Dominion Cerealists, Dr. C. H. Goulden, also points out that the same degree of illegality attaches to a new U.S. wheat variety called Rival. In addition to its failure to be licensed as a variety which may be sold for seed purposes, Red Thatcher failed to secure approval from the Board of Grain Commissioners for Canada as of sufficient quality to be eligible for either No. 1 or No. 2 Northern commercial grains.

In addition to these facts, Dr. J. A. Anderson, chemist for the Board of Grain Commissioners, has explained that, on the average, Canadian wheat is only 1.6 per cent higher in proteins than Argentine wheat, which though appearing to be a small margin, is actually a very substantial one. During studies of this variety over three years, 1940-1942, Red Thatcher proved to

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THE twelve-year-old contract between The Oliver Corporation and the Cockshutt Plow Company, Ltd., expires October 31, 1948.

During the years in which the famous Cockshutt tractor has been an Oliver product, many friendly relationships have been established between the two companies. Oliver wishes Cockshutt good fortune.

The Oliver Corporation, Regina, and their dealers, will now be exclusive distributors for Oliver products in Western Canada with branches at Regina, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton.

The Portland, Oregon, Branch of The Oliver Corporation will handle sales and service in British Columbia.

Goodison Industries, Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario, has been appointed sole distributor in Ontario.

The Cockshutt Company will continue as distributor in Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces.

Parts and service for Oliver-Cockshutt Tractors made prior to November first, 1948, may be obtained from these sources.

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contain an average of .6 per cent less protein than Thatcher. Largely because of this lower protein content, bread loaves made from Red Thatcher were nine per cent smaller in volume than similar loaves made from Thatcher. Since baking strength is the principle quality which has given Canadian wheat its world-wide reputation, it is in the interests of Canadian farmers that licenses should not be granted to varieties of inferior quality.

It is true that Red Thatcher has a smoother, tougher and better appearing kernel than Thatcher, as pointed out by Dr. Goulden. Red Thatcher is a kernel selection of Thatcher, made by Dr. Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, Sask. The selection was tested over a three-year period by the Dominion Experimental Farms Service. Tests were made at 18 different points in western Canada against all the rust-resistant hybrids and varieties, as well as against standard types of wheat. Red Thatcher is about two inches taller and has a slightly weaker straw than Thatcher. It resists stem rot, loose smut, kernel smudge, black chaff and root rot, about as well as Thatcher. It is a little less susceptible to wheat rot and bunt. It is as late as Marquis.

Licensing of grain varieties must follow approval by the Associate Committee on Grain Research. This committee is representative of the Board of Grain Commissioners for Canada, the Dominion Department of Agriculture, the prairie universities, the National Research Council and commercial concerns interested in wheat quality. This committee, in view of all the available information received, refused to recommend Red Thatcher for licensing.

Off-Type Rescue Wheat

RESCUE, the saw-fly-resistant, hard, red spring wheat, has been grown on a commercial scale in southwestern Saskatchewan and southeastern Alberta for two years. The Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, Saskatchewan, reports that results have been very satisfactory over most of the saw-fly-infested area. It has outyielded Thatcher by a good margin where saw-flies are a problem, and at the same time has reduced saw-fly population.

This year some brown-chaffed plants have made an appearance in fields of Rescue. Unless these brown-chaffed plants become very numerous they are of little importance. One of the parents of Rescue is brown-chaffed. This is the reason for the appearance of this characteristic in succeeding generations.

Seeds from such plants will, in turn, produce brown-chaffed plants. They are saw-fly-resistant, but are of poorer quality than the pure Rescue and a few days later in maturing. If a large number of the brown-chaffed plants appear they can reduce the value of Rescue as a commercial crop, making it advisable to obtain purer seed. Registered seed of Rescue will not be available in quantity for at least two years, so the only way to obtain pure seed is to grow a seed plot and rogue out the off-types during the growing season.

Potato Ring-Rot

DURING recent years ring-rot disease of potatoes has caused considerable damage and has given great concern to large growers of potatoes, particularly in Alberta and Manitoba. Bacterial ring-rot is a contagious disease which affects not only the yield of potatoes but their storage quality.

Bacteria, while extremely widespread in nature, are of great diversity in their usefulness to man. Some are extremely beneficial in that they help to decompose waste materials of all kinds, and others are extremely injurious to the extent that their presence in large numbers creates diseased conditions in both plants and animals. The bacteria causing potato ring-rot brings about severe economic loss.

Dr. L. E. Tyner, Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, Edmonton, has stated that one single potato affected with ring-rot at planting time, carries billions of bacteria. In other words, there are as many or more individual bacterial organisms on a single ring-rot-infested potato as there are people in the entire world. With so many bacteria ready to spread the disease, enough may cling to the blade of a knife used for cutting potato sets, to infect 20 or more pieces cut afterward. This illustrates the extreme importance of using as seed only tubers that are free from ring-rot. If, as we are told, one single potato set may be the means of completely infecting an entire potato crop on an individual farm inside of three years, the need for a disease-free seed is still more sharply emphasized.

The ring-rot bacteria will naturally cling to potato storage bins, bags that have been used and all kinds of planting and harvesting equipment. This then calls not only for disease-free seed, but very thorough disinfection until the disease is under control.

In Alberta it has been necessary for the government to exercise strict supervision and inspection of potatoes used for seed, especially in districts such as Edmonton, Calgary, Brooks and Lethbridge, where the disease has been serious. Everyone must help to control this disease wherever it is found. If you grow potatoes, look at a few representative tubers when they are cut open. If you see a noticeable ring inside the flesh that will probably be somewhat discolored, send a specimen or two to the nearest laboratory

of plant pathology (at any of the provincial universities), and inquire what to do about it.

Stack Measuring Reminder

TWO stacks of the same size may contain different weights of hay. The most important factors causing variation are the kind of hay, moisture content, coarseness, amount of rain after stacking, length of time in the stack, and the method of stacking. The kind of hay, and the length of time in the stack are the most important.

The Alberta Department of Agriculture reminds farmers of a method of determining the number of tons of hay in a stack, with a fair degree of accuracy. Three measurements only are required. The distance from the ground, up over the stack, and down to the ground on the other side—the overthrow—is one. The average width at the ground level is the second; and the average length of the stack is the third. All of these measurements are made in feet.

The formula used will depend on the general shape of the stack. If the stack is high and round-topped, and at least 14 feet in height, the first step is to multiply the overthrow by .52. The second step is to multiply the width by .46. The third step is to multiply the width by the length. Then subtract the product of the second step from the product of the first, and multiply the remainder by the product of the third step. If the stack is low and round-topped, and under 15 feet in height the same procedure is followed, except that in the second step the factor used is .44 instead of .52. If the stack is square and flat-topped the same procedure is followed, but the factor used in the first step is .56 and in the second is .55.

These calculations will give the number of cubic feet in the stack. In order to transpose into tons the number of cubic feet per ton can be divided into the number of cubic feet in the stack. If hay has been stacked 30 to 90 days there will be 485 cubic feet to the ton of alfalfa, 640 cubic feet to the ton of timothy or brome, and 600 cubic feet to the ton of wild hay. If the hay has been in the stack over 90 days the comparable figures are 470 cubic feet per ton of alfalfa, 625 for timothy or brome, and 550 for wild hay. The result will be a fairly accurate indication of the tonnage of hay in the stack.

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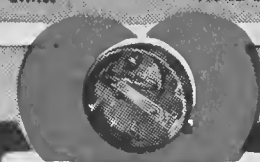
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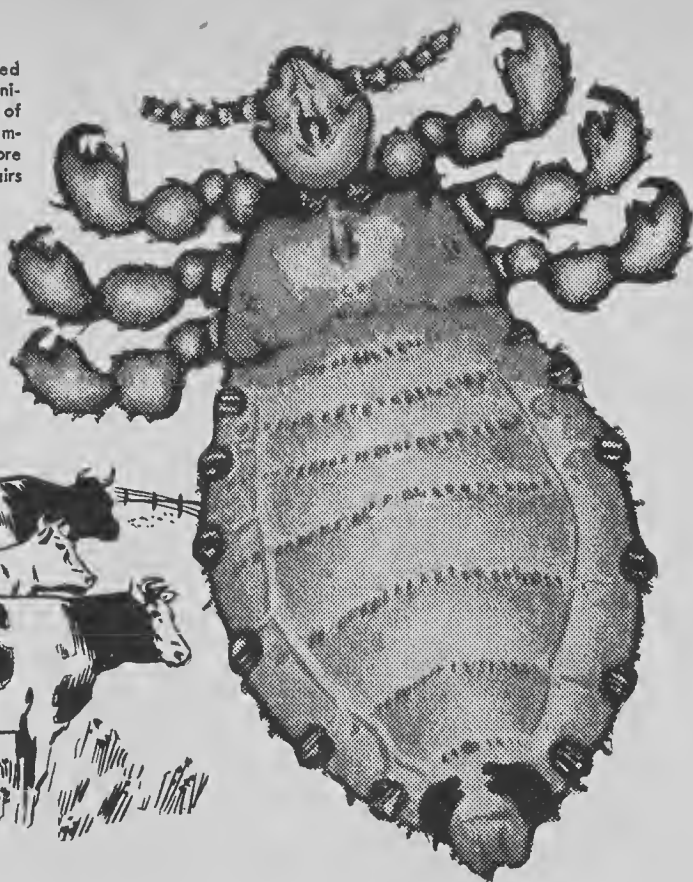
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[Guide photo.

Many farmers have lightened the load of the horse mower by fitting it with two small wheels to take the weight of the tongue, as on this one at the Dominion Experimental Station, Melfort.

A single louse, as pictured here, many times magnified, can raise a family of 20,000,000 from November to March. That's more lice than there are hairs on an animal!



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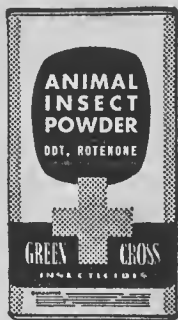
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Bonanzas

Continued from page 13

Charles Shaper, who farmed two miles west and four miles north of Westlock, had come into the district from Ontario and naturally attempted to grow sweet clover. He harvested his clover by the only method he knew, mainly by mowing, raking, stacking and threshing from the stack.

"Twelve years ago," said Smith, "when I was track-buying grain I dropped into Charles Shaper's place in October after threshing. I found him threshing a stack of clover, and he wanted me to buy the seed. He had his place pretty well all seeded down, and wanted me to take his crop. I didn't know of any market in the district and he marketed the seed eventually at 10 cents per pound through a seed firm in Regina. This, as far as I know, was the first crop of clover seed sold from the Westlock area.

"It happened also that one of his neighbors was unfortunately losing his farm, and their son went to town and bought the farm back. Shaper lent him enough alsike seed to start. This young man is now about 30 years of age and very successful. He bought the first combine in the district."

ACCORDING to Mr. Wood, there is nothing to indicate any great drop in price from last year. Early in August when I was in Westlock, the probability was that advances to growers would be the same. The stock of alsike seed was completely exhausted, the British Government having taken all that was left, and there was only a small carryover of altaswede. Incidentally, all export sales of forage crop seed as well as registered and certified seed grain are made by the Alberta Seed Growers' Co-operative through Northern Seed Sales, which is the selling agency for co-operatively-marketed forage crop seed in all three prairie provinces.

Forage crop seed is not the only

crop in the Westlock area. Mr. Wood told me that he handled about 22,000 bushels of cereals during the 1947-48 crop year. It is hoped that the next year a new locally-operated seed plant will be available in Westlock, since the present small plant owned by the Alberta Co-operative Seed Growers is too small, and a policy of local ownership is favored. The largest individual shipper of registered grain in the area, as far as I could find out, and also the largest farmer, is W. J. Marfitt and Sons, who operate 10 sections, raise Hereford cattle, alsike clover seed and registered seed grain, of which they shipped over 20 cars last year.

Herefords seem, in fact, to be the favored breed of cattle in the area. I was taken to the farm of A. J. Wallace at Pibroch. Mr. Wallace was not at home, but he has a good small herd headed by Real Blockade Domino, purchased for \$700 at this year's Calgary bull sale.

In the interest of diversification, poultry has been added to production of registered seed grains, forage crops seed, livestock and honey. I talked to Mrs. Utas, who operates a small hatchery. She told me that hatchability this year averaged 76.6 per cent and that in 1947 it was as high as 78 per cent. The flocks are mostly utility birds, especially New Hampshires, with quite a few White Leghorns for eggs. Barred Rocks are coming in slowly. Because of the high hatchability, producers of hatching eggs in the district have been able to get a good price, since they are paid one-half of the selling price of the chicks. Mrs. Utas said that when she first began to operate the hatchery, from 50 to 100 chicks was the limit of sales to individual poultry raisers. Now she frequently sells 500 and up as high as 1,200 to individual purchasers.

All this, of course, makes for a better balanced farm return, and a more prosperous community. It also helps to prove that to a very considerable extent, at least, a community is largely what the people choose to make it.

Peace Tower

Continued from page 4

ment insurance will not be able to finance all these unemployables who are really good workers. It will mean that as soon as a man hits 45 or so he'll be unable to work the rest of his days.

Who will support him? That is easy. *You and I.* Yes, you and I are going to be the goats. It will be we who are working who will have to dig down and pay more taxes to keep these men from starving. Because starve they will, if this present absurd Out-At-Forty trend is continued.

It will mean that our population will be top heavy with people who want to work but cannot. After a couple of tries, after a couple of years, they will settle down and be a charge on the state for the next 25 years, or 30, or more.

Even if that were all, it would be bad enough. But you can be sure there will be some sluggards who never wanted to do a day's work anyway, but who will somehow try to get by till they are a little past forty. Then they will plop down with a sigh of relief, and say: "Now the country can support me the rest of my life."

Can you imagine a farmer, having attained the age of 45, or thereabouts, deciding to quit because he was too old to work?

WELL, what we are headed for is a Canada where men will fold up in the forties. That is, we are headed that way, unless we can bring some pressure on our government. Members of parliament must be button-holed, and told to make speeches about this in the Commons. No chance must be lost to keep older people on the jobs.

What the percentage of our population under 45 is, one cannot guess, but it is a sure thing that the people of Canada under 45 do not want to turn around and support those over 45. True, there will be many people who can control their own destinies, and work till they are 100 if they like. But on the other hand there will be many thousands who are always working for others, and who definitely will not be hired by government officials, if this new idea is to persist.

So I say to you taxpayers who read this, that when a man at 51 is too old to feed mice, there's something crazy going on here in Ottawa.

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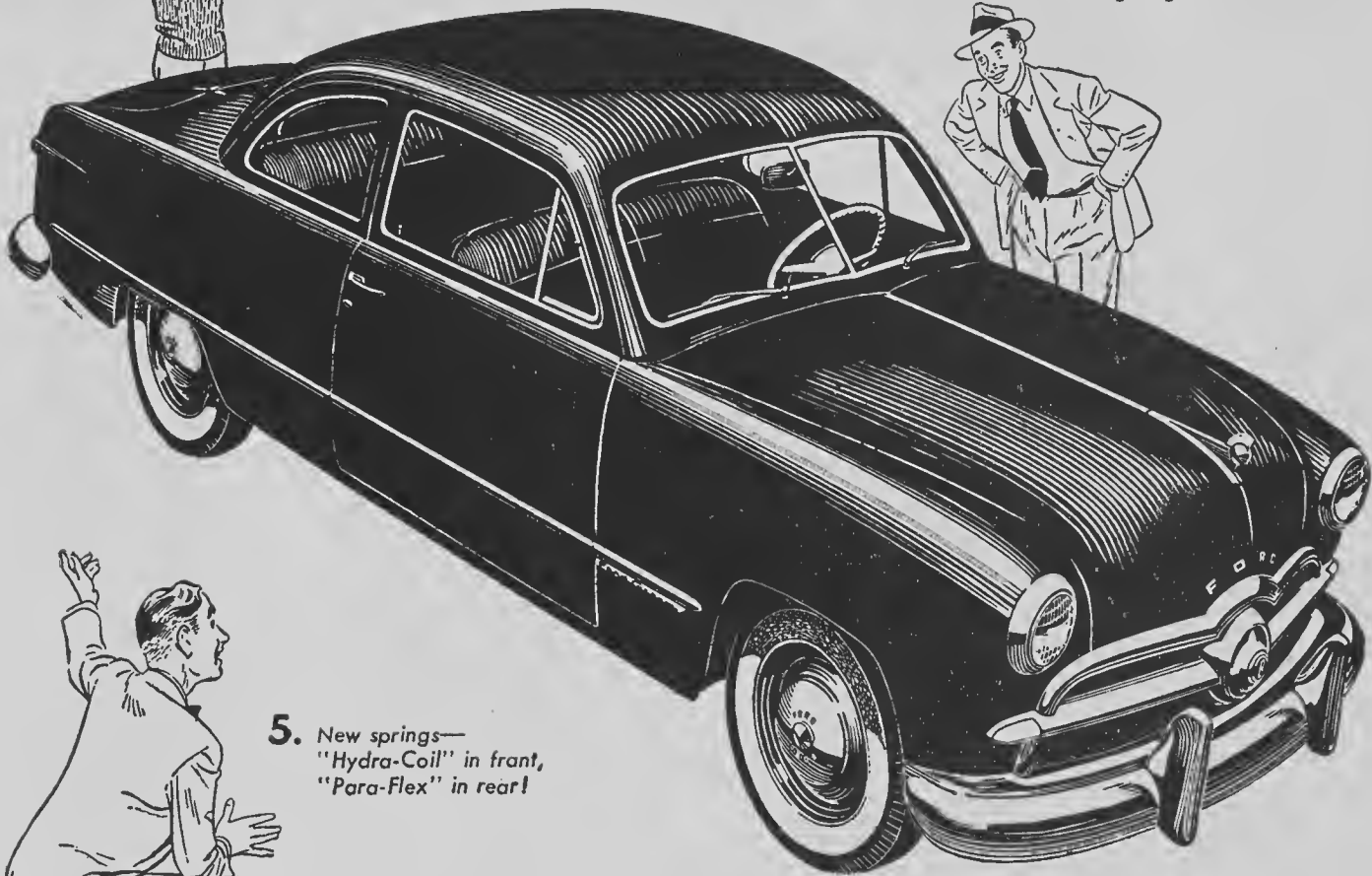
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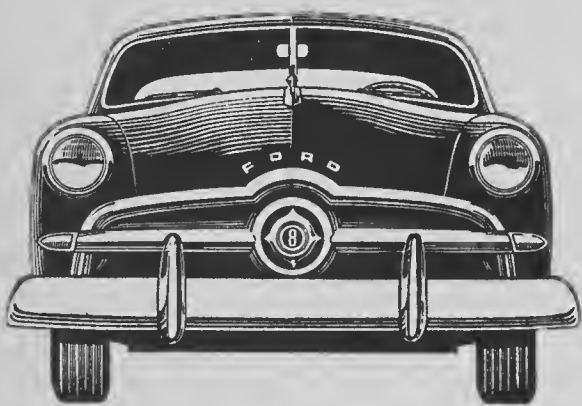


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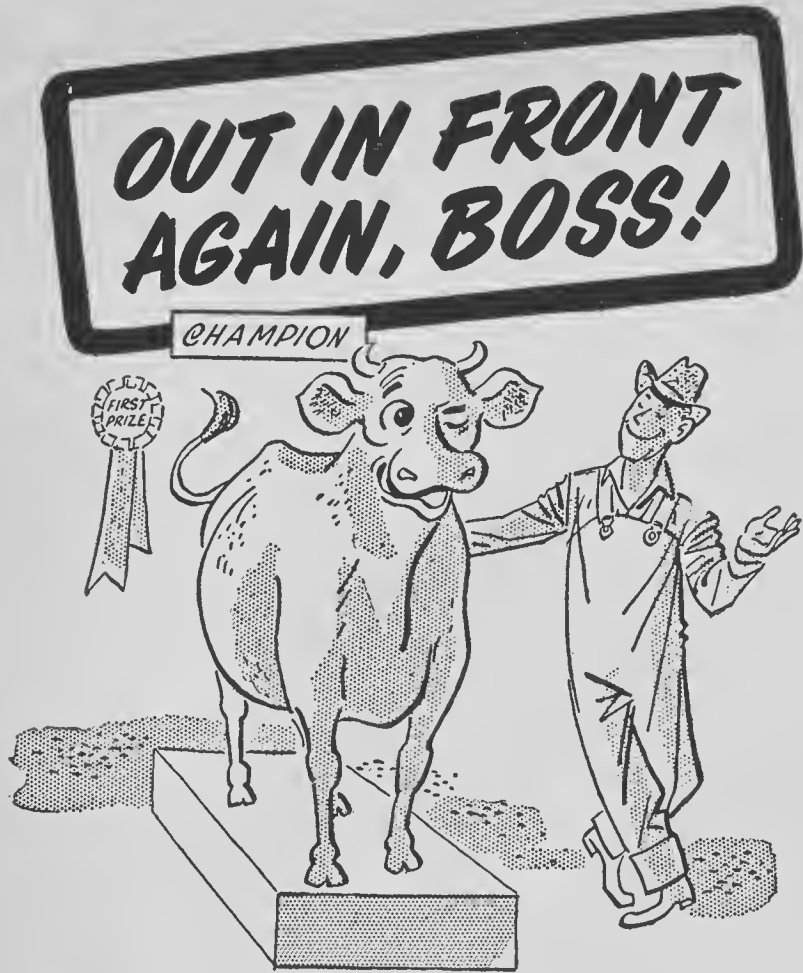
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He Saves His Soil

Continued from page 9

teristics to select for, that color just adds one more headache," he suggested. "I do not believe in going in for any piebald breed, but I do think we carry the color fad too far. However, we have to breed for color if we are going to sell cattle." He can sell them. He offered two 10-month heifers at the recent Manitoba Short-horn Club sale and received \$460 for the pair.

The sale price he receives for the cattle is not the only return. There are 180 acres of rough or wooded land on the farm and the cattle pick it over, making it possible to get a return from this land. They provide fertilizer for the fields. They utilize the hay, pasture and coarse grains grown on the farm and so make the rotation and grassing-down program, so necessary for his policy of erosion control, possible. They make it possible to gain a maximum of production on a medium-sized farm and at the same time keep the soil on the fields, and keep it at a high level of fertility.

Mr. Rankin is not so keen on the hogs. He kept three sows and took two litters a year off them during the war. With the end of the war he reduced the project to two litters from one sow—enough to provide for his own needs, plus some cash returns.

THE chickens are quite another matter. He has an Approved flock of Barred Rocks. At the present time he has 150 laying hens, 200 pullets, and 50 R.O.P. cockerels. He bought 58 day-old cockerels and raised 50. It is rather more than he will need, but the excess will be sold.

Losses of chicks are held low. "Disease is the hardest problem," said Rankin. "It causes more work and expense than any other." At one time he had some tuberculosis and cholera in the flock. He built a new hen house out on new ground, got new birds, and began to practise cholera vaccination and the most scrupulous cleanliness. The cleanliness still demands a lot of hard work. Before the chicks arrive from the hatchery the brooder house is cleaned and scrubbed and scraped. In the fall, after the laying birds are sold, before the pullets are taken from the range shelters to the poultry house, the roosts, nests, walls and floor of the poultry house are scraped and swabbed until they are clean. When they are really clean

they are brushed with a lye solution followed with a disinfectant solution. He considers the cleaning of the poultry house a three-day job for one man. Only when this work has been done is the poultry house ready for the pullets.

Great care is practised throughout the year. If at all possible Rankin avoids going near the young chicks if he has been recently attending the old flock. He is of the opinion that it is possible to carry disease from the flock to the chicks. If he is attending the flock in the poultry house he wears rubbers which he removes before he goes near the brooder house. If birds do become sick they are killed and burned, unless he is not sure as to the disease. In that case he sends them to the veterinary laboratory at the university to have the disease identified. The result of this care is that disease is kept very well under control. Last fall he was awarded a Master Certificate of Merit for Approved Flock Owners, given for good practice.

In order to get the flock approved a government inspector had to inspect and pass the buildings used. The birds are also culled by a government inspector, and must pass a pullorum test. All eggs that are suitable for hatching are sold to the hatcheries at a price above the commercial level. All eggs not suitable for hatching, and eggs produced after the hatching season is over, are sold commercially. The laying birds are kept only for one year, and are sold in the fall. The poultry make a profitable enterprise on the farm.

John Rankin's father came to this farm 65 years ago. He broke up the land, put up the buildings and got the farm operating on a sound basis. As soon as possible he gave his son definite interests on the farm and a share in the management. When young John thought the farm should have purebred cattle his dad said, "Go ahead." He let the boy buy his own cattle and build up his own project. The net result was that when John recently took over the farm he was used to making decisions and he knew farming.

John finished high school in 1930. He worked on the farm until 1938. That fall he was given a Co-operative Promotion Board Scholarship and started on the Diploma Course in Agriculture at the University of Manitoba. It is interesting to note that at the end of the first year he was awarded the United Grain Growers



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poultry prize consisting of 100 chicks. It was this prize that started him in poultry. In the second year poultry class he got a set of tools as a prize from the same organization. He was also awarded the Governor-general's Silver medal in the second year.

"I really enjoyed my two years at the university," remarked Rankin. "When we were taking the course we boys used to argue whether it would pay us financially. I would now say yes, definitely. Contacts are one important gain. If you want to find something out you know where to get it. It isn't so much what you learn on the course, but what you follow up later. You develop an interest in lines you previously knew nothing about. You take more interest in field days, junior clubs, government and university bulletins. It doesn't necessarily make a better farmer, but it certainly can. You have the information if you want to use it."

RANKIN got the idea of a Baby Beef Club in his first year at university, and one was organized in the community in 1939. He was made leader, and has been leader since. The first show was held in 1940 and there has been a show every year since. The club has never sent its boys to Toronto, but it has twice had the high individual score for the province. The boys are trained by taking them to practise judging in different herds throughout the neighborhood.

Baby Beef Club work is not his only activity off the farm. He has done some judging for poultry clubs. In 1940, and again in 1943 he inspected poultry for the provincial government. He is a member of the board of the Oakner United Church. Before the farm absorbed all his time he was active in Young People's church work throughout Manitoba. For three years he was on the executive of the Manitoba Young People's Union. In 1935 he was a delegate to the Whitby convention in Ontario. He has been on the board of directors of the Hamiota hospital for six years. He has been one of the directors of the Hamiota Agricultural Society Board since 1940. Besides these activities he is active in Shorthorn cattle and poultry associations. He does his farming well, but he still has time for activities in the community.

Rankin is doing a type of farming that may well become general in the years to come. His soil is his living. To maintain it in good condition he is prepared to sacrifice some returns today for bigger returns in the years to come. If he takes fertility or fibre out of the soil he puts it back. His farming is adapted to his land type, and is economically sound. There is non-arable land on the farm, so he takes income from it in the form of cattle. The land is rough, so he takes special erosion measures. The hills are light and stony and he sees that they get the attention they must have if they are going to keep on producing at a profitable level. His farm is his living and he is not taking risks with the soil that makes that living possible. Farming is also his way of life, and he spends his time around the fields and stables and finds it the way of life he likes. The farm looks after his needs, and he looks after the needs of the farm. It is supporting him and in return, he is seeing that it does not deteriorate.

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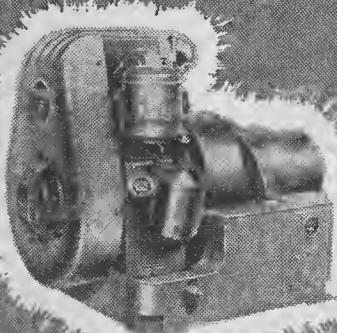
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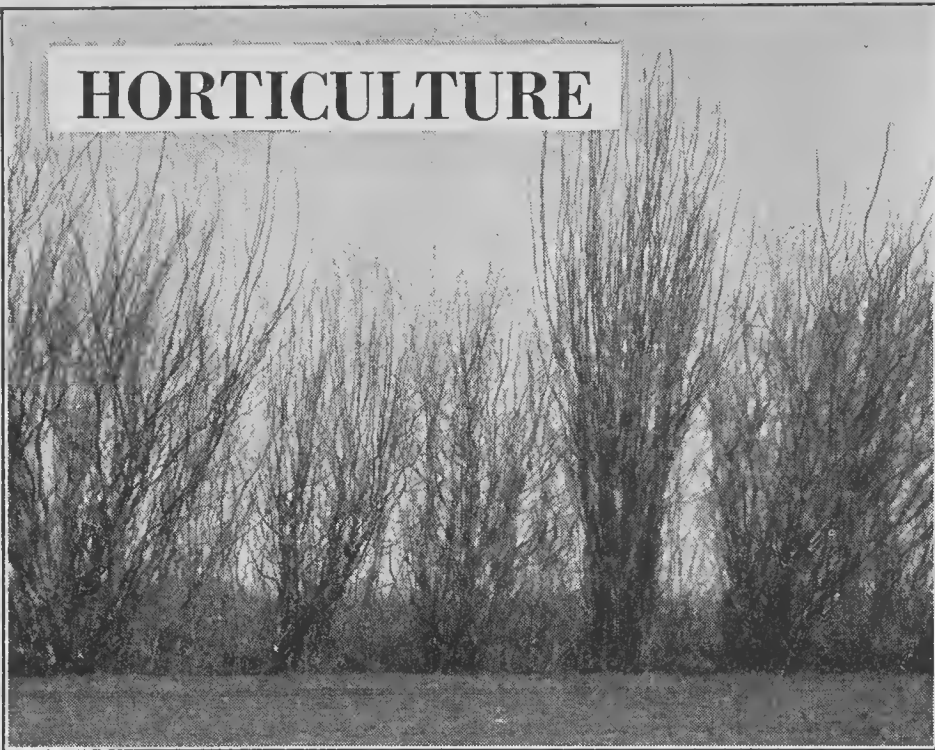
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HORTICULTURE



The tall, slender tree at right centre is the selection of caragana made by W. L. Kerr, superintendent of the Dominion Forest Nursery Sub-station at Sutherland, Saskatchewan.

Naming A New Variety

OCCASIONALLY a grower of fruit who is not in the nursery business, finds some outstanding seedling which he believes is sufficiently good to warrant naming and commercial propagation. Very often this tree is given a name, perhaps "Mary's Choice" or "Mother's Perfection" or "Smith's Dessert." This is all very well provided the variety never gets outside the discoverer's garden. If it is propagated and distributed, however, a name chosen hastily or for sentimental reasons may lead to all kinds of trouble later.

The name chosen may be very similar or even identical with a name given to a variety already distributed and there is always the danger that people will buy the plant and wait years for fruit to develop on trees, only to find that the fruit is not like the kind they thought they were buying. Also, the naming of varieties which have not been well tested and which are not superior in any respect to varieties already named and planted, is a poor recommendation for fruit-growing. We already have in the prairie provinces hundreds of fruit varieties, most of which should be discarded. It is true that the majority of these have been planted to test them out under our conditions, but the fact is, also, that only a very small proportion of the total number of varieties grown somewhere in the prairie provinces is recommended for planting today.

If you have some newly-fruited tree or bush that you think is worth naming, call it to the attention of the Department of Horticulture at your provincial university or one of the Dominion experimental stations in your province. Send in a specimen, or better still, several specimens of the fruit and ask their advice about naming it.

For one dollar the Canadian Horticultural Council at Ottawa will record the name of a new variety, if, after investigation, it is found to really be a new variety and not a duplicated name, and will register the variety if, after tests passed at the Dominion experimental stations, the plant is found to have outstanding merit. A name may be registered as a trademark with the Patent Office at Ottawa

for a fee of \$25 and the Canadian Horticultural Council will arrange this if desired.

The Plant Registration Bureau of the Canadian Horticultural Council is trying to establish the use of simple and clear names, for horticultural plants. They urge that all names chosen should be simple, one-word names, which express some characteristic quality, place, person or event associated with the origin of the variety. Freak words and spelling, hyphenated words and possessive nouns are not acceptable, nor are names containing the words "seedling," "hybrid," or group names such as Damson or Pippin. The standards for naming varieties have been arrived at after long experience and study and their only purpose is to encourage the propagation and sale of meritorious varieties with the least possible confusion.

Storing Hardwood Cuttings

IF you have a hardwood tree or trees of specially desirable type, you can, if you prefer, take cuttings from it in the fall and store them over winter for planting in the spring. There is some advantage in this, since properly stored cuttings will remain dormant longer, when the weather starts to warm up again, and there need not be the same rush to get them into the ground.

Good hardwood cuttings should be from wood that has been well matured in the fall. Healthy wood grown the year previous to planting is generally preferred, though for willows and poplars, two-year-old twigs will be satisfactory, according to the Dominion Forest Nursery Station at Indian Head. Cut pieces from five-sixteenths to seven-sixteenths of an inch in thickness and from seven to nine inches in length, as these will be most likely to grow. The handiest method is to tie the cuttings in bundles of 25 or 50 and keep them in boxes, unless there are too many, and cover them with moist soil, sand, sawdust or moss. The temperature is important. Ideally the temperature should be just slightly above freezing (32 degrees F.). If the wood is well matured, actual freezing will not harm the cuttings, unless there is repeated freezing and thawing. In the

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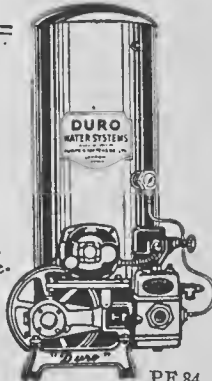
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spring when similar trees begin to show life, the cuttings should be watched carefully, if there is a rush of other work, otherwise they could be set out at the first convenient opportunity, leaving only one or two buds showing above ground.

Budwood

ON my particular site, there is considerable difference in the fertility of the soil within the space of a few feet, depending upon whether the original humus was accidentally preserved when the land was cleared or was burned off when the brush was burned. On the burned spots, fruit trees will grow, but will rarely fruit unless fertilizer is applied with some freedom.

I had over 600 seedling trees to bud, and took the best budwood I had. When the trees which were to furnish the budding scions were thrifty, in good heart, and growing rapidly, it was easy to find budwood to satisfy. However, I wished to propagate a number of varieties which had made comparatively little budwood that looked good. As it turned out, looks were deceptive, and even this small amount of budwood was of poor quality.

Last spring, when I went over my trees, I found that success was exactly proportional to the thriftiness of the parent trees. Those which had been on the poorer soil and had made the smaller growth gave buds which proved unable to "take it" when the test time came. Probably they were low in plant sugar and the other elements of plant sustenance which make for growthiness and good health.

Putting two buds on the one understock in the hope that if one does not grow the other will, has not proved to be a profitable device with me. All the conditions are the same, the same trees, the same budwood, the same knife and grade of rubber, and the same worker. Generally, either both buds will grow or neither. Evidently, if one has a variety to bud which is not furnishing the best of budwood, it is wise to come around later with buds of another variety, and bud on a different side of the seedling so that the difference of variety may be discernible. Then, if the unvigorous variety does catch, the bud of the other variety can be rubbed out.—Percy H. Wright.

Foods From Forest And Field

GEORGE Washington Carver, the noted Negro scientist, once wrote a short but pithy article. In it he stated that most of the malnutrition and consequent diseases of the average Negro in his locality was unnecessary. Growing all about in lush abundance were the foodstuffs essential for an adequate diet. He listed them—the common "weed," the unnoticed native fruits, made up the major portion of the list.

Pellagra, scurvy and rickets are a rarity in this country and time. Still, many enjoy the products of Nature's uncultivated gardens.

Wild fruits perhaps rank as the most sought-after of the native foodstuffs. They range from the raspberry and wild plum of the east and the saskatoon and pincherry of the prairies to the huckleberry of the west coast, and the luscious blueberry of the north. There are currants and goose-

berries scattered richly along old creek beds, cloudberry growing on northern tundras, plumply gold. The buffalo berry has definite jelling qualities, though some fruit of more piquant flavor should be added to make the jelly enjoyable. Red elder berries, too, are a fruit not too commonly used for this purpose. The high-bush cranberry makes excellent relish. So highly prized was this fruit in the early days, that many vessels England-bound from the Hudson Bay carried as part of their cargo, barrels of the tart fruit.

Also with a historical note to its background is the humble and obstreperous dandelion. Most of us have partaken of it as a salad or boiled green, or have sipped beverages concocted from the boiled root or brewed from the golden bloom. Typically, Canadian, we usually think; yet the dandelion, we read, was brought to Canada via Hudson Bay to provide greenstuffs for The Company of Gentleman Adventurers.

The common nettle (which also may be used a la spinach) is of European stock, though not brought here intentionally. Our native evening primrose was taken to England where it was cultivated for its edible roots.

There are several native plants whose roots were mainstays of Indian diet before white settlers introduced more palatable substitutes. A wild turnip, which was sometimes roasted whole, sometimes dried and ground into flour, was a favorite of prairie tribes.—Katherine Magill.

Parsley Pickings

PARSLEY is good for many things besides decoration on the meat counter. It is one of the super-vitamin vegetables.

It is at the top of the vitamin A list, second only to cod liver oil. It is well up on the C list, and who knows what other vitamins and minerals are hidden in its curly leaves?

Yet it is hardly a vegetable that one can eat by itself and for itself alone. But chopped finely, and added to salads, soups, sauces, potatoes, carrots—it is the most delicious seasoning a cook can find.

It can be bought in dried form at the grocers, but it is easily grown in the garden, and if you grow it yourself you can have it fresh whenever you want a sprig. Besides, the fresher the vegetable, the more potent its vitamins.

Parsley seed take a long time to germinate and make a showing in the garden. Plant a short row in early spring. Keep it moist for good germination, and in about three weeks the plants will make their appearance. It grows well without any coddling, and does not seem subject to any pests or diseases.

If you have a good stand of parsley in the garden, it can be picked in the fall and dried and stored in the cupboard. A handful makes a delicious addition to the winter soups. For fresh winter parsley, transplant a couple of plants to flower pots for the kitchen window sill. They make attractive house plants and they can stand a few degrees of frost without freezing if your house gets cold at nights. Sprigs of fresh parsley will always be handy for trimming the meat platters. Fresh chopped parsley adds piquancy to the winter cabbage salads too.—I. A. Williams.



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Seven eggs from 6 lbs. of feed gives you only 117 eggs per 100 lbs.

But . . . if she eats 7½ lbs. of feed a month, she has 2½ lbs. to make eggs. That will make 17½ eggs a month . . . or 58% production . . . and enable her to keep it up.

17½ eggs from 7½ lbs. of feed gives you 233 eggs per 100 lbs.

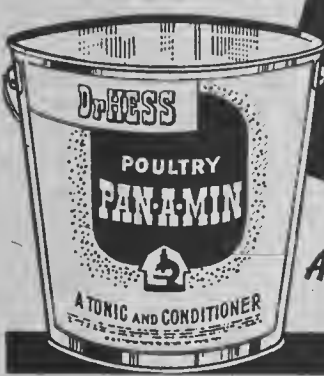
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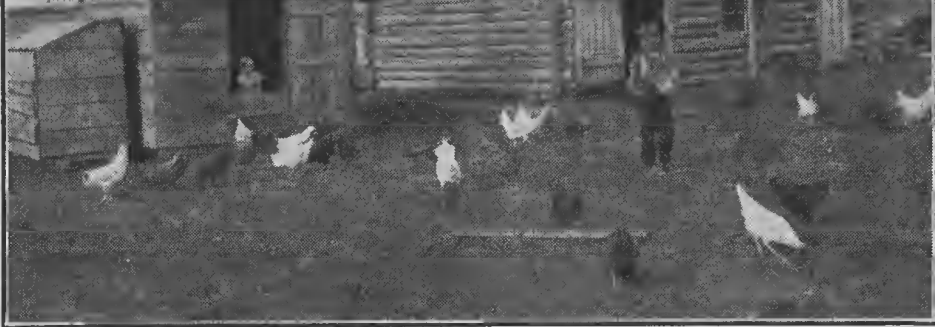
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POULTRY

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[Guide Photo.]

Starting them young. Perhaps the hens on this North-of-the-Peace Alberta farm will not be fed very scientifically but learning comes by degrees.

1949 Egg Contracts

IT is hoped that before this paragraph is published there will be some announcement as to the market for Canadian eggs. The present contract with Great Britain expires on January 31, 1949, and so far there is little indication as to renewal in its present form, or modified form. Canada has built up a very fine reputation for her eggs in Great Britain. This fine reputation has come about because of the high standards maintained for the quality of the eggs shipped overseas. Reports coming from Great Britain lead us to believe that our eggs are ranked among the best in the world.

The British buyer wants our eggs and wants lots of them, but the difficulty seems to be a matter of finance. Great Britain is on the sterling standard and we are on the dollar standard and there doesn't seem to be any compromise. Looking at the problem in its broader aspects, it is quite apparent that our egg contract is a strictly business deal and the well known rule still holds: "If I do business with you, you do business with me." The simple fact is that if we expect to sell eggs in Britain we must also be prepared to buy British.

No doubt this can be achieved eventually, to our mutual satisfaction, but the point which easily may be overlooked is that the hen and flock owner need a year in which to prepare to meet the requirements of any agreement entered into. Flocks must be approved for the production of hatching eggs; hatcherymen must arrange for incubation facilities; and the farmer must place his order for chicks at the proper time. If egg producers are interested in the continuance of the British contract, it would be good policy for each and every producer to become sufficiently vocal to make his needs known to those who are charged with the responsibility of negotiating contracts. The need is urgent for such action if the industry is to remain on an even keel and the Englishman be assured of a supply of food he needs.

R.O.P. Annual Report

THE 1946-1947 report of the Canadian Record of Performance for Standard-Bred poultry was recently issued. It is an 85-page booklet packed full of interesting facts concerning the progress of poultry breeding in Canada. The most interesting phase is that portion dealing with progeny testing. A. D. Davey, who is directly responsible for the

administration of the R.O.P. policy makes the following statement as a part of the introduction to the report:

"The future of Canada's poultry industry is dependent to a large degree on efficiency in production. One of the primary factors in obtaining such efficiency is the genetic quality of the stock used—a bird cannot produce beyond its inherited ability. Through the R.O.P. policy, which has developed into an extensive progeny-testing program, breeders are concentrating on the purification of their strains for characters of utmost economic value such as egg and meat production, hatchability, growth and livability. Information accumulated over a period of years has demonstrated in a definite manner that progeny testing is the only sure method of improving these complex economic characters."

The flock results of 285 breeders are reported. These breeders presented for test 51,719 pullets of which 22,289 met the requirements for certification. A total of 191 sires and 1,410 dams passed the progeny test.

Progeny Tests

THE obvious questions which will be asked by those planning flock improvement is "What is the requirement for progeny testing?" For a male bird it is as follows: He must have at least 25. daughters entered on test, and of these at least 20 must be from four dams, with not less than five daughters from each. These family groups must each lay an average of 200 or more eggs, with an average weight of 24 ounces per dozen, based on individual trap-nest records. This is quite a high standard, one which should identify the best genetic stock in the country. There is a second way in which a male bird can pass the progeny test and that is he must have a minimum of 50 daughters from any number of dams, but these daughters must also have an average production of 200 eggs or better. Production in this case is based on a hen-house or pen-production record.

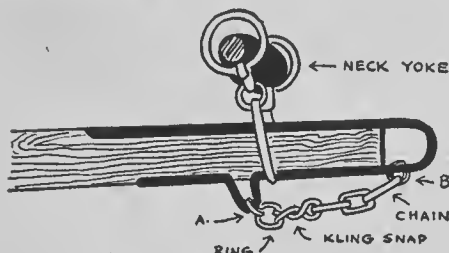
The standard for dams is similar to that of a male with respect to egg numbers and egg size, but she is required only to have at least five pullet progeny from the same sire. This group constitutes a dam family, which is the basis of the whole R.O.P. policy. Before a breeder can enter his birds in R.O.P. for test purposes, he must have at least 50 per cent of his entry made up of dam family groups; and, for certification, the production of the whole group is considered.

Workshop In November

As outside work slackens off, shop work will come easier.

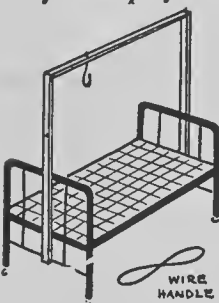
Neck-Yoke Holder

After being nearly killed several times, in runaways which resulted from poles dropping down and terrifying the team, I use a device on all my sleighs and wagons which is very simple. Take three lengths of light chain and weld in or wire on a good kling snap. Drill a 5/16ths hole through the under loop of the pole-



cap and wire on a small harness ring. Snap on the chain and with a cold shuteye or baling wire attach it loosely to the loop at the end of the pole-cap at B, leaving sufficient slack so the kling snap is readily opened and closed. The neck yoke can be quickly removed or-replaced, but will still hold securely.—Robert J. Roder.

Self Help for the Bedridden

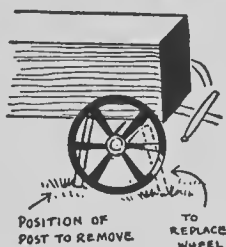


Here is a gadget which has been useful many times when I was recovering from a serious accident. I discovered I could make it easier for attendants who had to

turn me, by making use of a hook in the ceiling and a rod with a loop at one end and a hand hold at the other. In the diagram, a frame of scantlings shown with a hook attached to the horizontal one is securely fixed to the bed frame. A satisfactory handle for the patient to lift himself with can be made by a loop of number nine brace wire run through an unused bail handle for comfort. Being galvanized and non-corrosive, it can lie beside the patient when not in use.—John Mackay.

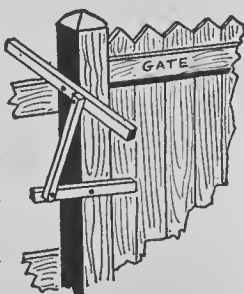
Easy Wagon Greasing

An easy way to grease the axles of a wagon is to push a short post against the edge of the wheel from the inside, then push the wagon forward a short distance, by means of which the post will shove the wheel away from the wagon so the axle can be greased. When the wheel is to be set back in its proper position, place the post against the outside of the wheel and roll the wagon back.—Albert Pearson.



Double-Action Gate Latch

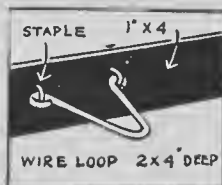
This is a simple lever pushing device for latching a strap-hinged gate. A few nails, bolts, and pieces of 1x2-inch material are sufficient. When the top lever is parallel with the ground, the gate is closed, but



when the top lever is either pushed upward or downward, the gate is unlocked. The wooden latch is fastened to the front of the gate post by a bolt, and to it is also bolted the vertical piece connecting the upper lever, which is fastened to the side of the gate post by a four or five-inch nail. Thus the top lever and the latch operate at right angles to each other.—A. E. J.

Sickle Rack

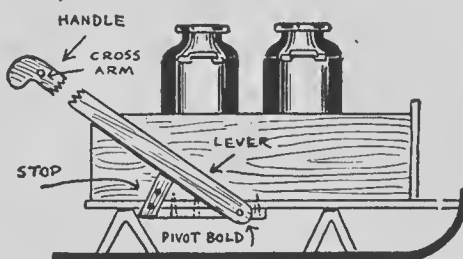
You can make a handy rack for mower knives, to stand between two studdings in the wall of the machine shed or blacksmith shop.



A few inches above the sill nail a strip of clapboard or 1x2-inch, then make a number of loops of number nine wire as illustrated. These should be four inches deep with a two-inch spread at the base. Cut a piece of one by four-inch just long enough to fit between the studs and fasten the loops to it with 3/4-inch staples. Stand the mower knife in one of these spaces, head upwards, with sections pointing to the wall; then nail the loop assembly into place so that the level of the loop is one-half inch below the top of the knife. The rack takes little room, knives are easily removed, and they are safe against accidents.—Robert J. Roder.

Handles for Farm Sled

A pair of handles on the farm hand-sled often used for moving cream or milk or for other light carryings, will make it easier to handle and more usable. The handle is attached with a bolt just a few inches behind the centre



of the sled. A stop block underneath each handle will keep it from dropping to the ground when released. Also, a crossbar between the handles keeps them rigid. Thus equipped, a sleigh can be guided and prevented from turning over. Pivoting the handles on bolts permits the sled to go over bumps without trouble.—Melvin E. Layne.

Home-Made Toe Caps

If you have an old screen-door latch and need toe caps on your shoes, here's how. Use a cold-chisel



to cut the rivets on the old latch and use the two pieces of curved metal for the toe caps. They are quite satisfactory for work shoes and can be smoothed or thinned as necessary with file or emery wheel.—T. K.

For Horses That Crib

If you want to protect the top of your mangers from cribbing horses, take an old tire casing, cut it as may be necessary and slip it over the edge of the manger.—Earl R. Baker.



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Revolution

Continued from page 7

very low returns; the second man may get high returns for his time. Other things equal, a man who employs his labor on a small farm will produce much less and get much lower returns than a man with a large farm. In nearly all systems of farming the small farm cannot be mechanized, and that is the same as saying that the small farm cannot yield its operator attractive financial returns.

THERE is no better formula for getting into a healthy—and often pointless—argument than to put the ideas presented above into figures. And yet to clarify the major points, I shall do just that. I put forth the proposition that a farm operator must have control over assets (land, buildings, livestock, machinery, etc.) of a value of at least \$15,000 in order to secure for his family a minimum acceptable standard of living.

This modest standard includes: (1) the use of a light car divided between the farm business and the farm home; (2) a little recreation and participation in the activities of the community; (3) the purchase of a few books each year and subscriptions to a couple of farm papers; (4) electric lights, telephone, radio, running water in the kitchen; (5) nutritious food and warm clothing; (6) aiding one or two children through college; (7) modest provision for old age.

A further qualification is that the \$15,000 figure is applicable to a situation where farm prices, farm costs, and land values are the average that have prevailed in the past 15 years. It should be clear to the reader that to secure the living standard described above on the basis of a farm valued at \$15,000 would require an especially good operator.

To give a more concrete idea of how capitalistic farming is becoming, a U.S. farm expert has recently stated that economic mechanization has reached the point where a worker on a farm must have as much machinery at his command as the factory worker. The figure for the average American factory worker is \$8,000. That, this expert tells us, will become a general rule of thumb for agriculture. Thus a two-man farm would have \$16,000 worth of machinery alone. This sounds high for our types and systems of farming. Perhaps it is high, but it points in the direction of a very clear trend. It conveys a lesson. I should not want to undertake to prove the American writer wrong.

Against such standards the actual situation in Canada is not encouraging. The 1941 census counted over 700,000 farms. The 1946 value of the capital of these farms follows:

Land and buildings	\$4,066 million
Livestock	\$1,228 million
Machinery	\$ 628 million
Total Capital	\$5,922 million

The 1946 value of all capital per farm was \$5,810 and of machinery \$900 per farm.

No published data reveal how small a proportion of Canadian farms have total capital values of \$15,000 or more. There is, however, good evidence that the figure does not exceed 12 per cent. Thus few of Canada's farms are really capital-using in a business sense.

This situation doubtless helps to explain the unfavorable income position of Canadian farms. (This writer long since stopped attempting to demonstrate to city people that the high cost of food can be accounted for by the profits of farmers. There just isn't anything to it.) Net farm income per farm last year amounted to less than \$2,000 or less than \$1,250 per gainfully employed farm worker. This included net cash income, plus use of the farm home, value of farm products used in the home, inventory changes, etc. The figure is somewhat more than half the return of workers in manufacturing industries.

This 1947 picture of workers in farming is not attractive. But operators or other workers on the lower third of our farms had net incomes which did not exceed \$800 per man last year. And this at the height of an inflationary period. Just wait!

This third of our farmers coincides fairly well with what the census calls subsistence and part-time farmers. Almost none of them has tractors or power machinery. In fact they have little machinery of any kind. They have small farms. Generally they have farms on unproductive land. These farmers feel it is possible to inhabit the ranks of the poor a bit more comfortably in farming than in city life. In any event they will not move, even when city jobs or better paying farm jobs are available.

There is a trend toward large farms in Canada. The more important trend, that of more machinery on large farms, is obscured. But it is proceeding at a pace which has been limited only by the shortage of some important types of farm machinery. Larger farms are becoming relatively more productive as the proportion of total capital invested in machinery rises.

What is most important about both these trends is their effect on the family farm (defined later). That unit used to be economic in size, and did not require a large investment. With the mechanization of farming in the past 30 years the economic unit has become larger and larger and consequently has required much greater investment. As this trend proceeds more and more pressure is put on what used to be the ideal sized family farm. By pressure I mean economic pressure, that is the returns to these farm operators become relatively smaller. Already they are bad enough.

SOME economists consider that the existence of the family farm is threatened—that it will be driven out by the large scale farm. The latter might be thought of as those farms involving an investment of more than \$40,000. Actually the family farm will continue, but it may very well be pushed down the ladder of earnings. This kind of thing happened all through the century since the mechanical reaper was put into use. In the face of this trend, some of the small to medium farms have been absorbed into larger units; others have maintained their identity, but have had to take lower financial returns.

This trend is going on rapidly today. The farm involving a total investment of \$10,000 to \$20,000 is not holding its own. Farms smaller than these, and the great bulk of Canada's farms are smaller, are squeezed down to the point where they cannot give a return

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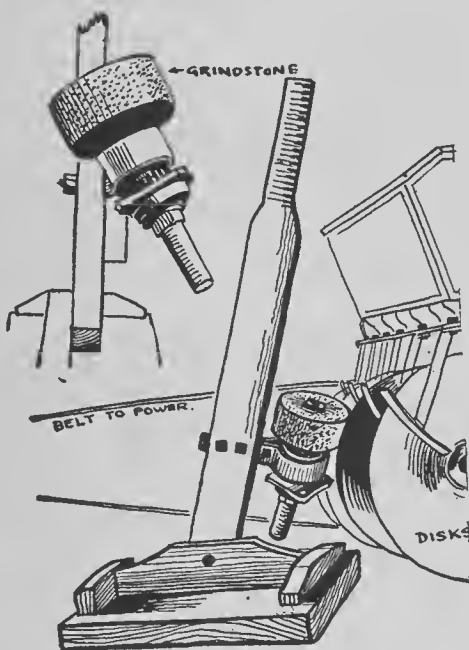
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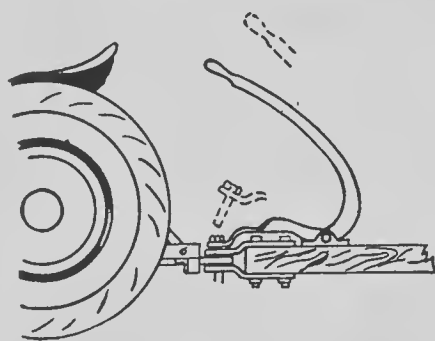
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Farm Workshop Guide

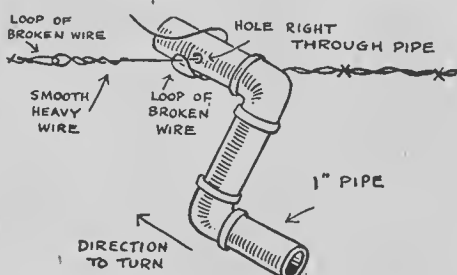
Disc Sharpener



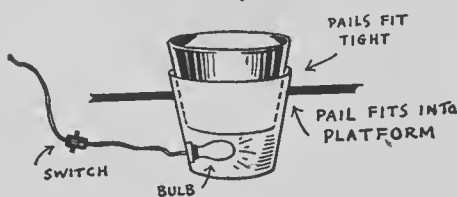
One-Man Hitch



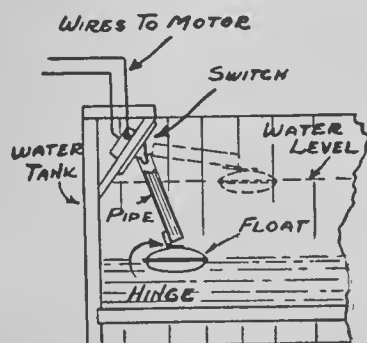
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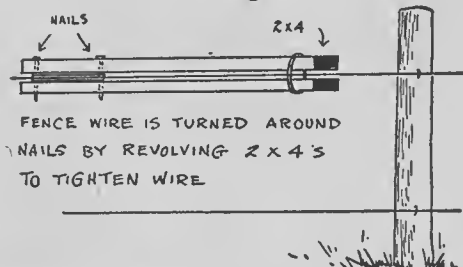
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adequate to support a farm family at a modest living standard.

There is a ruthless competition within agriculture and the rewards are going more and more to the larger and the mechanized farms. This brings up a point of significance to all of us—on farms or off. It is that the lower half of our farms, the smaller and poorer farm units turn out less than 10 per cent of the farm products which enter our commercial channels. To produce this small volume of product these farms use about 40 per cent of Canada's farm labor force. This situation is one which calls for serious thought. This is especially true when the operators of our large and most efficient farms can't hire a good farm hand for any price.

The solution to this problem of inefficient small farms is not to attempt to move these people off their farms. The reason for this is that anyone's mode or way of life is sacred and should be interfered with only in wartime. I spent five years in Kentucky and had occasion to watch Appalachian Mountain "farmers" spend almost all their time just "settin" in front of their little shacks. I was never tempted to propose the obvious reform of trying to move these people out into good farm areas or into city occupations. I did feel that better schools, better roads, more radios, and more movies would encourage desirable adjustment, especially in terms of the younger people. The U.S. Army draft worked miracles in this respect. Purely educational programs dealing with industrial and commercial employment opportunities and living standards have aided greatly in breaking down the "rural slums" of the Appalachian area. We have not nearly as serious a problem here, but we have one where we can get results that are desirable for the nation as a whole by following educational means.

ONE other point is worth making here. We tend to be sentimental about the family farm. But this unit is very changing. Twenty-five years ago, when I was a boy in Saskatchewan, it was no larger than 480 acres. In that province it now ranges from 1,280 to 1,920 acres. Family farm here means a unit of a size that provides sufficient work for operator and his family. It is a farm where the family provides, say 75 per cent, of all labor requirements.

Due to mechanization, the family farm in many areas has trebled in size in 25 years. Then, clearly, there is not the place there used to be for farm families. This is a matter of stubborn fact. We are making adjustment to it by the exodus from farms to cities. Thus since 1921 the number of farms has remained almost stationary, while the total Canadian population increased by over 40 per cent in the same period. What is clear from statistics is that the adjustment in this direction has not been as quick as called for by the pace of mechanization and by the trend of market outlets for farm products.

Where will this trend toward large scale farms stop? To indicate a useful answer to this we must see that the economy of increasing scale of operations has two sides: (1) the purely technical, that is having a farm large enough to use machinery efficiently, and (2) the economic, that is the ef-

fect of increasing scale on the financial structure of the farm business. Those factors associated with (1) encourage very large farms. Those factors associated with (2) lead in the opposite direction. Studies have shown that financial risks increase more proportionately with increase in size of farm. A medium sized farm can face and survive periods of rapidly falling prices or periods of repeated crop failures. Very large farms can't do this. The family sized farm operator can pull in his belt, or his family's belt, in the face of adverse circumstances; the large scale operator cannot.

Technological or mechanical advances generally lead to larger farms and decreasing costs. Risk factors discourage large scale farms. Where is the balance between these forces reached? This can't be answered in one-two-three fashion. But we can say that we are in a long-run period when the forces leading to increasing size of farms are in the ascendancy.

The importance of the financial factors, or of increasing risk, as a deterrent to large scale farms is generally underrated, and often entirely neglected. In this connection, one economic prediction can be made with near certainty. It is that if our governments undertook to provide either crop yield insurance or price insurance (guaranteed forward prices or support prices) large scale farms would flourish. Production would become more efficient and less costly. The large scale farm operators and consumers would benefit most. The medium sized commercial farmers, the subsistence, and part-time farmers would be squeezed.

ALL the forces that I have discussed in this article cannot be explained. But they can be tied together, or related, or made part of a single historical pattern of events.

The technical triumphs of the industrial revolution left behind a host of problems in the social and economic sphere. Until the last century workers in the manufacturing industries were independent craftsmen. The industrialization of western Europe and this continent was a process of replacing the independent craftsmen by the factory worker. This change was not accomplished easily. It required a social and economic revolution of major proportions, and was frequently accompanied by violence. Labor and welfare legislation of the past 30 years has been directed at curing some of the ills which followed in the wake of the industrial revolution.

In this process of changing technical, economic, and social conditions, agriculture was left behind. Inventive genius, and business organization skill found manufacturing a more fertile field. This was due in large part to the very nature of agriculture—the space it requires, and the difficulty of centralizing control over production. Now, however, with the efficient tractor and power operated implements, farming is going through its industrial revolution.

Living in the period of this revolution, we cannot see, or even fully sense, its consequences. The long run results will not be evident for many years. But right now we have symptoms. The inter-war period of farm

depression is one. The extremely uncertain, perhaps unfavorable, future of the industry is another. The great proportion of our farmers are finding, and will increasingly find, that as small operators with relatively little capital they cannot compete against the machine. This trend, paralleling what happened in manufacturing, will continue.

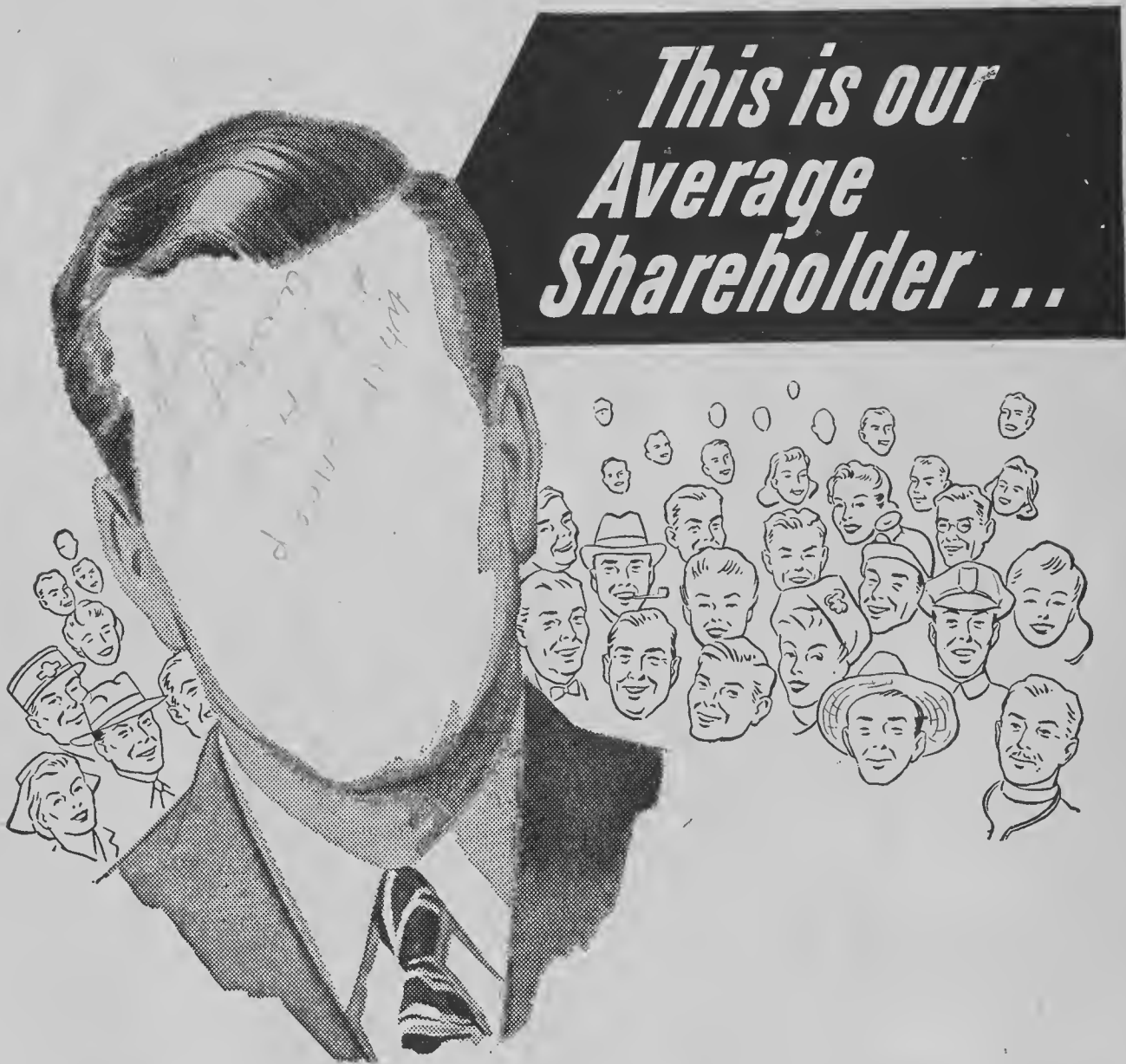
But rather than driving farmers from the status of independent operators into wage hands, it will drive large numbers of them out of agriculture entirely and squeeze many who remain down to an even lower standard of living. We shall not get a farm industry made up largely of wage hands for two reasons: (1) the point made earlier that there is a limit on how large a farm can become due to financial or risk factors, and (2) in farming, just as much as in manufacturing, the machine displaces labor.

WHAT to do? But first, and just as important, what not to do! Let us not be sentimental about the family farm. Any farm unit that cannot stand up in a competitive world should not be bolstered artificially over a long period of years. If the family sized farm in most of western Canada is now two to three sections let us face it and realize that some substantial adjustments have to be made. Let us not propose or support government or private programs which tend to be partial to small or medium sized farms.

Especially let us be very wary of, and scrutinize carefully, any and all schemes for settling people on small farms or on farms where they have little capital to work with. This goes whether these schemes are under the Veterans' Land Act, whether they are proposals for settling immigrants, or whether they are depression measures for getting the unemployed off urban relief rolls.

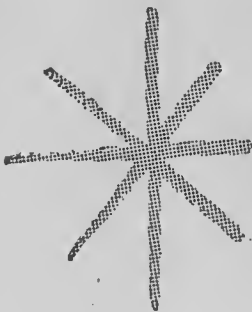
Lastly, what to do? (1) Maintain, through government action, if necessary, a high and stable level of economic activity and employment. This makes for a more prosperous agriculture. (2) Be an aggressive trading country. In this connection, loosening a bit some of the heavy chains which the tariff and international monopolies secure around the neck of the farmer would help. (It is most remarkable that every one of our major political parties believes these claims should be at least as heavy, and as strangling in their effect, as they are at present.) (3) Aggressive educational and research programs for agriculture. Apart from informing a very small number of agricultural officials, it was hardly necessary to have the Agriculture Institute of Canada tell us (as it recently did) that we are not making a really effective use of our research and farm extension funds. (4) We need to know much about crop yield insurance, farm price supports or stabilization, the political framework in which a distinctively Canadian soil conservation program could be undertaken, whether inter-governmental commodity marketing arrangements are really advantageous to Canada. I mention only a few. We ought to get busy on them forthwith.

(David MacFarlane is professor of agricultural economics at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.)



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Net profit received by Mr. Average Shareholder (on which he pays personal taxes too).....	\$ 388.96

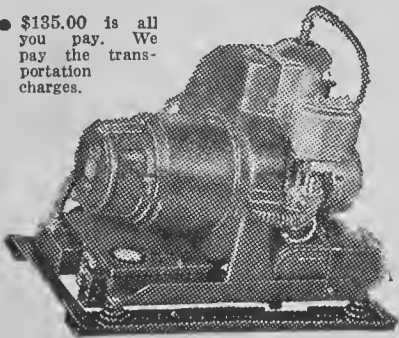
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MONTHLY

Difficulties In Exporting Flour

Canadian millers are finding it hard to sell flour for export, and are being defeated in competition by millers of the United States. That fact is important to the milling industry, which finds itself with idle capacity, in contrast with conditions which prevailed within the past year. It concerns also the wheat producers of Canada, because it is American, and not Canadian wheat which is going into flour exported to many countries. The situation may not be very serious this year, because Canada has not a great deal of wheat for export to countries other than Great Britain. Continued for any length of time it can create great difficulties for Canada. When export markets are competitive, as they may be before long, it is highly important to have Canadian flour going abroad, because the quality of such flour tends to create demands for Canadian wheat.

During the crop year 1947-1948 Canada was committed to selling 160 million bushels of wheat to Great Britain, and while most of that was shipped unmilled, a certain percentage was taken in flour, milled in Canada to the order and according to the specifications of the United Kingdom. That left only about 35 million bushels to be exported to other countries, and nearly all of that quantity went in the form of flour. Foodstuffs were so scarce in Europe that buyers wanted them on any terms, as quickly as possible, and in the form most readily available for human consumption. They did not stop to think about protecting the interests of their domestic milling industries. Now, with the food situation somewhat eased, some countries are concerned to get wheat in preference to flour, in order to keep their own mills occupied.

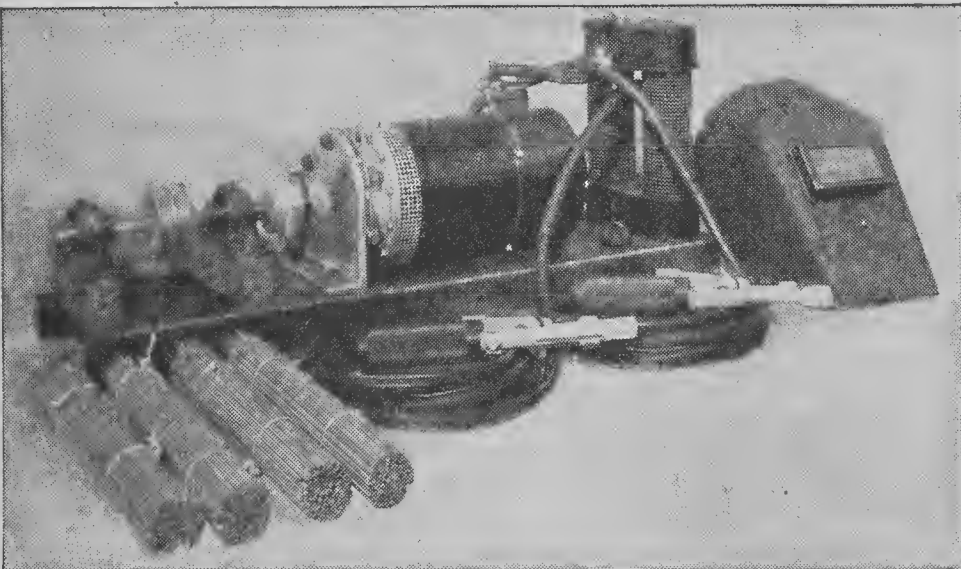
That difficulty is comparatively slight as compared with the question of financing. Many European countries are now able to get food from North America by virtue of funds supplied by the United States, under the Marshall Plan for European recovery. The United States allows a portion of such funds to be used for what are called "off-shore" purchases, that is those made in other countries. But two conditions are made. The first is that "off-shore" purchases are not allowed of commodities which have been declared surplus in the United States. Nor are they allowed of other commodities at prices higher than those at which such commodities can be obtained in the United States. Oats and flax have been declared surplus, and there are in consequence few export outlets in Europe for such grains from Canada. Wheat and flour have not been declared surplus, and theoretically European countries ought to be able to secure either from Canada by use of Marshall Plan funds. But a hitch develops on that question of price. The Canadian Wheat Board has been holding its export price, that is for countries other than Great Britain, at the highest possible level. It is constantly quoted well above the current prices recorded on the Chicago market. The price differential appears to be accepted without question by all concerned because of the recognized superiority of Canadian wheat for

mixing purposes. Apparently, however, the American authorities recognize no such superiority when it comes to flour. They decline to approve sales of Canadian flour at prices higher than prevail for American flour, and the price has to be higher, because the Canadian miller has to quote for his flour a price based on the export wheat price.

Such difficulty recently prevented completion of a deal whereby 15,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat were to be milled into flour for export to Italy. A Canadian milling company had made the sale, had bought the wheat to be milled from the Canadian Wheat Board, and booked freight to move the wheat, and had subcontracted some of the work to other Canadian mills. And then the agent for the Italian authorities was unable to complete his financing, which had to be authorized by American government officials. Fifteen million bushels is a lot of wheat, and represents about one-sixth of what the Canadian Wheat Board has to sell this year, outside of the British contract. From the complaints millers are making of lack of business it appears that this particular case is only one of many lost opportunities.

Such loss of business may not embarrass the Canadian Wheat Board this year in respect of its total selling program, and it may be that enough unmilled wheat can be sold to make up for what cannot be sold in the form of flour. But the situation might have been much more serious had this year's wheat crop been larger, with a greater surplus for export. But those interested in the milling business are likely to complain if means cannot be found to allow the export selling of flour to proceed concurrently with that of wheat.

Another problem for the Wheat Board is suggested by some of the stories in circulation concerning large financial losses said to have been suffered by the milling company which booked and then lost the business. Part of such losses, it is widely believed, resulted from contracting with the Wheat Board for the wheat to be milled, and then seeking to be relieved of that obligation. Whether that happened or not, some interesting questions arise. Suppose something similar happens in the future. Should the milling company be forced to carry out its contract to buy wheat, and have to pay storage on it until it finds another chance to make use of such wheat? Or should the Wheat Board buy back the wheat in question, and if so at what price? If the Board's export price has advanced in the interval, and the milling company is allowed the advantage of the increase in price, the milling company might be in the position of making a profit out of a transaction in which it had performed no useful service. If on the other hand the Board's export price has dropped in the interval, say by five cents a bushel, there could be a very serious loss to the milling company if it is allowed only the new, and lower price in getting out of its contract to buy wheat. If milling companies have to take the risk of such losses, their efforts to promote export flour sales may be seriously hampered.



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COMMENTARY

Ever since the government, in September, 1943, took over the complete control of wheat, through the Canadian Wheat Board, it has been recognized that difficulties could arise as to the relationship of the Board to the milling industry. Milling interests, however, have been anxious to avoid Board control of their operations, or of their export selling, and it has been argued that the sales organization of the mills would be an important factor in helping the Board dispose of wheat. But if there is a continued tendency for export flour business to wither away, the whole question of selling flour, and its relationship to wheat sales, may have to be re-examined.

Car Supply

The weather this Fall has been favorable not only for harvest and threshing work, but also for railway operations. For that reason, and because of heavy deliveries at country elevators the railways have moved a very large quantity of grain to terminals at the Lakehead. To get the maximum use of equipment in a given time the railways concentrated empty cars for loading first in Manitoba, where the harvest was earliest, and then gradually extended the shipping area to farther west. The Canadian Wheat Board encouraged this procedure, for it left deliveries in Manitoba free of quotas, although the crop was heavy there, evidently expecting that rail shipments would be large enough to make any rationing of delivery space unnecessary. But quotas were applied in the other provinces, no doubt because it was known that shipments by rail would be retarded so as to result in elevator congestion.

Alberta farmers now complain that the distribution of cars this year has been unfair to them, and has put them at a disadvantage. Elevator congestion has widely prevailed in that province and many farmers unable to find elevator space and without sufficient granary capacity on their farms to store their crops had to pile grain on the ground. They feel that railway operating efficiency has been carried too far when attention is concentrated entirely on moving the maximum quantity of grain in a given time, without due regard to the means of different shipping. The railways began late in October to pay heed to such complaints and there was an increase in the total number of cars allotted for Alberta shipments.

Twenty years and more ago, the railways used to provide a greater number of cars for grain movement in the prairies than is now the case, although, before the present-day scale of the use of combines and trucks had developed, deliveries from farms were slower than is now the case. Larger cars and more rapid hauling by big engines provide some reason for decrease. But the principal reason is that industrial mining and business development in Canada has been so great in recent years that the railways have many more calls on their equipment than used to be the case. It is no longer possible to allot to grain hauling so large a percentage of total railway box cars as formerly. Probably the movement of the grain crop

from country elevators to terminals must be regarded as a year round business, instead of being concentrated in a few fall months.

Two factors have prevented greater complaint than has occurred with respect to car distribution. One is the existence of a great deal more storage capacity in farm granaries than used to be available. The other is the improved financial position of farmers which prevents them feeling the same hardship as formerly when they are delayed in turning crops into cash.

Argentine Grain Problems

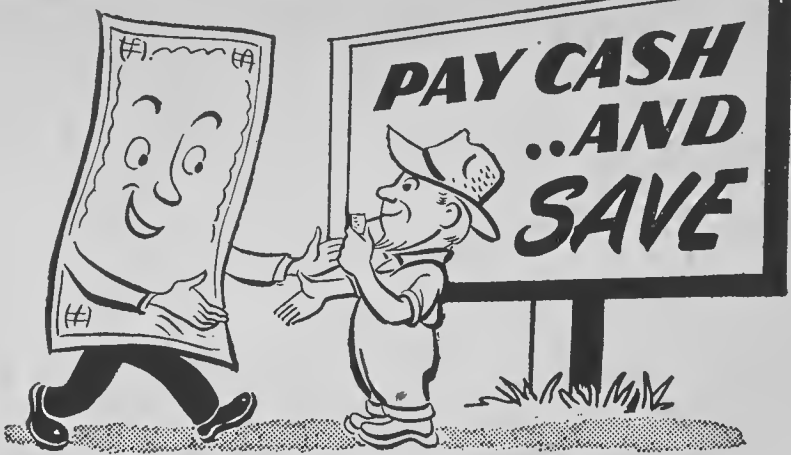
Accurate reports of Argentine conditions are not easy to obtain but the government is reported to be in difficulty on account of its grain policies. During the past few years the government there has maintained a grain monopoly, administered not in the interests of producers, but to provide revenues for the government. Farmers have been paid comparatively small prices but in export sales the government has been demanding extremely high prices which, up until recently, it was able to obtain on account of grain shortages in Europe. Numerous sales of wheat, for example, were reported at well over \$4.00 per bushel. President Peron justified demands for such prices on the ground that all manufactured products imported by the Argentine from Europe had become tremendously expensive.

Argentine remained out of the International Committee for allocating food shipments, just as she declined to take part in negotiations for an international wheat agreement and sold grain wherever possible.

For a time the whole plan appeared to be working well and it was providing the government with very large profits partly at the expense of Argentine farmers and partly at the expense of the buyers. In recent months however, former buyers of Argentine wheat have been able to get cheaper supplies from the United States and a considerable part of last year's crops of wheat, corn and flaxseed are believed to remain unsold. The government of the United States has been allowing some E.R.P. funds to be used in Argentine to buy meat, but the Argentine government has been disappointed to find that no allocation of such funds will be allowed for Argentine grain. Crop acreage has declined greatly this year, something which may reflect resentment of farmers of the way they have been treated by the government or which may be due to economic causes. With a rise in production costs it appears that prices allowed to farmers by the government have not been high enough to sustain production.

Brazil has always been an important market for Argentine wheat, taking up to forty million bushels annually. That country attempted to escape from Argentine domination in this connection by importing flour from the United States. Indeed, during last year Brazil importers made great efforts to secure some supplies in Canada and were disappointed to find that these were not available.

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One More River

Continued from page 8

Mr. George Stevens didn't get out of the car. He just pulled up close to the steps and leaned out at us on the car window sill. He's kind of long and leathery and I've never seen him smile. But he always seems to be grinning inside when he talks to Mr. Ned Whately. He said, "Evenin', gentlemen. How's things this side?"

Mr. Ned fanned himself sort of slow and careful. Him and Mr. George Stevens were like two old tomcats sparring for range. "Poor," Mr. Ned said. "Pretty poor. Cutworms just about to carry us away."

"Now that's a shame," Mr. George Stevens said, and his inside grin seemed to get broader. "Me, I ain't foolin' much with cabbage this season."

"That so?" Mr. Ned said. Then his curiosity got away with him. "What you bankin' on most, George?"

George Stevens' grin got practically into plain sight.

"Potatoes," he said. "Just potatoes."

Mr. Ned's fan missed a beat. George Stevens said, "You ought to follow me, Ned, if you ain't lost too much time."

"Follow you!"

But Mr. Ned choked on the rest of it. And Mr. George Stevens was driving away, looking back over his shoulder with that invisible grin. Mr. Ned was looking at Bubber, and Bubber was looking down the road. Mr. Ned said, "I happen to know that George Stevens was three days behind me even to break ground."

Bubber didn't say anything. Mr. Ned said, "I smelt the biggest potato market in twenty years."

He got up, walked ten steps toward his car and turned around. "And now!" he hollered, "now I'm following George Stevens!"

BUBBER stopped in to see me next evening, on his way to Waccamaw. He said, "Mr. Bob, I'm worried about Papa."

I said, "Bubber, I've been worried about Mr. Ned for 50 years. It don't do no good. You just got to take him like he is."

Bubber said, "He really thinks I told Marylee what we were planting, and she told her Uncle George."

I said, "He's sure got funny ideas for what young people talk about."

"It's not funny to me," Bubber said. "We had kind of a fuss about it. So I told him I was going to marry Marylee if she had a hundred Uncle Georges and they all plant'd potatoes."

"Well," I said, "what'd he say?"

"Plenty," Bubber said. "He said I could marry 50 Stevenses, one at a time or concurrently. But not to expect him to live with 'em. He said the first Stevens foot that crosses his threshold, he'd move out bag and baggage to Pine Point. He says it'd do him for his last few lonely years. Mr. Bob," Bubber said, "there isn't even a roof on that old wreck of a house, but he'd do it. And probably fly a ten-foot flag saying, 'Stevenses, Don't Tread On Me.'"

Knowing Mr. Ned, he probably would. Bubber said, "I was at Cherbourg and Metz, and they were just butter for the old outfit. But Papa'd stop even the combat Engineers."

"Let him move into Pine Point," I said, "roof or no roof. Maybe the rain'd cool him off a little."

"Sure," Bubber said, "and how do you think Marylee'd like that?"

I could see he had a point there. He looked down the road toward Waccamaw, and he said, "She's a wonderful girl, but there's some things that are just too much to ask of anyone. Papa for example. Besides," he said, "he's up to something. He went off to Princetown early this morning without even waiting for breakfast."

I said, "What could he do?"

"Knowing Papa," Bubber said, "it's trying to figure what he couldn't do that worries me."

But it was quite a while before we found out. The growing season began to get along, and the further it got, the worse it made Mr. Ned Whately's temper. I'd swear he had spies out at night, holding yardsticks to George Stevens' potato plants. And vice versa. You wouldn't think there'd be much difference between our island and Waccamaw, just across the river there, but there can be, the way the rain squalls divide off at the river. And just a couple of days can make a big difference when a really big crop hits the market. First George Stevens' crop was ahead and then Mr. Ned's. Mr. Ned got jumpier and jumpier and then all of a sudden he got perfectly calm and happy. For no reason at all, except that it was after about his fifth trip to Princetown.

We were sitting on my porch, the four of us, and I was mostly feeling sorry for Bubber. He looked a little sadder each time I saw him, and I figured he must be having a hard time explaining Mr. Ned to Marylee Stevens. As who wouldn't? Mr. Ned was rocking and looking up at the sky and grinning to himself. He looked so smug I figured it might be a good time, and I said, "Bubber, how's Marylee these days?"

"She's all right," Bubber said, but he certainly didn't sound like it. Mr. Ned didn't change expression at all. He just kept rocking and smiling. I thought: He's coming around, he actually heard her name without turning a handspring. Only then a car came down the road again, and of all the bad luck it had to be George Stevens. But it was still like a dream, because even then Mr. Ned didn't stop smiling. George Stevens wasn't grinning this time, inside or out. He seemed to have something on his mind. But of course he didn't come right to it. He leaned on the window sill of his car, and said, "Ned, I figure we ought to have a meeting about Gadsden's Bridge."

"What's the matter with the bridge?" Mr. Ned asked. They're both road commissioners, and I guess that's one of the reasons the commission can never make up its mind about anything.

"The guard rails," George Stevens said. "They're getting a little shaky this side of the draw."

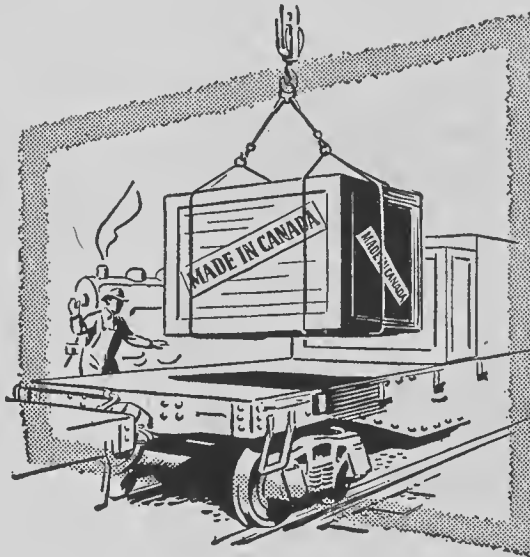
"That bridge is all right," Mr. Ned said, "for all I want of it."

It seemed to sort of point to what George Stevens had on his mind. He said, "You be truckin' out soon?"

"Could be," Mr. Ned said, smiling and looking at the sky. "Could be any day now."

George Stevens sort of licked his upper lip, and it seemed to taste dry to him. "You figure to have any

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trouble gettin' freight cars to stand by for your crop?"

"Freight cars?" Mr. Ned said. "Why, no, I haven't given 'em much mind."

The railroad's on Waccamaw, which was one reason I knew Mr. Ned was good and damn sure the bridge was sound. He wouldn't be just sitting there if there was a weak bridge between him and the siding.

GEORGE STEVENS licked his lip again, and it was even drier. "They do say," he said, "that cars are awful tight."

Mr. Ned just smiled at the sky. "Railroad's always done right by us."

George Stevens opened his mouth and then closed it again. Whatever it was, he didn't say it. He drove off toward Waccamaw, and Mr. Ned just sat there smiling at the sky. Ben Barnes, the highway patrolman, went by on his motorcycle toward the bridge, and waved at us, and Mr. Ned waved back. Still smiling. Bubber Whately said, "Papa, what's this about freight cars?"

"Why, son," Mr. Ned said, "what's what about freight cars?"

"Mr. George Stevens said they might be hard to get."

"They might be," Mr. Ned said, "for George Stevens."

Bubber said, "Papa—"

"Bubber," Mr. Ned said, "when do you figure we start digging the crop?"

Bubber looked up at the sky. "With no rain, about the 26th."

"The 24th," Mr. Ned said, "and it won't rain. You still got a few things to learn about planting, son. George Stevens, too."

"Papa," Bubber said, "what have you done now?"

Mr. Ned gave him kind of an injured smile. "Why, nothing. Nothing at all a smart farmer wouldn't do. I knew freight cars would be tight long before George Stevens thought of it. I been up to Princetown talking to the Seacoast Line. George Stevens'll probably be on his way there right now."

"What," Bubber said, and he seemed to be holding his breath, "will he find out?"

"Why," Mr. Ned said, "he'll find out that freight cars are tight. He'll find then ten cars is the absolute most that the Seacoast can spare for the Waccamaw loading. He'll find those ten cars have already been contracted for, for the 24th."

Bubber said, "Contracted for?"

"By me," Mr. Ned said. "Cash on the line. In advance. Of course," he said, "ten's maybe a bit more than we need. I'm no grudge holder. George Stevens can have the leftover empties —after I'm loaded and gone."

Bubber said, "And suppose the crop's held back?"

"It won't be," Mr. Ned said.

Bubber said, "Suppose—"

Mr. Ned said, "Bubber you suppose too much. What you need is confidence. Confidence in me." He rocked a little, and then he said, all of a sudden, "Now, about that Stevens girl—"

I swear, I think he was going to come around right then. It was a day for miracles, all right. But just then there was a funny sort of noise. From up toward Gadsden's Bridge. A real loud noise. I said, "What's that?"

"Kind of a bang," Luther Simmons said. "Kind of a bang and a holler."

We all looked up at the road, but it didn't happen again. But it wasn't more than a couple of minutes before Ben Barnes came tearing back down the road with his motorcycle wide open. He swerved in toward us, and Bubber went out to the edge of the pavement to see what it was. They stood there for just a minute, and Ben talked and waved his arm. Bubber didn't seem to be talking. From behind, he looked like a man being struck by lightning, slowly. Then Ben rushed off down the road, and Bubber came back to the porch. He sat down without looking at Mr. Ned, or Luther, or me, or anybody. Mr. Ned said, "Well, for goodness sake. Say something."

"That noise you just heard," Bubber said, "that was the bridge."

Mr. Ned said "How do you mean, the bridge?"

"Gadsden's Bridge," Bubber said. "Only it's not there any more. A tug and two barges just busted through it. Missed the channel. Missed the draw. Two hundred feet of the bridge just gone. Planks, pilings and footings."

Mr. Ned sat perfectly, absolutely still. And then he got red, and then purple. He said bitterly, "George Stevens wasn't on the bridge, I hope?"

"No," Bubber said. "He'd just that minute got across."

"He would," Mr. Ned said. "A Stevens would!"



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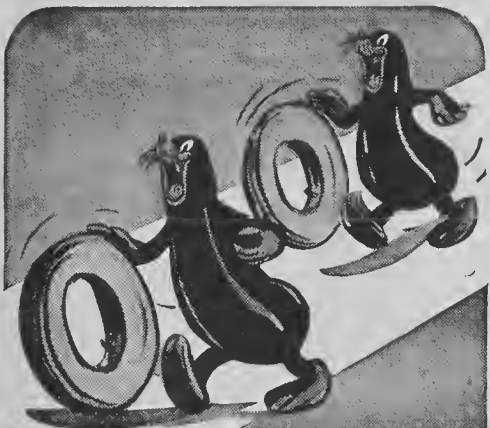
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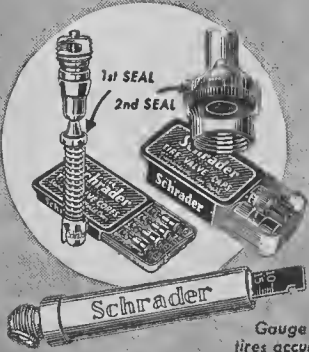
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I said, "Mr. Ned, you've still got some time. Maybe they can fix—"
"Fix it!" he said, breathing hard. "You remember how long it took 'em even to find a footing in that pluff mud when they built the thing?"
"Well," I said. "Long enough."
"Three months!" Mr. Ned hollered. "Three mortal months! And I got ten thousand dollars' worth of potatoes just getting ready to dig!"
I said, "Don't forget the freight cars. But maybe George Stevens'll take 'em off your hands."
He jumped at that, in pure, leaping agony. Because he would have to let those cars go to George Stevens, and he knew it. He walked around his chair twice, fighting for breath to yell with, and then he gave up and just stamped off to his car. When he got there, he turned around and waved his arms at Bubber.
"Anyhow!" he yelled. "Anyhow, it's a damn' long swim now to Waccamaw!"
Maybe Bubber really did swim it. He must have kept contact with Marylee somehow, but I kind of lost track. The next couple of days were a fog for Mr. Ned Whately. Of Mr. Ned deviling the highway engineers direct, and congressmen, senators and governors by telephone and telegraph. But you can't build a bridge with telegrams. And all the time the potatoes kept coming.

THE third day, I went down to the bridge just to see what was going on. Mr. Ned was standing on what was left of our end of the bridge with Bubber and Jarvis, the highway engineer.

"Mr. Ned," Jarvis was saying, and you could tell he'd already said the same thing a number of times, "I can't build no bridge without pilings. The very closest pile-driving equipment we could use is at Wilmington. They're starting it down the inland waterway right now."

"How long?" Mr. Ned said. "How long to get here?"

Jarvis mopped his face. "'Bout a week, if they don't run into trouble."

And just then a railroad engine hooted, over Waccamaw side. That would be the first of Mr. Ned's cars, moving into the siding. Mr. Ned sort of groaned and waved his arms at that two hundred feet of open water. There was a little bunch of people on the Waccamaw end of the bridge, and somebody over there waved back. A girl in a white dress, but it was too far to see good. Mr. Ned stamped on the boards and shook his fist. "Go on!" he hollered. "Make a mock of it! You got a railroad! You can dig your potatoes! Laugh, damn you, laugh!"

He jerked around, and there was Bubber Whately right behind him, waving too. He dropped his hand quick, but Mr. Ned saw him. "You," he said. "Who you waving at?"

"Marylee Stevens," Bubber said.

Mr. Ned jerked around again. The girl was still waving, and so was somebody else—George Stevens, way out on the end. He cupped his hands and hollered at Mr. Ned. The wind took it away, but you could just catch "take over your cars for you."

"Ahh," Mr. Ned said, shaking his fist.

Then he shook his fist at Bubber. "You can choose then! You can choose right here and now this very

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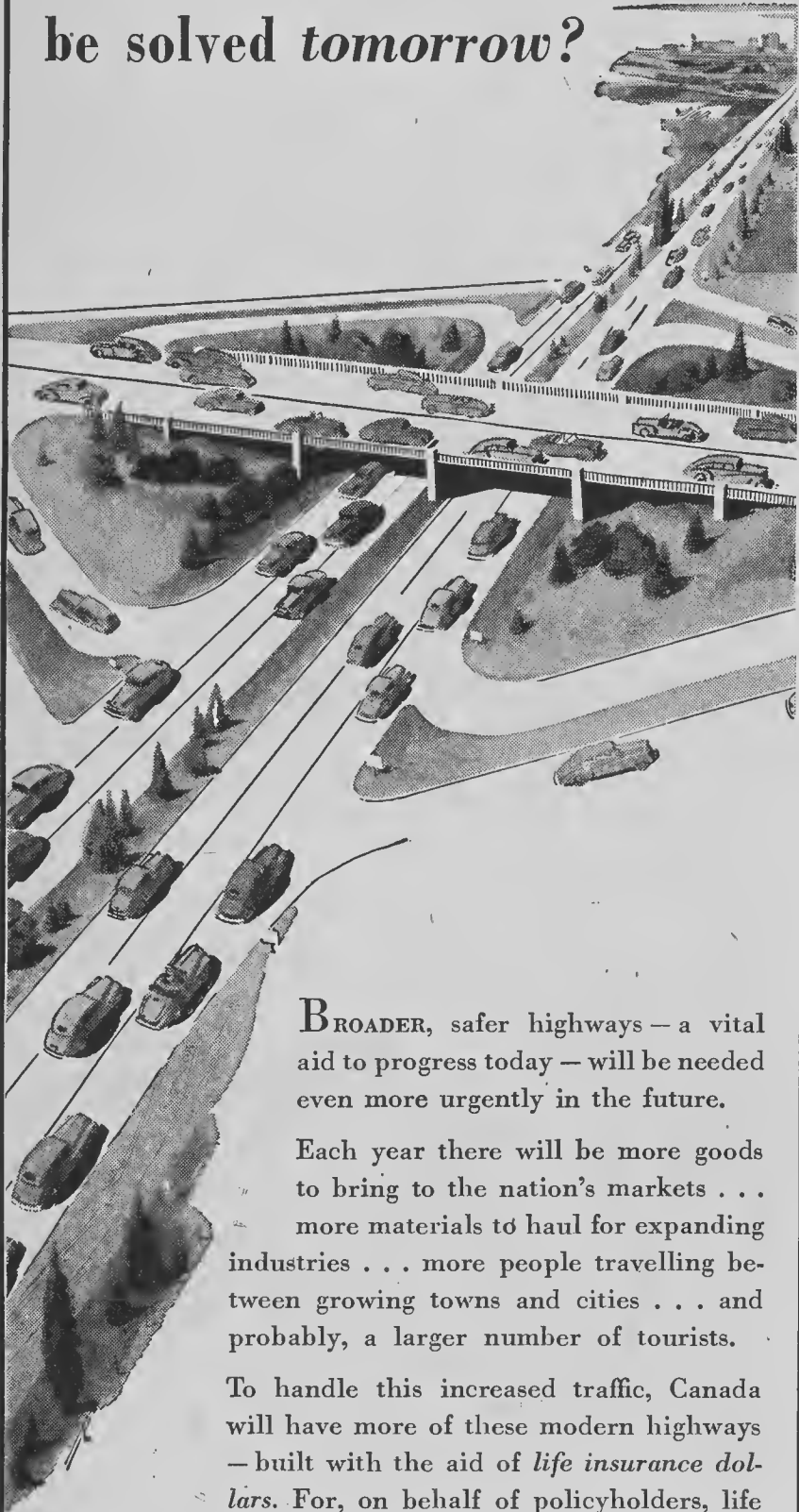
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minute. Between your poor old ruined father and a girl who would make a public mock and derision of him."

"Now wait a minute," Bubber said. "She's just trying to be friendly."

"You be friendly then," Mr. Ned said. "Just as friendly as you want with all the Stevenses on Waccamaw. Me, I'm going to start moving. I'm going to start moving my things to Pine Point this very minute."

And he went stamping off the bridge and slammed himself into his car. Bubber said, "And he will. Now what?"

I said, "Bubber, the crop's got to be saved. Think hard, boy. Think like you was in the combat Engineers again."

"My good Lord," Bubber said, "I can't think ten carloads of potatoes across a river."

"For Marylee's sake," I said. "Work on it. I got to look after your father."

Because from then on, Mr. Ned surely needed a guardian. The next day his crop really began to come in. Acres and acres of potatoes practically crawling out of the ground by themselves. Mr. Ned began running in circles, like a dog in a galloping fit. From the fields to the packing sheds to the house, and back around again. He couldn't bear to tell the hands to stop digging, and he couldn't bear to look at those mountains of potatoes after they were dug. If he left 'em, they'd rot; if he dug 'em, they'd spoil. If he stopped to rest, a switch engine on Waccamaw would hoot at him, and he'd be off again. He couldn't keep those cars away from George Stevens much longer.

I said, "Bubber, we've got to do something."

MR. NED was up on his porch, listening to the market reports on the radio. I'd talked him out of moving to Pine Point, but he had his bags all packed and he swore he'd go when the first Stevens foot crossed the door-sill. He sat there listening to the market report and groaning in agony. Because the crop all over the rest of the country was either late or early, and there was a great big hole in the market that the Carolina crop had fallen right into the middle of. When Mr. Ned heard that, he gave up. He just dropped his head on his chest and sat there. He didn't even twitch when an engine whistled on Waccamaw.

I said, "Bubber, do something."

He said, "Mr. Bob, do you think I'm not trying?"

I shook my head and walked away. Bubber just stood there, looking at the ground and shaking his head, and Mr. Ned sitting there and the radio blating. I'd got almost to my car when I heard Bubber holler. I turned around. There was a wild kind of look in his eye. He said, "Papa—"

Mr. Ned groaned. "Just leave me be."

Bubber said, "Papa, listen."

"Go away," Mr. Ned said. "I'm ruined. Go live with the Stevenses."

"Papa," Bubber said, "listen to me. I've got a proposition. If there's traffic rolling over that bridge in 48 hours, will you—"

"You're crazy," Mr. Ned said. "Go away and leave me alone."

"Listen to me," Bubber said. "If there's traffic rolling on that bridge in 48 hours, will you unpack your bags and stay here—no matter what?"

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"I'm humoring you," Mr. Ned said, "because you're crazy. If you can move even a wheelbarrow load of potatoes over that bridge, and keep it moving, you can do any damn-blame thing you damn-blame please."

Bubber took a deep breath. "You heard him, Mr. Bob?"

I said, "I heard him plain."

"You all heard me," Mr. Ned said. "Now you can all go away and be crazy somewhere else."

But I thought I'd better stay with him. Bubber said, "Mr. Bob, I want to go over and borrow the use of your phone. I'll fix the charges up with you later."

There was that look in his eye, and I figured it was no time for logic. I said, "I think you're crazy too, but if you can do it, you can call Kamchatka, and I'll give you the call for a wedding present."

HE didn't come back that night or the next day even. I sat up with Mr. Ned, and it was several times worse than a funeral. He didn't run any more. He just sat there on the porch, staring in front of him, and every once in a while he'd give a kind of a twitch and a shiver. Luther Simmons came by and tried to talk to him, but he wouldn't even listen to Luther. And then Bubber came back. It was the second day, and Bubber's time was about out, too. He came up on the porch and said, "Come on, Papa. Let's go."

"Leave me be," Mr. Ned said. "Leave me alone in the ruin."

I said, "Don't bother him, Bubber."

But Bubber just took him by the shoulders and heaved him up: Luther Simmons took one side of him, and they got him into the car, and Bubber headed straight for the bridge. He said, "Papa, I've got those boxcars all iced up and waiting, on the Waccamaw siding."

Mr. Ned cackled. "And wings," he said. "A nice, cute pair of wings for each and every potato."

He cackled again, and I said, "Bubber, you oughtn't to do this to him."

And then we were at the bridge, and Bubber was stopping the car. I took one look and I said, "Great Gad, Bubber! What's that?"

And Luther said, "It's the war again!"

There was a whole slew of monster trucks and kinds of rolling stuff I'd never seen before on the Waccamaw side, with a gang of men running around them like mad, and the whole population of Waccamaw there watching. On our end there was a big heavy rig with cables running back across that 200 feet of open water. Only now it wasn't 200 feet. Not even 50. Because riding the cables, coming right toward us, was the damndest contraption you ever saw, side panels and bracings, a whole bridge just rid-

ing at us over the open water. With soldiers running all over it laying down planking.

Bubber said, offhanded but proud, "They've been at it most all day."

Mr. Ned was just standing and staring. Bubber said, "I knew I could count on two friends. The senator in Washington, and him yonder."

The latter was a big, burly, red-headed individual balancing out on the end of the contraption and yelling orders. I didn't know him, but I knew the senator's mother was a Waccamaw Stevens. I said, "Bubber, what is it?"

"Why," Bubber said, like I was plain silly, "that's a Bailey Bridge. We threw 'em over the Rapido and the Volturno in Italy, and the Rhine above Mulhouse. And that's my old outfit. I heard yesterday on the radio, right after that market report, that they were at Fort Bragg, and the senator worked up a deal with the War Department. To give 'em practice and relieve this emergency. But they're a little rusty."

Only they didn't look rusty to me. That gap was inching closed all the time. The big redhead whooped to Bubber, "Sergeant, how're we doing?"

"Colonel, sir," Bubber yelled, "you're doing just fine."

"Don't butter-nose me," the colonel hollered. "They stink. When we had you, we could really run out a Bailey!"

He was close enough now to jump, and he did. And then he turned and yelled, "Where's the young lady?"

She was there all right. Marylee Stevens in a white dress, and all the Stevenses there ever were on Waccamaw. And Mr. George Stevens in the forefront of the foremost. Bubber said, "Colonel sir, did you bring the chaplain?"

Mr. Ned Whately jumped a foot straight up. "Now wait!" he hollered. "Now just hold everything!"

Bubber grabbed him by one arm and I grabbed him by the other.

"Papa," Bubber said, "you gave your word."

"You did," I said, holding tight.

Mr. Ned Whately just stood there glaring. He glared at Marylee Stevens, and she was a very pretty girl. I could feel Mr. Ned go down just a little. And then he saw George Stevens and went right up again. George Stevens said, "Ned, about those freight cars—"

"Freight cars!" Mr. Ned said.

I hung on hard and he looked at Marylee again. "Later, George, later," he said, "maybe we'll talk about them."

Bubber said, "And, Papa, will you unpack your bags?"

Mr. Ned jumped straight up again, in spite of both of us.

"Bags!" he hollered. "Bags! Don't stand there talking to me about bags! I got ten thousand dollars' worth of potatoes to move! Let's get on with this!"

THE END

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Rattlers For Business

The story of a Medicine Hat woman who systematically hunts rattlesnakes for a supplementary source of income.

by GRACE H. GRAY.

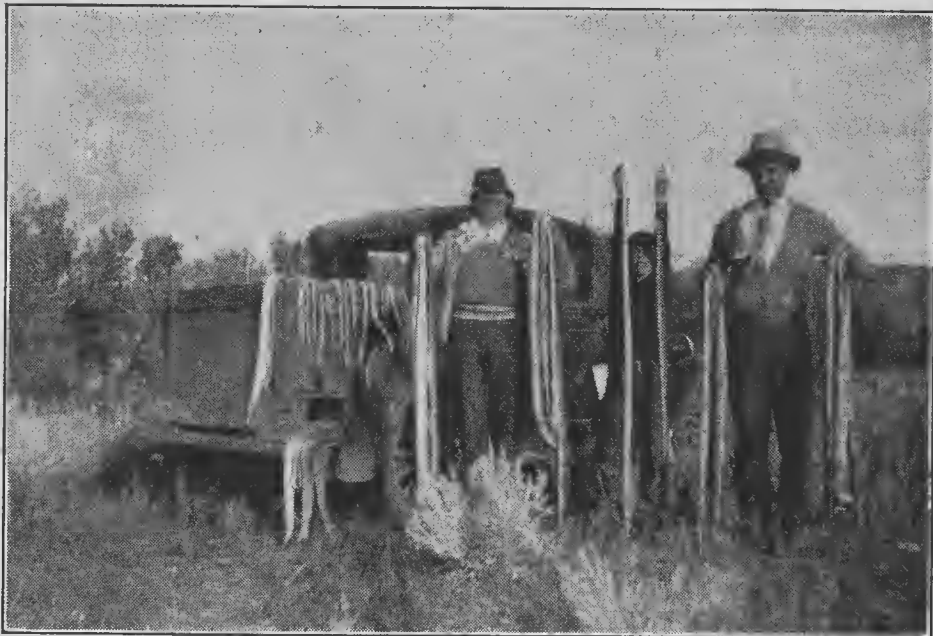
UNIQUE is the business of catching live rattlesnakes, but business it is to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ratcliffe and their 17-year-old son, Buckley, of Medicine Hat, Alberta. Mr. Ratcliffe has his own regular work in the city and Buckley attends school, so Madge Ratcliffe is the official snake catcher, and can she ever!

Most of us wonder why anyone would want to hunt rattlesnakes anyway, even if it were generally known that we have them in Canada. The Medicine Hat area is infested with the type known as the Prairie Rattler, and the ranchers are most thankful to have them thinned out as they fast become a real menace. Practically every part of the snake has its uses, with the skin taking the lead.

Riding a horse on her father's ranch in North Dakota is one of Madge Ratcliffe's earliest recollections, and outdoor life one of her keenest enjoyments. Saddle and race horses were

and son are unable to take part in the hunt, Madge Ratcliffe goes alone. She takes a piece of heavy wire about four feet long which has been shaped to resemble a shepherd's crook. The snake is "hooked" with this and dumped into a pail about ten-gallon size, having a wire lid. Perhaps ten reptiles can be put in this container for the journey back to town, but for shipping, usually six are allotted to avoid over-crowding.

All this may sound like a very casual undertaking, but imagine yourself attempting to get a writhing, perhaps even fighting, five-foot poisonous reptile into a ten-gallon pail and get the lid on. But this slight, dark-haired, attractive, intelligent woman takes it all as a matter of course and part of her job. Never once has she allowed her experience and familiarity to lessen her caution, for well she realizes the great danger she is in. None of the Ratcliffes has ever been bitten by a prairie rattler.



Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ratcliffe and son Buckley with one day's haul of rattle and bull snakes.

raised and trained by her father so it was natural for Madge to become an expert horsewoman, which has stood her in good stead many times. She married a rancher in southern Saskatchewan after teaching in a rural school there for five years, and together they managed a little ranch in the sand hills north of Maple Creek in that province.

They broke and trained saddle horses, did their own fencing and haying and looked after the stock. Hunting was plentiful. The prairie rattlesnake was more or less of a menace and nuisance and had to be exterminated, while in winter they ran dogs in sets of three for coyotes. This was keen sport and profitable as well as most enjoyable. Walter Ratcliffe's wife has always entered fully and completely into ranch life and taken part in all its phases — even to branding cattle. Riding the range was a casual affair in her life and she is an expert shot. In constant use has been a pair of silver spurs given her by her husband as a wedding gift.

Perhaps someone in eastern Canada sends in an order for tanned snake skins. There is usually a supply on hand at the Ratcliffes, but one has to keep refurbishing it, too. Off the trio goes to the snake dens, many large ones of which are found in southern Alberta, from the Milk River district to the South Saskatchewan River. When the skin only is desired, the crawler is killed and skinned on the spot. If the hunters are lucky and locate a thickly-populated den, they stun the snakes with their hooks, toss each aside, and "wham" the oncoming brothers.

WHEN the lot has been "knocked out," the job is finished by decapitating them with a spade. They do not take time to do this at first, else many snakes would make their escape. The largest "haul" Madge, Walter and Buckley ever made in one hunt, was 107 good specimens. They returned home in about two hours after they had left with the truck literally draped with the reptiles and they hadn't gone five miles out of Medicine Hat.

QUITE frequently during the summer, an order for live rattlers may come in which has to be filled and shipped promptly. If her husband

Novelty places in the east buy the tanned snake skin and make up their own articles for sale. Bullsake skin is used also, the markings being

slightly different to those of the prairie rattler. However, this prairie wife will have had everything to do with it before it leaves for the east—catching, killing, skinning and tanning. The skin is "fleshed" immediately upon being taken from the body of the snake, which means that any flesh which still sticks to the skin has to be scraped off with a dull knife. It is then stretched on a smooth wall surface to dry and has great adhesive power. When pulled from the surface where it has been drying, it often pulls splinters with it. There simply is no wear-out to snakeskin and it is attractive when made up.

Snake flesh is considered quite a delicacy in many U.S. restaurants and commands a high price. A regular customer of our Medicine Hat friend last year, was a teen-age boy whose doctor had advised it for an arthritic condition. It is easier to prepare a rattlesnake for food than it is to prepare a fish—for Mrs Ratcliffe, that is. The snake is killed, skinned, dressed, washed, coiled, tied in several places, and boxed for shipment in short order. Approximately thirty snakes can be dressed in an hour. None of the Ratcliffes has ever tasted snake flesh.

The gall bladder, venom, fangs, fat, and flesh are used by Chinese doctors in various medicinal preparations. The venom is a blood poison, which means it has to get into the blood stream to do its deadly work. These snakes have been known to kill each other by biting. A fat pig can eat prairie rattlers with immunity to their poison.

Contrary to popular belief, the high boots worn by those hunting Mr. Prairie Rattler are not a protection against their bite. The fangs can pierce several thicknesses of leather and have been known to go through a pine board one-eighth of an inch thick. The high boots are to prevent the feet from being cut on rocks, to give the wearer traction, and to keep earth and sand out of the shoes. Should the fangs strike something hard enough to break them (such as the side of the pail they are put in when captured), another pair is ready to pop into use, and there may be three or four pairs in reserve.

Mr. Prairie Rattler, or the Pit Viper, as he is sometimes called on account of the scent glands which are in the form of deep pits on the sides of his nose, is in demand for circuses and side shows. Some travelling companies send their itinerary to the Ratcliffes. The snakes are then caught, crated, and shipped accordingly, most shipments being made to the east. When educational talks are given about the rattler, the "milking," or taking away of the venom, is demonstrated. Since it can only be milked two or three times (after which it dies), one can readily understand why there has to be a source from which to draw the supply.

UNLIKE the bullsnake, the prairie rattler is not a burrower, but uses badger holes, river crevices, or crevices under shale rock formation. His holes are far enough back from the river to escape possible cave-ins or danger of exposure to frost during winter. There may be hundreds of reptiles in one den, which is their "winter resort." Shed hides indicate a den, many hides meaning many snakes. The condition of the ground also reveals their presence to the experienced hunter.

Prairie Rattlers are most plentiful in spring and fall, moving to and from their dens. In August they start travelling in dozens toward their winter quarters and there the young are born in litters of 18 to 20. They are equipped with poison and fangs at birth and know how to use them. One time when Madge had some five-footers penned up awaiting shipment to the east, five of them had their litters and 98 youngsters were prepared to join the tour. Of course they hadn't been bargained for and had to be destroyed. Bullsnares are hatched from eggs which are laid along the river banks and they do not cross-breed with the prairie rattler as many suppose.

When May comes around—or perhaps late in April—the snakes start their spring march to the outside world. They are hungry by this time and the dens are too warm for comfort, having harbored perhaps hundreds, in huge coiled masses, all winter.

The snake hunter proceeds afoot, unless, of course, it is a pleasure (?) hunt. You can't shoot a snake though, if you want his skin, or if some show company wants him alive and complete. This particular viper is a great fighter and makes a real effort to reach his own private quarters if danger is imminent and he thinks he may have a chance. It is not unusual for a prairie rattler, cornered, to remain poised to strike, all the time moving backward to his hole.

Many people would like to accompany the Ratcliffes on a snake hunt (or think they would!) but it is a dangerous business and the risk is too great. Persons who don't know what to expect of the reptile may become panicky, scream, or otherwise distract the catchers, thereby endangering all. There is an old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt," but going after rattlers is one instance where the proverb proves the exception to the rule because one simply daren't relax one's vigilance. This crawler can strike in any direction except backward and often without warning.

ONCE, when prowling on a very steep hill, Mrs. Ratcliffe bent low on one knee and for some minutes peered into a large hole, her face being less than a foot off the ground. The chilling warning of a rattler "froze" her into immobility, knowing by the nearness of the sound that the deadly enemy was really close. Still in the kneeling position, Madge very slowly turned her head in the direction of the sound. There, less than eight inches away, was Mr. Prairie Rattler staring at her, poised to strike. He was to one side of a small bush and had been unnoticed in the camouflage of the bright sunshiny surroundings. For some seconds thus they stared, while our heroine was sure she could feel her eyes bulging—and the snake taking enormous proportions! And he continued to buzz.

With a lightning-like move, Madge straightened to an upright position. The snake struck, seconds later, when she was barely out of range. Re-action for revenge on her part followed so quickly that before she realized she was out for the big snakes, she had slashed the reptile so badly with her hook that he was a complete casualty. "I'll always remember that chap as a gentleman," she told us, "he let me have the first move."

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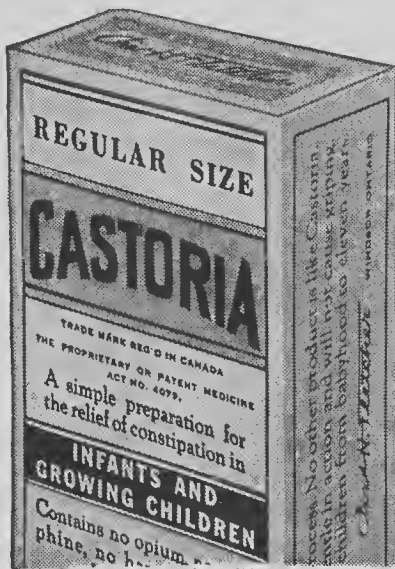
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Boss Of The Roaring

Continued from page 12

Dan looked up at it, cool-like, snapped his peavey loose, and started away. He made it look easy. Hopping and skipping as if he was practicing dance steps. Leaving a log when it got frisky ideas. Running ahead of that twisting mess. He'd have made shore quick, only, an eddy threw a log out. And that log, with Dan on it, started alone into the worst of Flat Rapids.

It was then we noticed Jack downstream. He ran out into fast water and slammed his pickpole into Dan's log. Jack was pulled almost off his feet. Looked like his arms would be yanked out. And above him logs was coming like they'd been shot out of cannons. But the kid was a Champion. He hung on. He swung that log in. Dan jumped and came sloshing through water waist-deep. He picked Jack up and made the bank just ahead of a million feet of white pine acting like scared kangaroos.

Nothing could keep Jack off the drive now. Dan didn't try to. He growled a bit and barked at the kid. But you could see Dan was pleased. Jack just grabbed himself another pickpole and went to work.

JACK stayed in school winters after that. But soon's the drive started each spring he'd be there. Even got himself some driving shoes made with special small calks. Worked like one of the crew. When he was 15 he began driving team in Camp One winters. Skidding logs, and that's a tough job, dragging white pine through brush and snow to the logging roads. Couple of years and his tally was around the top every night. Maybe his old man owned the outfit and enough timber to build Chicago, but you'd never know it from the way Jack acted.

You had only to watch Jack, though, and listen to him, to see he was a second Champion. Not that he was cocky or loud. Dan wasn't that. But in the way Jack walked and carried himself, in being always sure of what he did and tearing into any kind of jackpot like it was an overturned lantern in the stable, you knew Roaring River couldn't always hold 'em both.

By the time Jack was grown, Dan was a big logger. Everybody saying the Roaring couldn't be drove, he'd grabbed off all the timber to the head of East Fork. Got it cheap because others think a white pine ain't worth anything except at the mill. Dan showed 'em he could get it there, and he made a lot of money.

But Jack only took his wages and lived in the mill boarding house summers, and we got to thinking of him being a river pig like the rest of us. He didn't seem to care about the mill end of it, but worked on the boom till fall. You couldn't keep him off a log, and I never saw a man swing two shoes full of steel calks like Jack could.

Then Jack got to be 21. That summer Matty Gallagher and Dan and I were sitting in a saloon on River Street one night, when the kid came in. He didn't buy a drink or say hello to anybody. Just walked up to our table, pulled out a chair and sat down. "I want a job," he said, looking at Dan.

"Ain't you on the boom?" Dan asked him.

"Any river pig can work on the boom," Jack shot back. "I want to run a camp next winter."

"Wait till you're grown up," Dan said.

"Grown up!" Matty Gallagher yelled. "You ain't got a better log driver or teamster in your crew."

Matty was fairly drunk, but the funny thing was, I could see Dan was pleased by that.

"Jack's young," Dan said. "Got a lot to learn."

"About what?" Jack snapped at him. "I've been on the Roaring since the first drive. I know it better than you do."

"Sure," Matty said to Dan. "You ain't got a man who's so catty on a log or can smell a jam making quick as Jack."

I could see Dan's eyes light up. It tickled him, seeing his men thought Jack was good. But Dan was boss of the Roaring. He always had been. Maybe he was made that way. Maybe it was only habit.

"You're all right, kid," he said to Jack. "You'll be a logger some day."

Like the time he'd walloped Dan on the nose, Jack got mad. Not hot mad. Cold mad. "If you'd listened to me last fall, we wouldn't 'a' had that trouble with the rollways at Camp Three," he said.

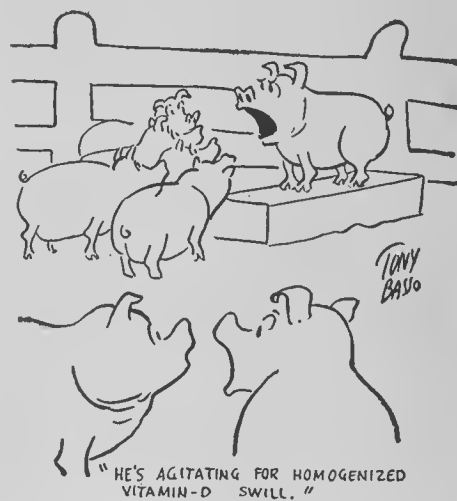
You should have heard Matty Gallagher cackle. "Sure!" he yelps. "The kid told you those logs were in the wrong place, and it cost you three extra days of driving wages for a hundred men to prove you were wrong."

THE quills was rising on Dan's back. Nobody'd ever talked to him like that before. But Jack was at him.

"I'll tell you another thing," the kid said, calmer and cooler than ever. "I've showed you how a wing dam will stop the jams we've always had at Flat Rapids."

"Only'd make it 'worse!" Dan barked.

"Not the way Jack'd work it," Matty said. "Run a wing dam out to the middle, and the whole river'd hit



along the right bank where nothing ever catches. The kid's got brains. All you've got is a notion you can lick all hell by throwin' men at it."

"I never yet asked a man to take out a key log!" and Dan was snarling. "So that's why you won't fix Flat Rapids!" Jack said, disgusted-like. "Want a chance to show how good you are. I'll tell you something."

Here's a funny thing. Jack was mad, all right. And he meant what he said. But I hadn't been drinking, like Matty and I got me an idea of something else. Jack was worried.

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"You ain't getting any younger," he said to his dad. "I've been watching you at Flat Rapids every drive. Your knees are stiffer. You think you move fast, but some day you'll be ground up so fine the minnows can't find you."

That meant a battle, even with Jack, and Dan was ready to start one. But Matty thought it was extremely funny.

"Sure!" he said. "An old man can't lick the Roaring."

"We'll see how old I am!" Dan yelled, and he hit Matty on the snout.

Dan Champion won that fight. He had to. He had to be boss of the river. A good lumberjack wouldn't work for a man he could lick.

Jack just sat and watched it. When Matty was on the floor and Dan was in his chair again, the kid spoke. "You can't do circus tricks much longer," he said, looking Dan in the eye. "Going to give me a crew to build that wing dam this summer?"

"No!" Dan roared.

"Have you bought that West Fork timber yet?" Jack asked, as if he wanted to know about the weather.

"Are you the boss of the Roaring or am I?" Dan shot back at him.

"I'm wondering if I hadn't better be," Jack said, and he got up and went out. . . .

We didn't see him again. I heard he drew his time at the office and left town that night. But we heard plenty. Jack had saved his wages, and now he got old Roger Brock interested. Between them, they bought most of the good timber on the West Fork, timber Dan Champion had always figured he could get cheap when he wanted it.

BY fall Jack was putting in camps above us. By spring he had 30 million banked, ready to bring down the Roaring.

That was like walking into a man's house, sitting in his best chair with your feet on the table, and telling him to go bunk in the stable. There'd never been anything but a Champion drive on the Roaring. Never a boss of the river but Dan.

"I warned you Jack was smart," Matty told him.

We couldn't tell whether that made Dan mad. Maybe he was mad all the time and couldn't get worse. Dan had changed a lot. He didn't sit around with the boys in the camps that winter. He most never talked. I didn't hear him laugh once, and Dan liked a joke. Something had hit him. No spring in him anymore, in his body or in his heart. Dan's eyes had always lighted up, way back deep. Now the fire'd gone.

Even when the drive started, Dan didn't perk up. Driving logs always does something to a logger. The excitement and danger and gamble of it stir him up, like a few drinks. He ain't standing in one place and doing the same thing over and over. He's always going some place, fast and regardless. Like firemen in a match factory.

Only, to Dan it seemed just like another chore. And, to make it worse, he ran into trouble the first time.

That roiled the old bear. Jack had put in a couple of dams on the West Fork and was holding the water until he sluiced his logs through. Which didn't leave Dan enough. We had to

drag logs by plain manpower across shallows where they'd always floated before.

A day of that, and Dan hit the bank. It had always been his river. He'd always run it to suit himself. Now he grabbed me off the rear crew to go with him. "I'll need you to watch a dam for me after I open it," he said.

And I knew only Jack's dams were above us. We found him sluicing the last logs through the upper one.

"I want this water!" Dan began, savage-like.

"You can have it when I'm finished with it," Jack said.

"I'll take it now!" his dad yelled.

Jack looked at Dan like I'd seen him do a lot of times. His face might be scowling but his eyes weren't. He couldn't make 'em. It was like print, how he felt about Dan. "There's only one sensible thing to do," Jack said.

"For you to get off the river," Dan shot back at him.

"No. Take down one drive."

Dan blew up. "Nobody's going to tell me how to drive the Roaring!"

"Nobody ever could tell you anything," Jack said. "Now you'll have to wait until I'm through with this water."

He said it quiet. Only Dan did the raving. Jack listened like it didn't mean anything to him.

"It'll be like this all the way down-river," he said. "I've got to hold water every dam. Make it one drive and you'll save money."

"With you running it, I suppose?" Dan jeered.

"That would be better," Jack said, and it was all that Dan would get out of him.

We had to wait. We dragged logs for three days. Then it rained, and Jack's lower dam overflowed. We slid along pretty fair till we hit Flat Rapids.

Maybe it was because Dan was too mad to think straight, and maybe not having enough water. But that jam was the worst we ever had. It started early, so most our whole drive was in it, and the way those logs came down and climbed up, and tangled up, higher and longer and thicker, was enough to give us a notion o' what hell is like.

Daylight to dark we picked away. And all the time we worked down under the breast we could see Dan Champion on the bank. He never moved. He never spoke. And the more we saw him, the more we got to thinking what could happen when Dan went down to take out the key log.

"Only a bird with greased wings can get out o' here when this hauls," Matty Gallagher said.

Nobody acted as if they'd heard that. Nobody else said anything. Even when Jack came out of the brush a few rods above his father. He and Dan didn't seem to see each other. But when we went ashore for afternoon lunch Jack walked over to Dan. His face was stern.

"I'm not going to be held up here another year," he said. "Will you stand half the expense of a wing dam?"

"No," Dan said.

"Then I'll put one in by myself."

Dan boiled. "I'll blast it out."

"Murder if you do," Jack said. "I'll be sitting on it."

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P.O. Prov.

JACK was looking his dad straight in the eye, and of a sudden I began to wonder if there wasn't only one Champion on the Roaring, after all.

"Costs enough to drive this river as it is," Jack said, "without always having jams here. I've got no money to waste." He waited a minute. Then he said, "And I don't risk my life when there's no need to."

Jack walked away. Dan looked as if he was going to catch fire. I never saw a face like that on a man. He took a step after Jack and then spun back at us.

"The peaveys all broke?" he snarled. "Get to work!"

We picked away for two days more. Dan stood there all the time, watching. And so did Jack. It gave us the creeps down in the river. That and knowing what was sure to happen.

Because we did know. Never had logs jammed in Flat Rapids like this. From the bank we could see how the water was backed up. The breast was a good 15 feet high. And the key log was in a worse place than ever before.

Thinking about it slowed us. At his best, Dan Champion couldn't have gotten out when the jam hauled. Logs piled high. Too much pressure. The jam was solid as a mountain, and would make lightning seem like a sulphur match.

Dan must have seen how slow we got but he didn't say anything. Nobody did. Until we went ashore. Then Matty Gallagher walked up to Dan. "This is a powder job," he said.

"When did I ever use powder?" Dan roared at him.

Matty was as hard and tough a jack as ever blew a stake, but his face got all twisted up and he kept winking his eyes.

"This is different," he started, but Dan jumped at him.

"Give me that peavey!" he yelled, jerking it from Matty.

Dan spun it in his hands, like a man will, and tested its balance. And threw it away. He grabbed mine. "This ain't been strained any," he said, bitter-like, and started through the crowd for the river.

IT was like watching a ghost go past us. He'd never come back. And we couldn't stop him. Dan Champion was boss of Roaring River; only the river would ever boss him. He got through the last of us, swinging along like a river pig headed for a saloon. Not looking back.

Nobody'd seen Jack. Because we was thinking of only one thing, I guess. Maybe he was there all the time. Now he jumped after his dad, I can see him yet. Not so big as Dan. Not so heavy in the legs and arms. But supple! Like a black panther loping behind a lion, if you've ever been to a circus.

"Hey, you!" Jack yelled.

Dan stopped, and turned quick. Jack's fist was already swinging. Dan stuck his chin square into it.

Jack caught the peavey. He never looked to see Dan go down. He was in the river before we could make a move. Even then we didn't do anything. We couldn't budge one Champion. Why tackle another?

Nobody went near Dan. Too busy watching Jack. And, for all it meant, for all Dan was going to know when he came to, you couldn't help thinkin' what a pretty thing Jack Champion was on a log. Eighty steel calks in each shoe, and his feet made you believe a

chipmunk wobbled around on wooden legs. He went out over the wing, sizing things up, running, skipping, jumping to land on a slanting log. Like a wad of gum thrown against the wall.

Jack went down over the breast and had a look. Not long. He'd been watching three days. And he'd been on every jam we ever had at Flat Rapids. Pretty soon he slammed his peavey into the key log.

Dan Champion rolled over and sat up then. He shook his head as if trying to remember. When he saw us, not a man moving, none even looking at him, he couldn't understand. But anybody could feel what was holding us. Dan looked at the river.

He got to his feet quick. He let out a yell and jumped for the bank.

Just as Jack worked the key log loose.

Like you'd pulled a string—every log started at once. Logs rose upon their hind legs and toppled over. They turned and twisted. And always they moved downstream. Like a mess of frozen fishworms in a can.

The breast went ahead like a stone wall. Seemed like it would never break. Jack was down below it. He yanked out his peavey and grabbed it in the middle with both hands. He gave that little hop a driver does when he wants to turn around on a log. Came down facing the other way. And he was off.

I used to have nightmares when I was a kid. Running through woods of live trees that reached down for me as I scooted between 'em. It was that way now with Jack. Logs lifted up and tumbled toward him. They popped out from the pressure, arrows aimed at him. A whole bunch would come out together, like a cook squeezing dough out of his fist. Rolling, tumbling, upending.

Jack was a shadow. Nothing else could 'a' slid between those grinding logs. We could hear 'em now, crunching and rumbling like they was in agony. Or a beast growling. At Jack's heels.

Pretty! I've seen river hogs ride logs through a sluiceway. Ride 'em through rapids, hopping from one to another like a flea on a blanket. I've seen everything a man can do on a log. And now I was seeing it all at once. And things I never heard of. . . . Running, jumping, turning. Never a slip or a miss. Never wondering where he'd stop next. Balancing himself with the peavey held across his middle. Steel springs in his legs. Steel nerves. Not watching where his feet were but looking two logs ahead.

Water was roaring through now. Logs bobbing up like boiling rice in a kettle. The centre had flattened out. The wings were crumbling away. Hold a pail of matches under a tap and you'll get an idea.

Jack was hemmed in. We knew it had to come. Logs reached at him from both sides at once. He jumped at one. Ran right up it. Seemed like he stood on the butt of it a whole minute. Knees bent. Peavey across his waist. Taking time to size up everything around him. Hunting the best way out.

WHEN the log swung over he went down the top of it. Stepping like a cat that hates to wet its feet. Jumping when it seemed too late. But he lit a-running. Just seemed to be flicking logs with his feet.

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Easy on and off.



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I happened to look at Dan
Champion. He was like a stone man.
Some of us were shifting our feet
and working our arms, like it might
give Jack an extra lift. But Dan
wasn't. Only his eyes moved. Follow-
ing his boy. And the most wretched
eyes ever in a human face.

Jack was in the worst of it now.
The logs had flattened out, but they
were in white water. Nastiest part of
the rapids. They'd shoot and roll and
twist. Some hit boulders and swung
into the air. Sticks weighing a ton was
chipped as toothpicks. And Jack was
riding 'em.

It had to come. We all knew it.
A hundred and fifty men standing
there and not a breath drawn. A log
popped from under Jack. He went
down on one knee. Then it bobbed up.
Fast. Swinging over. And him on it.
He got both feet set. Half crouched.
Still holding his peavey. Another log
hit the one he was on. Snapped him
off like a mud ball from the end of a
kid's stick.

Jack went sailing. Twenty feet.
Right over a mess of logs that were
trying to grind each other into
matches. He seemed to be sitting in
the air, legs drawn up ready. Running
before he hit. Toward shore now. On
logs milling in an eddy. Next thing
we knew, he was on the bank.

Standing there. Hands cupped on
the end of his peavey. Chin on his
knuckles. Not looking downstream
where he ought to have been feeding
the fish. But upstream. Watching that
jam haul. Figurin' how much more
work there was.

Dan Champion watched him a bit,
and then he called. Waved Jack up to
the top of the bank where he was. We
couldn't 'a' moved if you'd lit a fire
under us.

Dan was rubbing his jaw when Jack
came. Dan looked mad. His face was
drawed out of shape. He scowled at



"Lee's and Tom's decoy idea has sort
of backfired, hasn't it?"

Matty Gallagher and at me, at some of
the others who'd been in his crew
since he started logging. He stuck out
his chin at us.

"You think I'm through on the
Roaring, eh?" he barked. "Well, I
am. I know when I'm licked."

He looked at Jack then, and he
swung an arm out as if taking in us
and the logs and the river itself, and
giving it all to the boy.

Then he started for the tote road,
and town. Walking fast. Never looking
back. But the old swing was in his
legs. And his head was up. With his
little hat set cocky-like, over one ear.

THE END.



JOHNNY CAKE
1½ cups sifted bread flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup fine yellow cornmeal
¼ cup brown sugar
2 eggs well beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted
shortening
Combine dry ingredients in
mixing bowl. Combine beaten
eggs, milk and melted shorten-
ing and pour all at once into
the dry ingredients. Mix
lightly until just blended. Turn
into a greased 8 x 8 x 2 inch
cake pan. Bake in hot oven
(400 degrees F.) for 25 to 30
minutes.

Red Hot Johnny Cake

Two things you need for "super" Johnny Cake—
a good recipe, and a good oven. The recipe is
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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

The Countrywoman

Prairie Pattern Of Living

AUTUMN this year was particularly beautiful. The fine sunny days of September and October were things to treasure in memory during the winter which lies ahead. No matter what that winter may bring in the way of cold and storm, it is going to seem the shorter because of the season of lovely days which preceded it. While the countryman may, with some cause, this year be concerned because of the lack of moisture reserves in the soil for next spring, we should remember that nature, ever unpredictable, often makes sudden and generous compensation before seed time comes round again. So we did well to revel in the beauty of autumn, in the abundance of color in the foliage, which lingered much later than usual.

And while speaking of color of foliage and trees, I would like to remind our readers that at the Dominion Experimental Station at Morden, Manitoba, one may see many evidences of how color in tree and shrub can be had pretty well around the year. Mr. W. R. Leslie, superintendent, and apostle of beauty for the farmstead, has an encouraging message to homemakers. It is, briefly, that by proper planting of shrubs and trees we may feast our eyes on color in autumn and even during the winter. There are native trees such as the chokecherry, cranberry and crabapple which give a welcome beauty of bloom in the spring and through the fall and winter make pleasing touches of color in the bark of the tree standing against the white, snowy background. Instead of spending too much time on flower gardens we might well work towards more trees and shrubs, many of which give a glorious blaze of red, copper and yellow in the fall. It is an idea we can well afford to give attention and some study this winter with a view to making plans for planting in the early spring. And of course we should consider some evergreens for both summer and winter enjoyment.

How we treasure the last bits of blossom and fruit in the fall! The last rose or aster brought into the house before the frost does its final killing seem doubly precious. The last few berries picked from the strawberry or raspberry patch are matters of delighted conversation in the family and among one's circle of friends. Even summer's abundance does not seem to cause the excitement which greets these last few items.

IN the West, this year in most cases, the harvest of field and garden was handled with dispatch and was early in spite of a slow, wet spring. There was ample opportunity to have the fields well prepared for their wintertime of resting. To the older person, there is a sense of regret that some of the picturesqueness of harvest on the prairies has departed. One misses the view of mile after mile of fields standing with grain in stook or tidy stacks, waiting for the thresher. The use of the combine is now so general, its efficiency is so great that the grain is cut, threshed and whisked away to granary or elevator before we are hardly aware that it has ripened. Though we miss these outward and visible signs of harvest ready for garnering, we may take comfort in the thought that modern methods, though less picturesque, are quicker and safer; that grain actually in the bins is the final mark of security.

In pursuit of articles for The Country Guide, I had the opportunity during the past two months to travel many miles and visit a number of points in the three prairie provinces. On every hand there are signs of how the mechanization of farming is changing the pattern of farm family living. Possibly one notes the extreme of the changes more readily in Saskatchewan, where straight grain farming is more generally practiced. But it manifests itself in all three provinces in varying degrees. I heard many stories of farm families moving into a town or city for the winter months and going back to the farm for spring and summer. I saw some abandoned

Some observations made on an Autumn journey as to the changes taking place in rural ways of life.

by AMY J. ROE.

houses, where land holdings had been enlarged by individual farmers. I saw also some fine, new farm houses built during recent years at a cost to the owner which would have greatly shocked any economically minded farmer of even two decades ago. Reports indicated that seasonal help rather than all-year-round help has increased. There is a tendency for farmers' sons to seek wintertime occupation elsewhere than at home.

These things are happening all around us. But I often wonder if we pause to really see and think about what is happening before our eyes. Do we recognize what the changes will mean in the daily and yearly living of the individual farm family?



November Prairie

*Morning's all a monotone,
Grey the sky, a slough moonstone.*

*Sheep crop, each a faint, grey bubble,
Far away on pallid stubble.*

*Gold-grey dust of wheat in pyre
Waits an ending of bright fire.*

*Grape-grey bloom dims red-black bush,
Plowing greys 'neath frost's grey touch.*

*Pinky grey of seeded flower
Lingers for its wind-blown hour.*

*Harvest's gleaned and summer's run,
Prairie's empty, prairie's done.*

*See, the sky lifts silver-grey,
Sun sends through a grey-gold ray.*

*Gold is now the monotone.
Flower, slough and stubble dun*

*Kindle all to gold, and glow.
Dust of stacks warms old-gold. Lo,*

*When the prairie's emptied, One
Brims it fuller with His sun!*

—NAN MOULTON.



Are we doing all we can to provide interests and occupations for young people who stay on the farm during the long winter months? Wherever the occasion has presented itself I have raised the question with groups of farm men and women. No one seems ready with an answer.

Almost but yet not quite gone is the sight of men driving horses pulling a plow or harrow in the fields. Instead, trim little tractors haul heavy machinery which does the work in much less time. In fact the horse on the farm seems definitely on his way out. The tractor has taken over his old and accustomed tasks. He is even losing place for odd jobs about the farm as the modern youth would much sooner mount a tractor or drive a car when going on some errand or doing some casual job, than he would saddle a pony or hitch up a team. Now that his labor is in small demand the horse is regarded critically in these modern days and much is being said about the expense of his upkeep and the work entailed in his care.

If one needed evidence that the horse is passing out of the picture as an important figure on the

farm it was to be found in a press story carried in Saskatchewan newspapers in mid-October. It was the story of men driving some 600 horses across country from Alberta to Swift Current. Their final destination was an abattoir, where they were processed into canned meat, which is to be exported to feed Europe's hungry people. That story made dismal reading for true horse lovers, of which there are still many in this country.

To the older men of today and of a generation that is passing, horses were more than merely beasts of labor. They were good companions on the lonely trail, during many long hours away from home as well as at close quarters around the yard and in the barn. They were objects of interest, each with its own traits of personality, capable of worthy deeds as well as of many mean tricks. A man was judged by the treatment he gave his horses. Master and helper as well as the young sons of the family vied with each other in the smartness of the grooming of their horses and the correctness of harnessing them. I grew up in a home, where the menfolk exchanged many an hour of "horse talk." Early childhood memories recall my father and one or more of his six brothers exchanging stories of their experiences in breaking-in outlaw horses, of driving bands of broncos, encouraging young and unbroken animals to take their fair share of the burden of work, of runaways, of horse deals and the unusual accomplishments of their favorites. There were horses on the farm that literally money could not buy. They ended their days on the home farm much to the satisfaction of every member of the family. I felt a decided sympathy with the story a young man told me recently. His father, loath to part with horses which had served him well and which to him typified many good things in his past experience, retired his few remaining horses to pasture to spend their last years in leisure rather than to dispose of them as a "surplus commodity."

Many changes have come to country life of recent years. Most communities are now served by good, all-weather roads and highways. With heated automobiles it is possible for farm people to travel many miles on business or pleasure. With radios and telephones they may keep in close communication with the world outside. It possibly does not matter so much as it did in pioneer days, that there are few close neighbors.

The present generation has seen a new feature added to the rural landscape—the high power lines which bring electricity into their homes. The farmer and his son are much more mechanically inclined and have the skills to adapt themselves readily to the changes brought about with the greater use of machines. The release of much of the former drudgery of heavy tasks has brought a new freedom and leisure. The question still remains as to what farm people will do with that freedom. What occupations and interests will serve to fill in those leisure hours to give the fullest possible development to the young people who look forward to making farming their chosen way of life?

ED. NOTE: An article by Dorothy M. Hopkins, R.N., appearing in the September issue on Sister Kenny's Method has stirred up much interest. The National Foundation For Infantile Paralysis, 120 Broadway, New York 5, N.Y., reports many letters from Canada requesting copies of a bulletin mentioned. It points out that that bulletin was prepared some years ago and is now out of print. There are more recent publications, designed to give facts concerning infantile paralysis so that parents may rid their minds of many fears. These are: "Doctor . . . What Can I Do?" "A Message to Parents," and "Facts You Should Know about Infantile Paralysis." The Foundation does not criticize or evaluate methods of treatment. It should be remembered that the Kenny treatment is still a controversial subject in medical circles.



Pictures of lions and mice intrigue the interest of this young reader.

"MOTHER, please read me a story." That's a cue for you to take your child by the hand and lead him on to discover the magic and the wonder to be found between the covers of story books; and incidentally rediscover some of that magic and wonder for yourself. When you encourage your child to read and enjoy books, you give him the key to happy, successful school and adult life. Endless hours of pleasure, adventure and experience, knowledge of life's problems and a whole world of learning are spread before him. A home where a family reads and enjoys books together is more apt to be a happy home.

Too often the answer given is: "But you can read the story yourself." For a child who is ready and eager for a story, the joy is dimmed. When you read to your child you excite his imagination and encourage him to explore books for himself. Hearing a story read aloud may stir his ambition to read better if he happens to find it slow going. The ability to read well at an early age gives a child the necessary skill to understand problems in arithmetic, the stories of history and geography. It influences the manner

in which he will cope with practically all his school subjects.

What can you do to encourage your child to read? First; let your child have his own books to handle at an early age. A child of a year and a half is not too young to have a durable picture book of his own. You could make his first book by cutting colored pictures of large size from old magazines and pasting them on heavy pieces of cardboard. Use pictures of animals and objects with which he is familiar. Call the object by its right name—a horse is a "horse" not a "gee-gee," a dog is a "dog" not a "bow-wow." This first picture book belongs to the child. Make him feel that it is his. That should hold true too for older children. Children should ask and be given permission to borrow one another's books. If possible children should keep their books in their own room, to encourage them to do some reading on

Right: A fortunate pair of pupils who have access to a good library.



Design for Reading

by ETHEL ANN SANKEY

Ways in which parents and teachers may open the wonderland of books to young folk of varying ages.

their own. If books are kept in a common bookcase, they should be neatly arranged and carefully handled.

FOR the child who frequently begs for a story to be read to him, try the turn-about method. You read a few pages and then the child reads a shorter passage aloud to you. Family reading can be made fun for all, Dad and Mother included. Passing the book around to each member of the family to read a portion whether large or small, adds to the enjoyment and makes each one feel more definitely that he is a part of the group. If the group is a mixed one of boys and girls of various ages, the best selection of a book would be a boys' story suitable to about the age of the oldest boy present. As a rule girls will enjoy boys' stories but the reverse does not always hold true. A book which is too juvenile will not interest the oldest boy but

the youngest boy will listen attentively to an older brother's story. Stories at bed time have always been a favorite with children. They are a memory to cherish through the years.

You don't have to be an elocutionist to read aloud to your child. A pleasing medium-pitched voice with suitable expression is adequate to hold interest. You will find that as you do more reading, the better reader you become. Children take a great delight in the imitation of sounds and calls of birds and animals. So attempt these in reading, for added delight. Also the repetition of words so often used in younger children's stories gives you a chance to read these words in a rhythmic manner to emphasize their repetition. Children love the oft-repeated line such as is found in "The Three Bears" story—"Who has been sitting in my chair?" which is repeated by each bear in quite a different tone of voice.

Selecting suitable books is all important. Often a child rejects a book because it is too difficult, or if it is read to him because the meaning is beyond his grasp. A plentiful supply of easy reading material is the best incentive for a child to do some reading on his own.

Children's books are graded as to age. For example a book may be suitable for a boy in the six-to-eight-year group or for a girl in the 12-to-14-year group. Before you purchase a book for a child enquire as to what age group the book belongs. Publishers generally indicate this information on the book jacket or in the description of the book. In large book stores the books are cataloged in such a way as to give this information. If ordering by mail, you would do well to leave the choice of a book, with which you are unfamiliar, to the experienced shoppers which large mail order houses employ. In this case you should clearly indicate whether the book is for a boy or a girl, the age of the child, and also the kind of stories he or she prefers such as adventure, humor, boy scout stories, far away lands, trains, aeroplanes or things to make.

In cities and larger towns, public libraries provide reading rooms for children. In rural areas the home and school must foster the love of reading. Many women's groups such as Women's Institutes or other farm women's organizations

(Turn to page 58)



Left: Stories at bedtime are the precious privilege of young Ralph and David.

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New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

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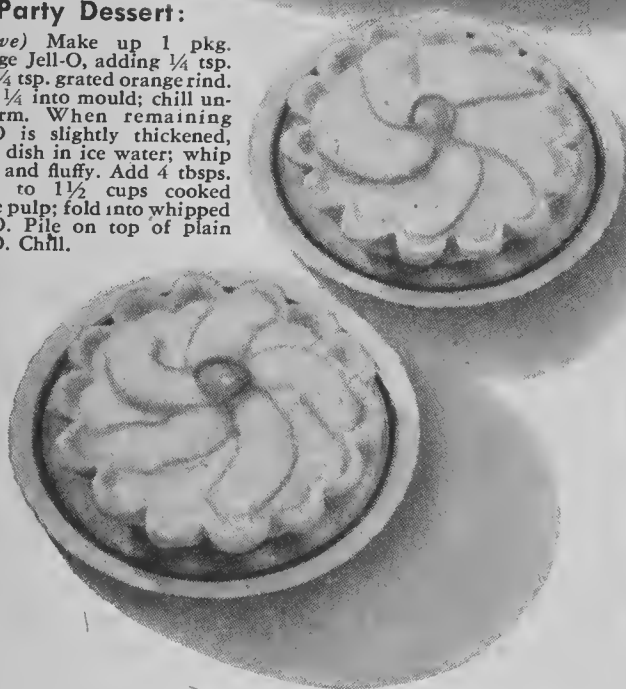


A Wonderful Party Dessert:

(Above) Make up 1 pkg. Orange Jell-O, adding $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. grated orange rind. Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ into mould; chill until firm. When remaining Jell-O is slightly thickened, place dish in ice water; whip thick and fluffy. Add 4 tbsps. sugar to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked prune pulp; fold into whipped Jell-O. Pile on top of plain Jell-O. Chill.

So Professional Looking!

And these delicious tarts (left) are very easy to make. Fill baked tart shells with cream filling, and top with canned peach slices and maraschino cherry. Prepare Lemon Jell-O by package directions; when slightly thickened, use to "glaze" the tarts.



Bananas and Jell-O — M-m-m-m!

(Right) Prepare Jell-O — any flavor — by package directions. When slightly thickened, use part to half-fill dessert glasses, adding banana slices. Place remaining Jell-O in dish in pan of ice water, and whip. Pile on fruited Jell-O and chill until firm.



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Ground beef combined with vegetables make a hearty main course dish.

Use Ground Meat

Ways to stretch and add flavor variety to the meat portion of the family meal.

by MARION R. McKEE

WHEN meat prices are high ground meats play an important role in keeping within the family budget. These meats are inexpensive because they use the tougher cuts, but when ground and combined with various seasonings and other ingredients many tempting main course dishes result. They contain the same protein and other food values as the more expensive cuts and so safeguard the health of the family.

Ground meat may be used in many ways. Make meat pies, meat loaves, casserole dishes and meat balls and see how the family asks for more. Add rice to ground meat to extend the amount such as in the recipe for Chili Balls. Bread crumbs, eggs, cereals and vegetables may all be combined in ground meat dishes to vary the flavor.

Ground Beef Skillet Meal

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 lb. ground beef | 1 c. whole kernel corn |
| 1 c. soft bread crumbs | $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt |
| 1 tsp. salt | 1 c. whole tomatoes, cooked |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper | 1 c. tomato juice |
| 1 c. sliced onions | |

Combine ground beef, soft bread crumbs, 1 tsp. salt and pepper. Fry in heavy skillet, stirring frequently until well browned. Cover ground beef with corn and onions. Sprinkle $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt over the onions. Next add whole tomatoes. Do not stir mixture but leave vegetables in layers over meat. Add tomato juice, cover and simmer 20 minutes or until vegetables are tender.

Hamburger Pie

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 medium onion, chopped | $\frac{1}{2}$ tin condensed tomato soup |
| 2 T. fat | 5 medium sized potatoes, cooked |
| 1 lb. ground beef | 1 beaten egg |
| salt and pepper | $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 tsp. salt |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. drained canned beans | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ c. warm milk | |

Brown onion in hot fat; add meat and seasonings; brown. Add beans and soup; pour into greased casserole. Mash potatoes; add milk, egg and seasonings. Spoon to form mounds or spread over meat mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) 30 minutes. Serves six.

Meat Turnovers

Season chopped, cooked meat with onions, chopped celery and parsley.

Moisten with gravy, broth, canned tomatoes or chili sauce. Add pepper and salt to taste and if desired, a little poultry dressing. Make biscuit dough. Roll portions of the dough in rounds about six inches in diameter and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Place meat filling on individual rounds, fold the dough over and pinch the edges together. Prick or cut the top surface and bake the turnovers in a hot oven, 425 degrees Fahr., until browned. Serve with brown gravy or tomato sauce.

Meat And Vegetable Casserole

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 3 medium potatoes | salt and pepper |
| 1 lb. ground raw beef | $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. canned tomatoes |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ c. diced onion | $\frac{1}{2}$ c. buttered crumbs |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ c. diced celery | |

Mix meat, onion, diced celery, season with salt and pepper. Place half the potatoes in a greased casserole, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add half the meat mixture and cover with half the tomatoes. Repeat. Top with buttered crumbs. Cover and bake at 375 degrees Fahr. for one hour. Uncover and cook 30 minutes or until potatoes are tender and crumbs browned. Serves six.

Hominy Pie

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. ground beef | 1 tsp. chili powder |
| 1 T. flour | $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. hominy |
| 2 c. canned tomatoes | 1 medium sized onion, chopped |
| salt and pepper | $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Canadian cheese, grated |

Brown meat in hot fat; add flour, tomato and seasonings. Brown hominy and onion in hot fat; add to meat mixture. Place in greased casserole; sprinkle with cheese; bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) 30 minutes. Serves six.

Chili Balls

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 lb. ground lean beef | 1 tsp. chili powder |
| 1 lb. ground lean pork | 2 tsp. salt |
| 1 beaten egg | $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. canned tomatoes |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ c. milk | $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. water |
| $2\frac{2}{3}$ c. uncooked rice | 2 T. chopped onion |

Mix meats; add egg, milk, rice, 1 tsp. chili powder, and 1 tsp. salt. Form in $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch balls; brown in hot fat. Combine tomato, water, onion, and remaining seasonings; bring to boiling; drop in meat balls. Cover; cook slowly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Makes 24 balls.

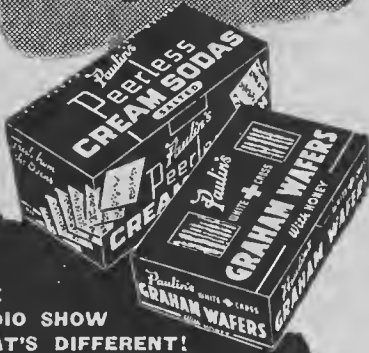
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CHEESE CASSEROLE

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Pepper and salt to taste
1 cup of grated cheese tightly packed
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3 cups of milk
Beat eggs thoroughly, add pepper and salt and cheese. Stir well. Roll soda crackers into fine crumbs, add to mixture, lastly adding the milk. Mix together and turn into a buttered casserole. Place casserole in a dish with water to come part way up and bake in a moderately hot oven—375°—for approximately 40 minutes.

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Cabbage

Shred fine. Cook five minutes in rapidly boiling salted water. Serve in (1) hot milk; (2) hot tomato sauce; (3) hot cheese sauce.

Alternate layers of shredded raw cabbage, thick cream sauce and grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees Fahr.) until done.

Alternate layers of finely shredded cabbage and sliced apples, seasoned with salt, pepper and a little sugar. Cover with crumbs, dot with butter, and bake at 375 degrees Fahr. about 50 minutes.

Shred raw cabbage, cover with onion sauce, top with crumbs. Bake in moderate oven until cabbage is cooked.

Turnips

Add green peas to diced cooked turnips. Cream or serve plain.

Add one cup hot apple sauce to three cups mashed cooked turnips and mix. Mash turnips with minced parsley.

Top mashed turnips with grated cheese and reheat until cheese melts.

Mash cooked turnips with potatoes or carrots.

Slice raw turnips and place in layers in a greased casserole. Sprinkle each layer with salt, pepper and a very little nutmeg. Add milk to half fill the dish. Top with crumbs and dot with fat or use crumbs and grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahr.) until tender, about one hour.

Use raw, grated into salads or as turnip sticks.

Canned Tomato

Make a casserole of tomato, bread cubes, and seasonings. Make some depressions in the top of the casserole and break an egg into each. Bake in a moderate oven and serve when eggs have set.

Add grated onion, bread cubes, salt and pepper to tomatoes and heat thoroughly on top of stove.

Season with salt, pepper and onion. Chill thoroughly and serve.

Carrots

Make a salad by shredding raw carrots, shredded cabbage, diced apple, and raisins. Toss with salad dressing and chill.

Boil and serve with cream sauce or creamed curry sauce.

Boil whole carrots until tender. Roll in bread crumbs and a beaten egg with salt and pepper added. Brown in frying pan.

Bake in a tightly covered casserole two cups carrot strips, one-quarter cup chopped onion, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon sugar. Dot with butter and cover with stock.

Vegetable Sauces

Onion sauce—Cream sauce plus an equal quantity of sieved cooked onions.

Sour-Sweet Sauce—One-half cup vinegar, one-half cup sugar and one T. cornstarch. Cook until thickened.

Cheese Sauce—Cream sauce with diced or grated cheese to taste.

Cream Curry Sauce—Cream sauce with one-half teaspoon or more of curry powder added.

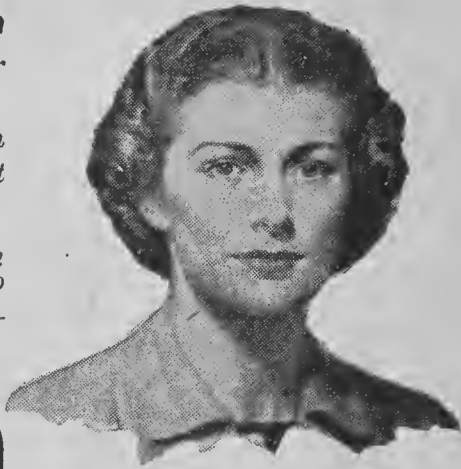
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ROBIN HOOD GREEN APPLE PIE

Here's all you need:

PIE CRUST

1½ cups sifted Robin Hood Flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup chilled lard or shortening cold water

FILLING

1 tablespoon Robin Hood Flour
1 cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
6 or 8 small green apples
1 tablespoon butter

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Here's all you do:

Pie Crust

Sift flour and salt together.
Cut half of shortening into the flour until fine and mealy, using pastry blender or two knives.
Cut remaining shortening into above mixture until it is about the size of small peas.
Add cold water very gradually, mixing lightly until pastry can be pressed together.
Roll tightly in waxed paper and chill. Pastry is then ready for rolling.

Filling

Combine flour, brown sugar and cinnamon. Line bottom of pie plate with Robin Hood pastry, then spread

on half of the above mixture.
Wash, core and quarter green apples, but do not peel.
Slice as thin as possible into pie shell and sprinkle with remaining brown-sugar mixture.
Dot with butter and cover with top crust which has been perforated. Be sure top crust is larger than the surface of the pie plate — and fold the pastry under the edge of the lower crust, pinching the two firmly together so that the juice will not escape.
Place a small paper funnel in the centre of the crust and bake in a hot oven, (425° F.), until the apples are cooked.

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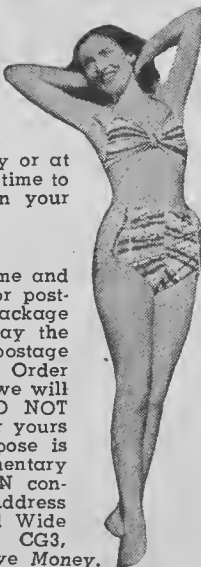
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Design For Reading

Continued from page 54

sponsor package or travelling libraries for adults. Why not include a junior section in such a library? In many communities book clubs are organized for adults. With a good leader a junior book club could easily be started. Not only will the young teen-agers be encouraged to read books but they will receive indirectly invaluable lessons in good citizenship; responsibility for receiving, caring for and returning the property of others. Under such a plan a good library is made available to many a child whose parents might be indifferent to the value of good books or who are unable to finance the expenditure for their children.

THE cost of suitable books for children is often the deciding factor in having a good supply on hand. This is a matter on which women's organizations might render good assistance, by pressing for cheaper editions of children's books and the reprinting of ever-popular titles, now out of print. If publishers were convinced that a wider market exists for these cheaper books they might be persuaded to make an effort to meet such a demand. In these days practically every town has its drug store or general store supply of cheap comics and unsuitable crime and thriller cheap reprints. But the stocks of good books for children are to be found only at some five or six of the larger centres in any one province. There should be a good market for children's books in the smaller towns which serve rural areas as well. Booksellers might profitably look to these markets if there were wide-awake groups interested in supplies of reading matter. The role of women's clubs might be enlarged to take every possible step to see that in their district, comic books and papers are not the sole source of reading material for their small children and teen-agers to read.

When you visit your school during Parents' Week or for a Home and School meeting, take special note of the books upon the school library shelves in the various classrooms. Grants of money are provided each year by the provincial department of education for the purpose of supplying all kinds of reading material for school children. Do you know how much your school spent on books during the past year? Have the books been collected and kept as an orderly library? Are the books kept in good condition? Have pupils been permitted to borrow the books to take home and no check made as to whether they have been returned?

Some parents believe that the study and reading that a child does at school is sufficient. Rather it is the encouraging of the child's desire to read and explore books of his own free will, the developing of the enquiring mind which is important to the growing child. The results show when you see one child who attempts a task on his own and another child who waits for someone to show him where to start. Of course no parent should ever be found guilty of unduly pointing out the moral or preaching about the bad little boy or girl in a story. Give your child a chance to do his own thinking, draw his own conclusions.

Expose your child to books by having a plentiful supply of good books

within easy reach. The born reader takes to them readily and the child who needs encouragement in reading finds them the best incentive to fill up leisure moments. So begin now to gradually and wisely build up a library of well chosen books for your child as his interests develop. At this season of the year, publishers are putting out a large supply of children's books for the Christmas trade. A well chosen book or two could be placed in a child's Christmas stocking along with other gifts of games or toys so dear to children's hearts at Christmas.

Looking over the new supply of fall and winter books which publishers are offering for sale I found a wealth of reading material for children of all ages. Every subject of interest to children; stories of the sea, circus, ranch life, aeroplanes, locomotives, games, things to make, mystery stories, feats of magic, music, all these subjects and many more have been covered. Most of the books are beautifully illustrated, which is an important point in choice of books and the beginner's books are sturdily bound. It would be impossible to review any large portion of this great abundance of children's reading material so the choice of one or two books for each age group was made with the idea of its appeal to a large number of boys and girls. So to name a few of those selected:

"A Kitten's Tale" by Audrey Chalmers (MacMillan \$1.75), a story of a homeless kitten who watched the feet of passersby in hope of finding someone to give it a home, is our choice of the picture books offered. For the child of two years "Bouncing Bunnies" or "Playful Puppies" (Gabriel, 60 cents each), both of which are printed on starched muslin and would delight the youngest reading juveniles. "Little Bimbo and the Lion" (Winston, \$1.25), is a grand trick book. Bimbo has eyes which roll, an elephant that jumps out of the page and a lion which escapes all to the amazement of the five-to-seven-year-old readers who are fortunate enough to be given a copy. "Ask Mr. Bear," by Marjorie Flack (MacMillan, \$1.50), is well illustrated and belongs to this age group. Two books which have wide appeal are "Antonio's Golden Orange" (McLeod, \$1.39), and "Three Tall Tales" (MacMillan, \$1.50), both suitable for boys and girls from four to nine years of age and a good choice for family group reading. "Appleseed Farm" (Abingdon-Cokesbury), is the story of a little girl Penny who hears from her Aunt Nellie how her pioneer grandparents received the wonderful gift of an apple orchard.

FOR a boy of 12-to-14 age group "Ticktock and Jim" (Winston, \$1.50), is a good story, which relates the adventures of an unwanted pony Ticktock and his loyal young master. "People are Our Business" (Collins, \$3.25), is a career book for young folk about to make a decision as to their choice of future work. For teen-agers there is "Danger to Windward" (Winston, \$3.00), a story of the sea and the whaler Good Intent. Older boys' and girls' books we especially noted were "Good Field, No Hit" (McLeod, \$3.00), a baseball story of unusual interest for senior boys and "My Room Is My Hobby" (Ambassador, \$2.25), for the girl who has suddenly become a young lady and wishes to try out

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Any recommended list is necessarily limited. For those working on committees of school or Sunday school library books or making frequent choices for numbers of children I recommend "Books For Boys and Girls" (Ryerson) by Lillian Smith, prepared for the Boys' and Girls' House of Toronto Public Library. Miss Smith is a lib-

rarian of experience over a period of years. Every book listed in this volume was first read by members of her staff and countless boys and girls. Their combined judgment makes the list furnished a reliable one. It would prove a boon to librarians, teachers, parents or anyone interested in selecting children's books. There is a useful index of titles, with accompanying text giving author and publishers' names.

Junior Book Groups

How to organize an activity which deserves a place on the list of young people's groups, especially during winter months.

by E. VIOLET HENDRY

THESE are days when much emphasis is being laid on education for youth—education in its broadest sense. While the school still remains the main source of early academic training, yet alongside of that institution, youth centres, handicraft and hobby clubs, music and art societies, public speaking and dramatic classes all form a means of adolescent and post-adolescent training. Such activities have a strong appeal to our young people largely because they are activities in the physical as well as the cultural sense. At the end of a season one may expect a display of handicrafts, perhaps the production of a play or it may be a drama festival.

There is another activity which deserves a place in the list of young people's interests, namely that of the Book Group. Adult Book Groups are now well-established in many parts of our country. Junior Book Groups are also possible. Few boys and girls do not enjoy reading. One has only to watch a young reader's face as he absorbs his story to guess the inward satisfaction he is deriving therefrom. To encourage him to share this joy with his companions is indeed a pleasant experience. Hence this article.

Several years ago I organized my first Book Group comprising 15 members—boys and girls. They were a delightful group of young people, keen and ready to devour whatever literary fare I might place before them. I had previously selected a number of books all new and attractive and within their comprehension, yet not too simple for we were not merely to read books but to discuss them. We must therefore have something to discuss; the plot it might be, a character perhaps. We might wish to compare certain happenings with those of our own experience. Then, too, various types of books were included in the list; that is, one book might be a travel story; another historical. Variety not only provides interest but also encourages the wider outlook.

Organization and procedure were simple. At the first meeting we sat around a table while I explained in a few words the purpose of the group, later showing the books and remarking briefly on them. Each member then selected his book. No further remarks were necessary or even acceptable that day; reading began at once. Thus we made an excellent start.

The routine is simple; procedure, informal. Books are circulated by the members themselves, the library being the central point of exchange. Each member keeps his book out one week—or it may be two. I make no definite ruling on this point; it has never been necessary. Each member, too, keeps a note of his selections and in addition we record the number of times each book is taken out.

For the first few weeks the group simply come together and read. At each meeting, however, something of interest usually crops up and of course there is always the question, "When do we have our first discussion?" or it may be, "How many times has this book been out?"

THEN at last comes the day when the first discussion is to be held. With that getting-down-to-business look on every face, we gather at the table. One person has been selected to open the discussion, another to close it. One never knows how it will go or what will come forth. Here the group leader can guide its course by giving a little help here, a suggestion there, and perhaps a nod to the person who is to sum up and close the discussion before it has time to lag.

Discussions are seldom dull, more often they are extremely lively. Sometimes they are even heated, but such opportunities there are to inculcate in the child that innate sense of give and take. Around this table he learns the lesson of self-restraint and polite consideration for the opinion of others—so valuable to him in later life. Then, too, he has the opportunity to practise good conversation; an art which one might wish to see more widely cultivated.

Such attributes, then, does the Book Group tend to develop. And are these not valuable, nay precious, in this somewhat austere world of today? Added to these is the stimulus to the intellect which the study of books provides. Before these young book lovers a gateway is opened revealing many paths all leading towards the richer fields of literature.

Providing as it does then, a medium for the spiritual, mental and intellectual growth, the Book Group is worthy of consideration. To have such groups organized and developed throughout our country would, I believe, do much to influence the lives of our young people.



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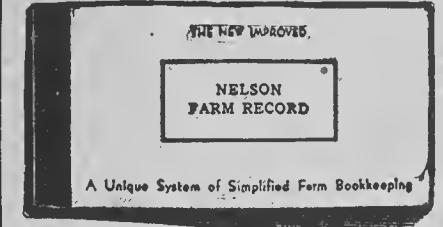
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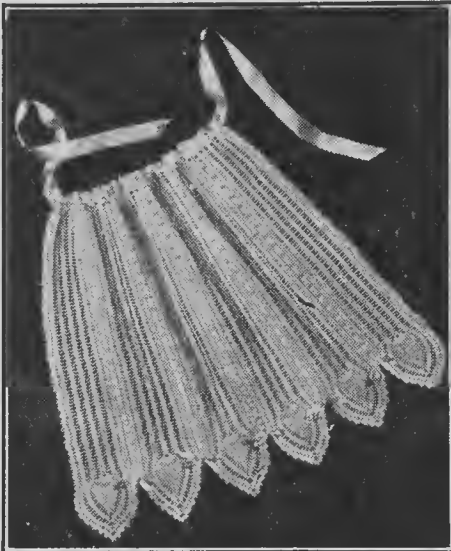
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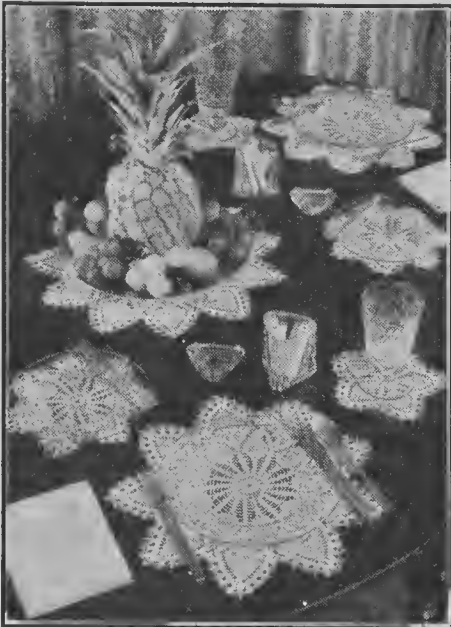
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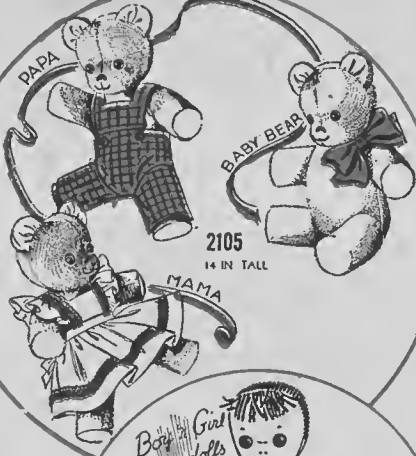
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Save Yourself Work

Items that cut down the toil of laundering.

by MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

BECAUSE so much energy is used up week by week in the business of washing clothes, anything that makes the job harder needs to be sorted out and discarded. No item is too small to be considered. The actual waste of strength may not appear very large, but spread over a lifetime it represents a huge expenditure of energy that no farm woman can afford.

A lot of unnecessary work results from stains on table linen caused by drips from milk jugs, cream pitchers and tea pots with poorly designed spouts. These require special attention on wash-day and if they do happen to pass unnoticed, they often appear later as unsightly marks.

In order to save yourself work, do everything possible to prevent spills. Avoid filling milk or cream pitchers to the top, and if you are serving cream with fruit, pass the pitcher on a small tray or a saucer. Use a tray to hold the equipment for tea or coffee and do the pouring on it. If the spout of your pet tea pot is chipped or broken discard it or buy a rubber spout that can be slipped on.

Be deliberate when pouring tea or coffee because jerky motions and hastiness are responsible for many a splash. Do not buy a pitcher or a pot for tea or coffee without making sure that it pours properly. Insist that the clerk fill it with water to find out whether it is a trouble-maker.

The old plan of spreading a serviette at the carver's place is well worth following. You can save still more work by using a strip of plastic material or a smooth piece of wax paper. When there are small people at the table it pays to cover the cloth in front of them in the same way. Bibs of fabric or plastic can be used to protect the clothes of visiting children.

Have plenty of hot plate mats that can be wiped clean with a damp cloth. Use as few doilies as possible as these need extra attention when ironing. If you feel doilies are indispensable use the attractive paper ones now obtainable in a variety of patterns. Except for "state" occasions substitute paper napkins for linen ones.

CASSEROLES are a wonderful saving of labor, but you need to be sure that the under surface is absolutely clean when you set it on the table. I make a practice of slipping the casserole on a china plate as I take it from the oven. This not only protects the table but makes the hot dish safer to carry.

No doubt you are well supplied with oven mitts or pot-holders. They save accidents and spills when handling hot dishes and they spare your precious tea towels which were never intended for the job. If used around the oven they soon become stained and dingy and require drastic treatment on wash-day. Use them only for dishes and keep special cloths for drying baking tins and pans.

Tea towels keep a better color if you give the dishes a hot, clear rinse to remove the soapy water. Change the

towels frequently to avoid over-soiling and you will find they are no trouble on wash-day.

During a lifetime many women drag tons of water to the lines without realizing it. Wet clothes weigh a lot in any case, but if the wringer is loose and the pieces are fed unevenly they retain unsuspected amounts of water. You can save yourself a great deal of toil by adjusting the rollers properly, putting through the clothes evenly and, after they come from the last rinse, running them through the rollers a second time. You will be surprised at the amount of water removed. It takes little time and very much less effort than hauling the added weight all the way to the lines.

Having a good drying-yard is a real help on wash-day. Naturally you want a level, grassy spot, preferably close to the house, not next to the summerfallow or the highway. With plenty of lines you can hang out the entire wash without delay, which conserves energy and prevents the work from dragging out until afternoon. Further, the wash is likely to be better looking if it is put out to dry immediately.

CLOTHES that wait around in baskets in damp heaps are apt to be a poor color, especially if socks or stockings happen to get in with lighter things. Even a duster that has strayed can spoil the look of the article next to it. These are aggravations you can skip when you have lots of line space.

It is important for the lines to be securely anchored to good posts sunk in deep holes and set in cement. Too often they are strung from the end of a building to a tree or a shaky post with the result that the whole thing collapses some windy day and ruins a spotless wash.

Do not wind the wire around one post and go on to the next, but secure each end by a stout hook. This prevents one line full of clothes from pulling on another. Make sure that they are the right height for you personally, and you will save endless stretching and bending. Have a sturdy prop made for each line from a piece of lumber with a crotch at one end and a point at the other to keep it from slipping.

Even the type of line can affect the amount of energy used up on wash-day. I have been using plastic lines for some time and would not go back to cotton cord or woven wire because the new types are so easy to clean. They are a bit more expensive but they save so much labor and never leave marks on wet clothes. One kind is wire coated with blue plastic, the other is white cord covered with white plastic. Never buy aluminum for lines as it is practically impossible to wipe it perfectly clean.

These are a few of the ways in which the work of wash-day can be streamlined. As you look at the job critically you will find many others that will help to reduce toil.

Grooming For Perfection

Good care on details wards off the necessity of corrective treatments.

by LORETTA MILLER



Miriam Wolfe, talented star adheres to a strict daily grooming schedule.

IT'S the little things in grooming that count! It's the simple, everyday things like remembering to brush the teeth at least twice, and to always brush them correctly; like walking with the toes pointed at the right angle, or remembering to keep a song on your lips in place of a frown on your brow. Such habits are not intended as corrective measures for beauty disturbances, but are offered as suggestions that will more than likely do away with corrective treatments.

Brushing the teeth often isn't as important as knowing how to brush them correctly. Naturally it is assumed that everyone, child or adult, gives his or her teeth at least one good brushing each day. However, dentists all agree that it requires two brushings each day, morning and night, to keep the teeth clean.

Using your favorite dentrifice on your brush, brush the upper teeth downward and the lower teeth upward. Brush from the gums to the biting edges of the teeth. When you feel that all food particles are removed from between the teeth, use a rotary or circular movement on the outer surfaces of the teeth, then on the inside surfaces. Finally use a forward and backward motion over the biting surfaces of the teeth. Finish by rinsing your mouth with lukewarm water.

BRUSHING the hair thoroughly each day is of untold benefit both to hair and scalp. While it is highly recommended as a corrective measure for certain hair and scalp disorders, too much emphasis cannot be placed upon daily brushing as a regular practice. Brushing exercises the hair, removes minute particles of dust and certainly gives it a beautiful luster. It also steps up circulation so that even minor troubles are averted and the beauty of the hair maintained.

Have you ever had the experience of changing your part, only to have the scalp become sensitive? This is nothing to be alarmed at, as the discomfort is soon overcome. It seems to be only a cold weather occurrence, since it never happens in the summer. Brushing the hair thoroughly, and in all directions, before changing the

part this winter, will make the change-over pleasanter.

Were you constantly being reminded to "toe out" when you were a little girl? Well and good for the youngster to practice such an exaggerated foot position, but not so attractive for the grown-up. Adults walk best when their toes point straight ahead. The body assumes a better balance, too, and walking seems easier. Let your arms swing rhythmically at your sides, and keep both chin and toes pointing straight ahead. You'll find even a long walk less tiring if you walk correctly.

Are you careful to watch the light when reading, sewing or doing any work with your eyes? Letting the light fall over your shoulders directly onto your reading, sewing or whatever you are working on causes less strain on the eyes. Working in a poor light, or with the light shining directly into the eyes, is likely to cause eye strain that not only proves harmful to the vision but also encourages lines around the eyes.

SITTING under a hot hair dryer, or over-exposure to either extreme heat or extreme cold can be harmful to the areas around the eyes unless a little precaution is taken to ward off such drying influences. A light application of lubricating cream or oil smoothed over the skin before exposing it to heat or cold will go far toward keeping the skin normal.

A pan of water kept on the stove or radiator supplies moisture to the air and helps prevent skin dryness.

All the lines of youth point upward! Notice that the lines at the corners of a child's mouth and eyes point upward regardless of the youngster's facial expression. Now look into the mirror as you put your own facial expression through some paces. First look straight at yourself. Looking thus you may not notice even a fine line. Then smile and see how the little lines that creep into the corners of lips and eyes point upward. Now change your expression and look angry, then sad. See how these last two expressions seem to add years to your appearance and picture you as anything but attractive.

Humming your favorite tune as you go about your daily chores will go far toward keeping worrisome thought and an unattractive facial expression away. This isn't brushing aside responsibilities or problems. We all know that it is generally the unnecessary worrying we do that etches lines and wrinkles in our faces. Real problems are solved by sensible thinking and doing, not by illogical reasoning or worrying. So keep your chin up and a song in your heart.

Use preventive measures if you want to keep your hands looking lovely. Scrubbing hands with a stiff brush and heavy lather, rinsing with clear water, then drying the hands well before massaging on lotion or cream pays big dividends in hand appearance. Two or three applications of lotion each day will serve to keep the hands and nails in good condition.

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Keeps in the cupboard



"Do you love me more than anything else in the whole wide world?"

"Why sure, Darling! Except, of course, there's honey-golden . . ."

"Honey Golden, eh? I knew it—a blonde! I'm going home to mother!"

"Hey, wait a minute! I mean honey-golden, malty-rich, oh-so-wonderful Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes!"

"Oh, that's different!"

"Sure they're different! That

famous Grape-Nuts flavor is different from any other cereal flavor in the world."

"I know, I know—because they're made from two grains instead of one."

"Sure—and loaded with carbohydrates and minerals and other food essentials."

"You win. Go ahead and have another bowlful—and I think I'll join you!"

The Turning Point

Continued from page 11

Stenhart, moving cautiously, foot by foot, peering, listening, looking back for help—help that would never reach him! Sherwin waiting. There was something in his awful patience like that of the tiger who waits to spring—certain of his prey. The narrow ledge showed like a knife drawn in the wooded height; it shone in the sunlight almost as keenly as the torn ribbons of spray from the torrent below them. The roar of the cataract drowned all sound. Scream as she might, Jane could not reach the ears of the man who watched the other's slow advance. It was like a nightmare, the creeping, creeping up that ledge to meet death.

Jim caught his breath. A cloud had obscured the sun, and as it sailed away he saw Sherwin's face as he crouched, leaning forward, ready! One thrust and Stenhart—coming on, unaware of him—would go down—down.

Jane covered her face with her hands, but it was Jim who cried out hoarsely, tried to shout a warning; then, realizing its futility, he groaned aloud.

"Good God, he's going to kill him!" he cried.

Sherwin had stepped out from his hiding-place; he seemed to tower, vengeance incarnate. Stenhart stood still an instant, frozen in his tracks. His drawn pistol fell from his hand; he seemed to shrink together in mortal terror. Then, as the man he had hunted neither moved nor spoke, he tottered back, stumbled and fell headlong over the narrow ledge.

IT had happened in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye. Sherwin, waiting for his betrayer, saw him—untouched, unscathed—crumple up, reel backward and plunge over the edge of the precipice. So swift was it, that he neither moved nor spoke; for a full minute he stared blankly at the spot where Stenhart had disappeared. A strange sensation swept him, he grew dizzy himself; his head swam, and the hills seemed to rise up about him in awful majesty. He knew nothing of the men who were creeping toward him through the woods, he believed himself alone, alone with that awful power with which he seized his enemy and brushed him like a fly from the ledge! Slowly he took a step forward and, steadying himself, looked over the brink. Thirty feet below him that solitary stunted tree thrust out its dwarfed trunk from the sheer side of the precipice. Sprawled across it, limp, motionless, lifeless, hung Stenhart. The white froth of the boiling torrent below him outlined his sprawling limbs, his hanging head, his ghastly upturned face.

He was not dead! Even as Sherwin looked, he saw him move his head in the torture of pain and fear; it was more terrible than a swift wiping out of life, for death was playing a game of hide and seek with him. A movement, almost a breath, and he would go down into eternity, and if he hung there—with no mortal help at hand—he must perish thus! It could not be for long, but Sherwin, looking down at him, knew that he was conscious and saw no help, only the face of the man who had sworn to kill him! Revenge exquisite in his torments, was

accomplished. Sherwin need but stand there and see him die! Even as he looked, he saw the old tree begin to waver under the dead weight of the fallen body; its roots were loosening in their age-old crevice of rock. In a little while, long before help could reach Stenhart, it would bend downward. Annihilation waited there, eternity yawned for him, and he knew it!

Sherwin, grasping a ledge of rock to steady himself, looked down at the helpless man who had betrayed him. Stenhart, looking up dizzily, saw him and tried to lift a feeble hand in entreaty. It was beyond his strength. He hung there, feeling the tree sway beneath him, helpless, at the end of hope.

SHERWIN straightened himself suddenly; he had heard a distant sound, voices in the woods; Instantly, he divined the truth; Stenhart had again betrayed him, they were after him. But he had ample time to reach his cave, and once there they would not get him, for he knew the other opening and it was safe. Nor could they save Stenhart; the tree was giving! Five minutes more—and he would be avenged! He need not stir a finger, and Jane, who had besought him not to slay, would know that there was no blood upon his hands!

He drew a deep breath; almost at his feet lay the coil of rope that he had dropped when he met Jane. He saw it and remembered the purpose he had had in mind. The minutes seemed to beat themselves into his brain, his pulses throbbed, his lips were parched. He stooped, reached for the rope and, uncoiling it, wound it about the great trunk of a sycamore, then tossing the long end over the side of the abyss, he grasped it and began to descend, hand over hand.

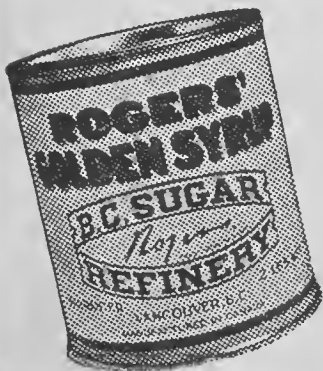
The rope swung out and then went taut with his weight. Little by little he lowered himself and, as he went down, he glanced aside at the tree under Stenhart. It was yielding, one crack more in the straining bark and it would snap! Swinging at the rope's end in space, Sherwin, the avenger, risked his life.

He sought a foothold, a crevice, and found one where the tree had rooted, a wide fissure in the wall of rock. He swung toward it, got his foot into it, and, holding thus to the rope and the cliff, reached down and laid his hand on Stenhart's body. He thought he was still conscious, for his heavy eyelids quivered, but he lay there, a dead weight. Swiftly, cautiously, Sherwin wound the rope around his body and made it secure under the armpits, balancing himself on a foothold so narrow that a touch might hurl him down. Then, grasping the slack of the rope, he began to climb. The ledge seemed a thousand feet above him, but, at last, he lay on its brink, gasping.

He heard sounds now other than the cataract, the crashing of boughs, voices! He took no heed of them, for, as he rose to his feet, he saw the tree that supported Stenhart go down and the motionless body swing out on the end of the rope. Sherwin braced himself and began to haul him up, by main strength. Slowly, surely, he drew his enemy out of the abyss, steadied him at the edge of the rock, brought him safe over and laid him down. His own muscles ached and his head



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swam, but Stenhart still breathed. He opened his eyes and looked up in Sherwin's face. Sheer terror leaped into his eyes, but he was spent, helpless; his white lips moved, but only one word came in a whisper.

"Water!"

A mountain spring was trickling close at hand, and Sherwin cupped the water in his hands and wet his face and lips, and again Stenhart tried to speak; but, as his rescuer bent to listen, heavy hands fell upon him and there was a shout of triumph.

"Get him, Sheriff!"

Sherwin, on his knees beside the injured man, looked up to find the posse closing in. He shook off the man who had grasped him and rose to his feet just as Jim Keller panted up the trail.

"Hold on, Cutler!" Jim cried, "that man saved Stenhart—I saw him—at the risk of his own life!"

"Ain't taking no chances, Mr. Keller. Here you, Adams, you handcuff him; he's the man we're after!"

Sherwin offered no resistance; he submitted with an iron composure. He had thrown away his dear-bought liberty to save Stenhart.

"I reckon he can walk, after all," said the sheriff. "How you feeling now, Mr. Stenhart?"

STENHART tried to stand upright, but his eyes had met Sherwin's and his mouth went dry. He wet his lips, shaking all over.

"We'd better carry him," said Jim. "Cheer up, old chap, you're sound, no bones broken!"

"I can walk," said Stenhart thickly, leaning heavily on Jim.

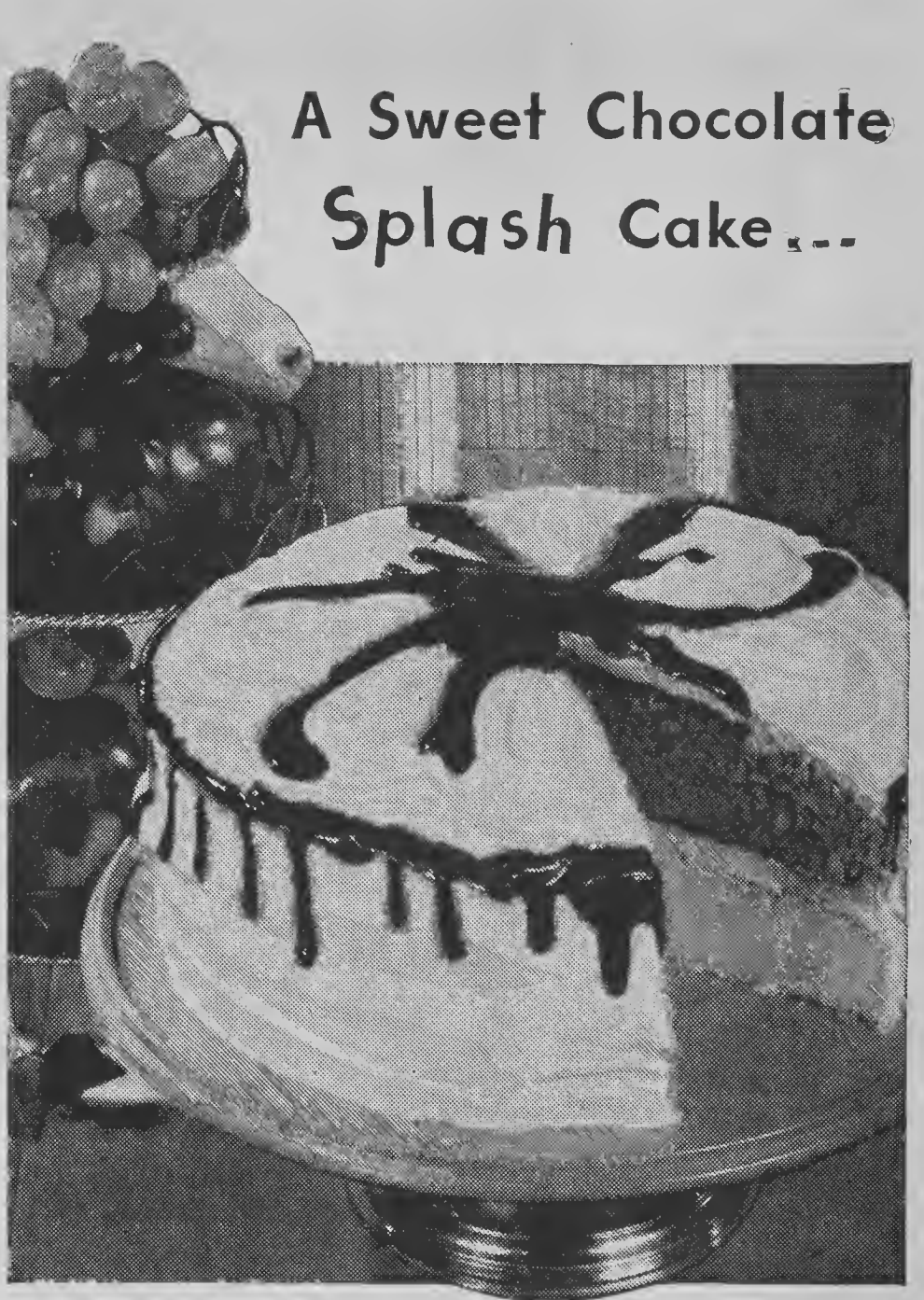
"The ledge is mighty narrow; can you manage without help, Mr. Keller?"



The sheriff was solicitous for the man who had helped him make his capture.

"Oh, we'll do!" Jim threw a supporting arm around Stenhart. It was on the tip of his tongue to tell the men to go ahead with the prisoner and bring help from the ranch and a car for the injured man, but he remembered Jane; he must go first himself. The thought impelled Jim to look back at Sherwin, and something in his white face made him recoil at the sight of his bound hands. He beckoned Cutler to him. "Is it necessary—I mean, those handcuffs? By Jove, I saw what he did; he's a brave man!"

The sheriff nodded grimly. "Can't take chances, Mr. Keller, he's a jail-breaker; swore he was goin' to kill Stenhart. I ain't so all-fired clear in my mind what he meant to do with him anyways—he had him all trussed up with that rope!"



Light and Tender made with MAGIC

TASTE-TEMPTER for tangy autumn days! Magic's Chocolate Splash cake is iced with frosty white . . . dripping with melty, mouth-watering chocolate. One chocolate layer and one golden layer . . . a dreamy blend of delectable, tender texture. Tantalizing, appetizing, every mouthful flavor-perfect!

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Chocolate Splash Cake

2/3 cup shortening 1 1/2 cups sugar 3 eggs 3 cups sifted cake flour* 3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder 1/2 tsp. salt 1 cup milk	1 tsp. vanilla extract 1 sq. (1 oz.) unsweetened chocolate Boiled Frosting 1 sq. (1 oz.) semi-sweetened chocolate
--	--

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add vanilla extract. Melt unsweetened chocolate. Divide cake batter


in 1/2; to 1/2 add melted chocolate; pour into two 9" greased layer pans: Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°F., 30 min., or until done. Cool 5 min. Remove layers from pan; cool on wire rack. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Melt semi-sweetened chocolate; drip on top and sides of cake:

Boiled Frosting

1 cup sugar 1/3 cup water 1 teaspoon vinegar	Few grains salt 2 egg whites 1/2 teaspoon almond extract
---	---

Combine sugar, water and vinegar; bring to boiling point. Boil to 238° F. (or until sirup spins a long thread from tip of spoon). Add salt. Beat egg whites stiff; gradually add sirup, beating constantly, until frosting holds shape. Add almond extract. Makes enough to fill and frost two 9" cake layers.

* If all-purpose flour is used, the amount of flour in the recipe should be reduced to 2 1/2 cups instead of 3 cups.

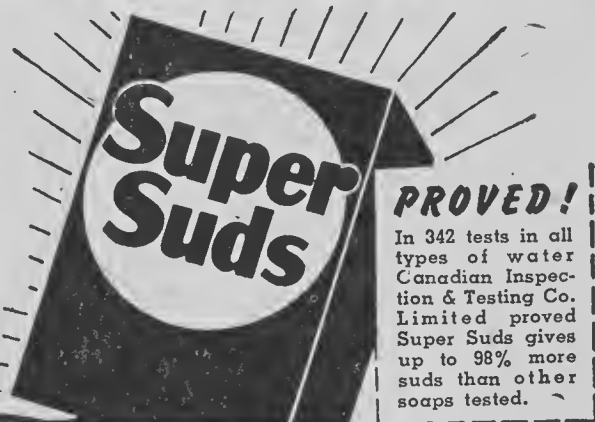


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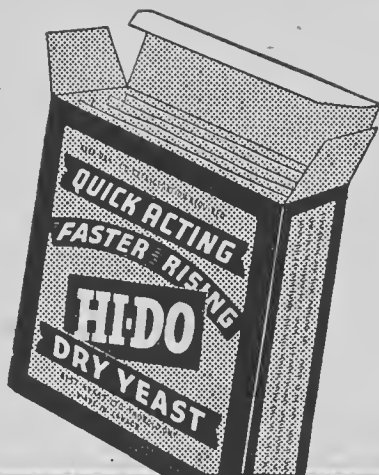
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Jim shut his teeth hard. The suspicion was horrible, but he remembered that he had telephoned for Cutler. He had given this man into their hands, and there was Jane—

They began the descent slowly. Jim, supporting Stenhart, went ahead; behind came the sheriff, then the men bringing Sherwin. A heavy cloud had risen in the west; its purple edges were sweeping upward. The sunlight went out and, as they entered the steep trail, thunder rolled deeply across the hills. The way, narrow and difficult, grew dim with the darkness of the approaching storm. Stenhart, weak and stunned from his fall, stumbled and set the stones rolling and tumbling ahead of them.

"Steady, old chap," said Jim, and his supporting arm, tightened. It seemed to him that Stenhart suffered with some trouble of the mind as deep as the stiffness of his body; not once had he lifted his dark eyes to look ahead of him, and he was ghastly pale. Jim, glancing back at the steep path, saw the feet of the men following them before he saw their bodies. The sheriff came next; Sherwin, he knew, was last—with his guards. Overhead the trees locked their branches now, and a dense thicket surrounded them. They could hear the cataract less distinctly, but the rush of wind in the tree-tops made a tumult. Jim, steadying Stenhart, spoke slowly in his ear.

"I saw you—you and Sherwin," he said quietly. "I was out in the road; there's an opening in the trees—one glimpses the ravine. How did you come to fall in that way, Max?"

Stenhart roused himself; he lifted his head and tried to meet Jim's questioning eyes, but he wavered and gasped.

"I—he was going to kill me!" he said weakly; "that was it. I remember now, Sherwin was going to kill me."

It was the naked truth—no mortal man knew how the change had swept into Sherwin's soul! But Jim Keller had seen the rescue.

"He saved your life at the risk of his own," Jim retorted bluntly; "he went down on a rope and brought you up—and lost his chance to make a get-away!"

Stenhart passed his hand over his eyes with a groping gesture.

"I can't understand it," he muttered; "he was going to kill me—he hates me!"

"Then, by heaven, he did a great thing—he risked his life for his worst enemy! Are you sure, old chap, quite sure—that he was guilty?"

Stenhart's face took on an ashy whiteness, his lips shook. "I tell you he did it!" he cried wildly. "I—oh, my God, what lightning!"

THE heavens had been torn by a jagged flash, the dark woods were, for an instant, ablaze with it; then the roar of thunder rolled crashing around them, echoed from height to height. The very earth beneath their feet seemed to tremble with the reverberation. Stenhart reeled, covering his eyes with his hands.

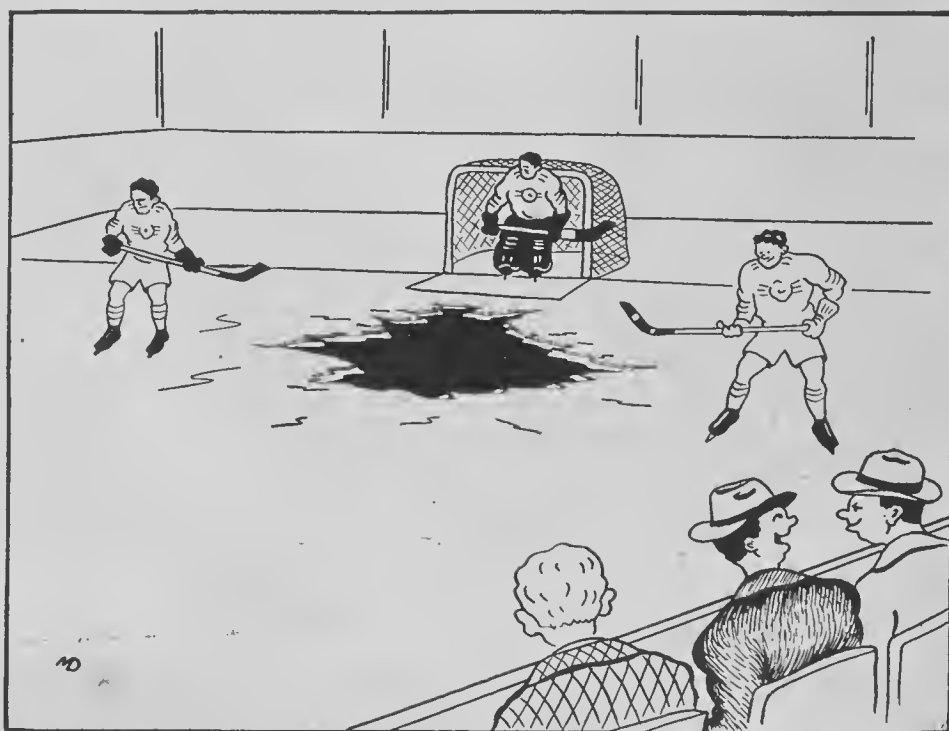
Jim, trying to steady him, was suddenly swung aside by the other man's blind agony of terror; the fall had broken his nerve—he was almost hysterical. The rain began to fall in a torrent and Jim, trying to catch up with him again, came abreast of a windswept thicket. He heard the men behind scrambling and shouting and thought of Jane. He had made her stay behind; was she out there still, holding the horses? He grasped Stenhart again and they came to the last lap of the descent. It was dusk in the trail and the rain blinded, but suddenly there was a tongue of flame from the thicket, a sharp report, and Stenhart crumpled up and sagged into Jim's arms. At first he did not sense what had happened; it seemed a part of the tempest, of Stenhart's utter collapse, and then he felt something warm and wet on his hands and knew it was blood.

"Good God, he's shot!" Jim gasped. Then he shouted, but his voice was cut off by a volley of shots. The men behind had been quicker than he; they were crashing into the thicket.

Stenhart, meanwhile, hung heavily against him. "He's got me this time," he murmured. "I'm shot, Jim!" He thought it was Sherwin.

But the sheriff came up, panting. "Hit you, did he? Here, Adams, you hold up Mr. Stenhart. I want you—" he hurried Jim;—"we killed th' fellow who did it, caught him running—"

They pushed into the thicket, rain dripping from their hats and soaking their clothes. Two of the posse were bending down over a prostrate figure. The dead man had fallen face downward, but they rolled him over and Jim saw his distorted face.



"Best defence in the league!"

"It's Jordan," he said soberly. "He meant to get me—I'm afraid poor Max is done for!"

"By George, then we've killed two birds with one stone—we've got the outlaw and the escaped convict in one bag! Sorry about Mr. Stenhardt—maybe the men had better make a stretcher for him, eh?"

"Someone's got to go to the ranch and get a car—I—" Jim stopped short; he saw Jane coming.

She ran to him and clung about his neck, forgetful of the quarrel. "Oh, Jim, I thought you were hurt or—" her voice trailed; she knew that it was not Sherwin, for she had seen him standing grimly between his guards.

Jim pointed to Jordan. "It's done with, Jane; I'm going to have the poor devil decently buried. Jane, ride back to Las Palomas, get Mac to send the big car and—if she can come through this, send Fanny. I'm afraid poor Max got it bad, he's collapsed—be quick!"

"Jim!" she clung to him, whispering, "you know what he did—Sherwin, I mean—don't let them take him away! Do something, say something! Oh, Jim, you—you must!"

JIM loosed her arms from his neck. "Look here, girlie, I'll promise to do all I can, but, for heaven's sake, get out of this quick—get a car. Stenhardt may be dying—it may mean a lot to all of us. Quick!"

"Jim, I must speak to him—"

Her brother caught her sternly by the arm and dragged her to the end of the thicket. "Now—go!" he said, "or—I swear I'll have him sent off now!"

Jane caught the look on his face and saw beyond him the death-like face of Stenhardt, leaning against two deputies, only partly conscious.

"He's all in!" cried Jim. "Can't you see? Beat it!"

The girl, half crying, ran out into the road. The storm had nearly spent itself and she loosed Tex from the sapling where she had tied him, and springing into the saddle, turned his head homeward. She must get help for Stenhardt.

Her heart reproached her for the relief she felt. When she heard the shots she had thought only of Sherwin and her brother; Jordan had slipped out of her mind. She imagined Sherwin still bent on revenge, though the miracle of that rescue seemed to lift him above such a thought. They were both safe! Poor Max—well, she could pity him, yet, if he knew he had sworn to a lie about his cousin, wasn't it a judgment of God? In a strange tumult of feeling she galloped home, but, all the while, she seemed to vision Sherwin going down into the abyss to save the life of his foe! It was right, it was noble, it was like the man he had seemed to her, and he had given up the sure hope of escape; he was to go back to that prison which had been such an agony to his free spirit. Tears blinded her as Tex thundered across the bridge, and she saw old Teresa and Fanny on the piazza, in great anxiety for the absent ones.

"My heart, you are dripping!" Teresa cried, seizing her as she dropped from the saddle; but Jane scarcely heard her.

"Call Mac!" she said sharply, panting, her hands clasped tightly against her breast. "And you, Fanny, you've got to go in the car—Jordan tried to shoot Jim and wounded Stenhardt; they're afraid he's dying—"

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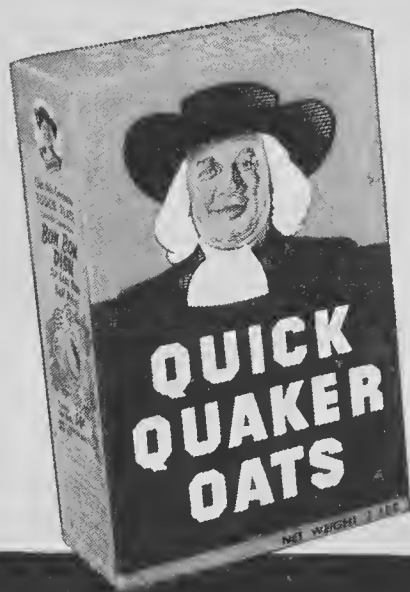
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Fanny, suddenly white, gasped. "Jim's safe?"

Jane nodded, at last aware of old Teresa. The little brown woman dropped on her knees, crossing herself.

"Sangre de Cristel!" she whispered, awed, "it is a judgment—his dreams, his terrible dreams."

Jane looked down at her, white-lipped; it was her own thought voiced again. She shivered. Fanny had sped upon her errand, and she was alone with the little old peon woman. The wind swept over them and she looked up; storm-clouds, black and threatening, were rolling around them and the shining peaks were swathed in a mantle of purple. Now and then a red flash tore the black mist asunder, as though some hidden furnace was belching fire in the midst of the canyons. Jane, who knew that Sherwin had given up his hope of freedom to save a life, felt suddenly a thrill of utter pride and thankfulness; nothing mattered so much as that he had cleansed his soul!

THEY brought Stenhart back to Las Palomas through the driving storm. The wind was snapping branches off the great trees and whipping the rain across the long slope in mighty gusts. The big car came swiftly, followed by the dripping horses and men of the posse. Jane, watching from the veranda, saw Stenhart's white face and closed eyes as they bore him in, but her own gaze was following the drenched figures going down to the men's quarters. She made out Sherwin's tall head, and then the others closed up about him. She drew a quick breath of relief; he was here—Jim had not let them hurry him away. Then she was aware of other things. She, herself, had telephoned for a doctor, but it would be two hours or more before he could reach them; meanwhile Jim and Cutler had carried the wounded man in and laid him on his bed. Fanny, quiet, competent, greatly concerned, was doing all she could; Stenhart had lost consciousness, but now, under her ministrations, he was slowly coming back to himself. Mechanically, Jane obeyed the young nurse's behests, helping as best she could, but her hands shook and her lips were dry. Suppose—while she was here—they took Sherwin away; she would never see him again!

Fanny, quietly and deftly at work, suddenly saw the girl's face, and she went over to Jim. He was standing by the door helplessly, staring at Stenhart.

"Take Jane away," Fanny whispered to him, her kind eyes grave and admonishing. "She's borne a good deal today. I can do it all now—until the doctor comes, if he comes in time."

Jim's face fell. "You think—?"

She nodded. "He's going to die, Jim, slowly—perhaps it will be bad—take her away."

Shocked and dismayed, Jim hustled his sister into the old hall. Unconsciously he dropped into the chair at his desk. "I wish to heaven the doctor would get here!" he exclaimed roughly.

"He started at once—as soon as I 'phoned," Jane replied absently, touching the old desk affectionately; she remembered Sherwin there.

Jim, huddled in the chair, ruminated. "Jordan must have got us confused in the storm—he was a crack shot. Poor Max—it was for me and he got it!"

Jane said nothing; her hands were clasped on the desk. The wind swept the door open and drove the rain across the hall. Her brother rose and forced it shut, bolting it. Then he turned on her, at the limit of his patience.

"Good Lord, Jane, haven't you a heart? Max is dying—he loves you! You're—you're a perfect stick, standing there and staring in front of you!"

She looked up and her white face twitched with pain. "I'm sorry for Max, but I'm thinking of the man he sent to—a living death!"

Jim bit his lip. "Look here, Jane, he's a brave man, I acknowledge it, but he's been convicted of a cruel crime; you've got to let him drop!"

"He's not guilty," she said firmly; "I'll never believe him guilty. No guilty man would have done that splendid thing—he saved his accuser!"

"Fine, I grant it. Nevertheless, he goes back to jail for life—you understand that, Jane? For life!"

"Not if there's any way on earth that I can save him!" she cried passionately.

"You!" Jim spoke with brotherly scorn.

"You can help, too, Jim," she went on, not heeding his derision. "Delay them, keep him here—and give him a chance to escape!"

"To what purpose?" Jim asked her dryly. "To be a fugitive always, to hide away somewhere, in South America, perhaps, under a false name, hunted, advertised for, never to know a moment's peace—a condemned murderer! Bah, I'd rather go to jail! There's no capital punishment in his state."

"You've never been in jail!" Jane retorted. "And you—you 'phoned for Cutler, you know you did!"

"Stenhart—" Jim began and stopped.

"Oh, I know!" Jane's gesture was eloquent.

JIM, remembering the man suspended between the ledge and eternity, to save his enemy, began to walk up and down the hall. Jane dropped into his vacant chair and laid her head on the desk. She could hear the fury of the wind outside. It grew dusky, too, in the old hall, for the day was passing swiftly; tomorrow—

"I'm sorry, but I can't do a thing!" said Jim hoarsely.

She made no reply. A shiver ran through her; tomorrow he would be on his way east! There is so little in a day—and so much. Then, suddenly she heard Fanny's voice calling to Jim. Her brother answered hurriedly, went into the sickroom and the door closed behind him.

For the first time Jane was alone. She straightened herself in the old worn chair and looked about her. In the daygloom of the old hall she saw only shadows here and there. A clock ticked loudly over the desk, and it seemed to remind her of the brevity of the span of life. The rain no longer beat with such fury on the window panes, but the wind shrieked and howled in the distant canyons. Sherwin was in the other building still. The men were there; she could see Jose and Pete Rooney rubbing down their horses in the open door of the stables. She rose cautiously and fled softly down the hall, past Stenhart's closed door; it seemed to her that she heard voices but she did not stop to listen. She opened a little side-door that led

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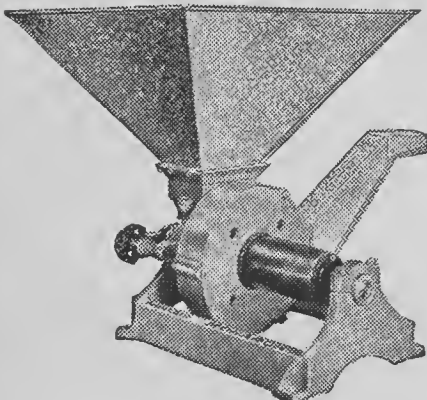
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past the kitchen and ran into the rain.
It was falling lightly now; the grey
clouds had broken on the distant
ranges and the high peaks shone in
clear weather. It seemed almost like a
promise, this lifting of the clouds, and
she called Mac softly.

The old man emerged from his
quarters with a long face. "You
mustn't get wet, Jane, better run
back," he warned.

But she caught at his sleeve with
shaking hands. "Mac, I've got to see
him!"

MacDowell hesitated. "He's got
guards alongside of him, Jane; it ain't
no place for you—"

She lifted her blue eyes steadily to
his. "Mac, I must see him—it's—" she
choked—"it's the last time!"

The old man looked away, swallow-
ing hard. He had known Jane when
she was five years old; he hated to
see her face now.

"Quick, Mac, I've only a little
while—they may call me back—they
think Stenhart's very bad!"

Her hands, on his arm, shook, and
he felt them. Reluctantly, he led the
way into the long, low buildings; Jane
caught a glimpse of the *vacqueros* at
supper and, with them, some men who
belonged to Cutler's posse. But Mac
got her past them to a door in the end
of the room. There was a moment of
delay and then it was opened. Mac
had spoken to Cutler and the guard
came out and sat down outside the
door as Jane went in alone. The little
room, with its one tiny window-slit,
too small for a man's body to pass
through, was dim with the coming of
dusk, but she saw the tall man who
sat at the little table, a tray of un-
tasted food before him, his head upon
his hands. Expecting no one whom he
cared to see, he did not even look up
and the despair in his attitude went
to her heart. She thought of him, as
she had seen him, brave and free,
going down on that thin rope over
the abyss to save his enemy! A proud
light shone suddenly in her blue eyes,
and she came close to him.

"John!" she said softly.

He raised his head and their eyes
met. For an instant he seemed dazed,
then he rose to his feet.

"You've come to me—a prisoner?"

"I saw you," she said, "I'm so proud
of you!"

He drew a long breath. "Jane, you
did it! I'd vowed to kill him—I'd
tracked him like a murderer—I had
nothing in my heart but hate. I was
waiting to kill him when you came up
there, but when I found you cared,
your touch drove out the poison—I
couldn't do it!"

SHE looked up, proudly "You didn't
know yourself, John, even I didn't
know you, for when I saw you there,
waiting for him, I thought you'd kill
him. But it was never really in your
heart, John Sherwin, for you're a
brave man—no brave man is a
murderer! You've made good."

He smiled bitterly. "You forget
what—I am!"

"No, I remember! Some day it will
come right; the truth can't be always
hidden. I'll believe in you always!"

Emotion choked him, then, in a
broken voice: "It means only misery
for you to care; I'm as good as a dead
man. Forget me, Jane, be happy!"

"Never," she answered softly.
"Always I'll remember—until we meet
again!"

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He held her hands in a grip that almost hurt them, looking down into her brave eyes.

"You gave up your chance for him—and he's dying, John. Jordan's shot will kill him."

Sherwin was dumb, his head bowed in utter despair.

"Oh, if I could only get you out!" she murmured brokenly, then with sudden hope: "I've thought of a way—there used to be a shuttered window back here—" she ran to the wall, feeling it—"it's here—you're strong—come!" she whispered.

His heart leaped. Liberty! It would not give her to him, but free, he might carve out a destiny, retrieve something yet. His hands actually shook as he followed her guidance. In the darkening room he could just see the fastenings, old and covered with dust, half papered over. It resisted and he drew his table fork—they had not allowed him a knife—along the crevice. At last he released the shutter, turned it softly and looked out. He faced an open slope and the light from another window streamed across it. Sherwin drew back with a grim smile.

"They've beaten us, Jane!"

A man was sitting there, with his rifle across his knees. The sheriff, having caught a jail-breaker, was taking no chances.

Jane was crying bitterly now, but Sherwin tried to comfort her.

"At best, I'd have been only a hunted fugitive, dear girl; we must part—" He could not go on. Her sobs shook him with an even deeper emotion.

THERE came a soft knock at the door and old Mac's voice, a bit husky. "Time's up, Jane, an' th' doc's here; he says Stenhardt's dyin'—they want you!"

"God keep you!" Sherwin said hoarsely; all other words failed.

The girl, blind with tears, stumbled out, old Mac holding her up.

"They're callin' for you, Jane," the old man explained. "I had to come all fired quick. Jim's got th' sheriff an' two others, two that come with th' posse. Teresa's sayin' prayers with two candles in th' kitchen an' Ah Ling's outside, chatterin' something awful in Chinese."

As he spoke he guided the faltering girl on to the veranda and opened the door. A flood of light streamed out.

Jim was sitting supinely at his desk, sagged in his chair. Beside him towered the big sheriff, and a deputy was writing something on a paper at the table. Jane, coming in, half dazzled and blind with weeping, felt Fanny's arms go around her.

"He's dead, Jane; it's over—Jim, tell her!"

Jim, speechless, made a sign to Cutler. "You do it!"

But the big sheriff had lost his nerve; he only made motions with his lips like chewing. It was Fanny who drew Jane down beside her on a bench by the door.

"He told us before he died, Jane," she said, "and the deposition was taken—he confessed to the murder of his uncle. It was done in the garden; the man who swore that Max was with him at the time was a perjurer, paid by Max. His uncle quarreled with him and told him that he was going to change his will and leave every cent he had to Sherwin. Max broke out, they quarreled violently, and the old man struck him with his cane, as he would a little boy. Infuriated, Max snatched the pruning-knife and struck back without thinking. He killed him! He ran out and hid, saw Sherwin come, and the scheme to save himself and get the money leaped into his crazed brain. He swore to a lie to save himself; he framed it all up—Sherwin was utterly innocent!"

For a moment Jane neither moved nor spoke. She hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Fanny, think of all those years!" she gasped at last.

Fanny nodded. "I know! Max used to tell us in his delirium; Teresa heard it, too. I thought it was the worry of the trial—delirium, fever dreams—but old Teresa always believed it!"

Jim, who had not spoken at all, rose suddenly and went out. With him went the sheriff and his deputies. The two girls were alone. Fanny, trying to still Jane's broken sobs, put her arms about her again.

"He's suffered so much!" Jane said, "and he gave up his chance to escape today to save Max! Think of it, to save the man who had ruined him!"

Fanny touched her softly on the shoulder. "Look up, Jane!"

The girl lifted her head. The door stood open and on the threshold, erect and radiant, stood Sherwin.

THE END.



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72-T

A Famous Regimental Mascot

IN the wild north woods of Wisconsin, the winter snows of 1861 had melted and the sap had begun to rise in the maples. Along the historic Flambeau River, in the borderland between Price and Ashland counties, the Chippewa Indians had just set out on their annual sugar-making pilgrimage.

Atop a great pine along the trail was a nest of mud and sticks, and in the nest, an eaglet. The Indians felled the tree and took the eaglet captive. The bird was still too young to fly.

Chief Sky, leader of the Chippewas, carried the eaglet off as a pet when his tribe made their way back along the river to Jim Falls. There, Thunder of Bees, son of the Chief, bartered the bird for a bushel of corn to a settler named Daniel McCann.

Growing eagles make poor pets—even for the hardy children of pioneer settlers—and when the bird reached enough growth to attempt escape, McCann determined to sell him. The eagle was already magnificent in appearance, and displaying much spirit.

At Eau Claire, Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment was being organized under the command of Captain John E. Perkins. The men of the Company admired the bird, McCann made a sale for \$2.50, and the Eau Claire outfit had a mascot. They dubbed the eagle Old Abe after their Commander - in - Chief. Thereafter, eagle and Company were to make each other famous.

Once he had joined Company C Old Abe became a legend almost overnight. Gifted with remarkable intelligence, he became a soldier among soldiers, more than a mascot, a veritable inspiration to the men around him.

The story is told of the September morning in 1861 when Company C marched to Camp Randall, Madison, Wisconsin, to join the Eighth. The whole camp was waiting to welcome the new recruits, Old Abe among them. As the company marched past in review, the eagle reached over from his perch, took one edge of the flag in his beak and held it up so its colors were displayed. He beat the air with his wings, slowly and solemnly all through the march. There was no doubt about it; Company C had added another fighting heart to its roster.

In no time at all, Old Abe ceased to be the exclusive possession of Company C. He became the mascot of the entire Eighth Regiment. Thereafter, various soldiers were assigned to carry his perch in regimental parades. He was given a place of honor, in the very centre of the front ranks, alongside the flag. He had already been inducted into military service in a special ceremony which included placing red, white and blue ribbons around his neck and a rosette of similar colors on his breast.

Throughout the bitter, unhappy struggle, the Eagle Regiment and the eagle from which it took its name were never separated. Old Abe went through 38 battles and skirmishes. His wild, piercing war cry—an eerie scream repeated five or six times in rapid succession—was familiar to men on both sides of the fight. North and South alike gave him the respect

And how he became a commercial trade mark.

which brave men reserve for others who are equally courageous.

Loyal with a tenacity which overcame even the wildness of his freedom-hungry heart, Old Abe escaped his tethers occasionally, yet always came back. His best known keeper, Ed Homiston, never lost faith in the eagle's loyalty. He and Old Abe understood and admired each other.

On one occasion, just as the regiment was to leave on a march, Old Abe broke his bonds, winged swiftly away and disappeared. Most of the men shook their heads and took it for granted that the great bird, free after months of confinement would never return. But Homiston knew better. He sought out an open space, planted the regimental flag, and beside it took his stand, holding Old Abe's perch. Patiently he waited while the eagle released his spirits in wild, winging flight. An hour later, the kingly bird, his wings spread to a magnificent six and a half feet, swooped silently down to earth beside the flag. A word from Homiston, and Old Abe was once again perched atop the stand.

AFTER the war, Old Abe attended many parades and reviews and received the cheers of the nation. When the Eighth Wisconsin was mustered out at Madison, Old Abe was quartered in the State House, there to spend his mature years, visited by thousands annually. He came out of retirement for his last public appearance at a great reunion of veterans held in Milwaukee in 1880. There he shared the platform with General Grant. In the big parade, Old Abe was a figure of magnificent dignity. When the band struck up a stirring march, he answered with his celebrated battle cry.

It was to be his last such effort, for the very next winter a fire broke out in the basement of the capitol, where paints and oils were stored. Almost suffocated by heat and smoke, Old Abe was rescued by the firemen. But he never recovered from the ordeal. The glint gone from his eye, his shiny coat dull and disarrayed, the great eagle died on March 26, 1881.

Stuffed and mounted in a glass case, he continued to attract attention long after his death. But in February, 1904, came another fire which de-

stroyed even his remains. And now, in the new Memorial Hall, there are two oil paintings to keep fresh the memory of the fighting eagle who earned his place in the sun.

Although Old Abe might well be universally remembered today for his own exploits, he became the most famous bird in the world through the efforts of an American manufacturer, Jerome I. Case.

Mr. Case first encountered the eagle while on a business trip in 1861. He had just drawn up his team on a side street in Eau Claire where Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin was parading. Suddenly he heard a succession of raucous screams. Only one bird screamed like that—the American Eagle!

"Old Abe's mad again," someone shouted.

Mr. Case felt the tips of his nerves tingling. He gripped the shoulder of a boy standing against the buggy. "Where did he come from—the eagle?"

The boy told him Old Abe's story. Together man and boy watched the colors pass in the parade. On the shoulder of the standard bearer, Case saw the outstretched beak and spread wings of the bird. Over the ruffle of drums and the tramp of marching feet, the bird was screaming a battle cry.

It was a moment Mr. Case never forgot, for then and there he determined to adopt Old Abe as the symbol of his business just as soon as the unhappy war was over. In 1865, he made secure this eagle's place in agricultural history. In that year, he chose Old Abe as the trade mark of his company.

Of Interest To Needlewomen

THE Country Guide Good Ideas Needlework Bulletin for November is off the press. It contains complete instructions for making one needlework design, information about stitches, needlework ideas and patterns available through The Country Guide.

One copy of the bulletin, free of charge, is included with each order for stamped needlework or needlework patterns. Single copies of the bulletin are only 5 cents, with one cent added for postage or 6 cents. For 50 cents you may have one bulletin mailed each month for a year. Address orders for bulletins or needlework to The Country Guide Needlework Dept., Winnipeg, Man.

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The Country Boy and Girl

Mystery At Sunny Creek

by MARY E. GRANNAN

IT all began the morning that Jimmy Simpson missed his new red pencil. He raised his hand and the teacher said, "Yes Jimmy?"

"Miss Waller, my new red pencil is gone from my desk," Jimmy said.

"Well, that's strange, Jimmy. Perhaps you took it home last night," said the teacher.

"No, Miss Waller, I didn't. I remember putting it right here in the corner of my desk. It wasn't even used once, Miss Waller. The point was just like a pin."

Miss Waller asked the other children if they had seen the pencil. No one had, but each looked under his desk, thinking that perhaps it might have fallen and rolled away. The pencil was not found. The next morning, Molly Linton raised her hand, and she said, "Miss Waller, my new red pencil is gone. It was just like Jimmy's, and it's gone."

Molly and Jimmy got new red pencils. The next morning they were gone too, as were several other red pencils from several other desks. Miss Waller puckered her brow.

"It's all very mysterious," she said. "The green pencils and the yellow ones are not even touched, and yet every red pencil in the school room has disappeared. I wonder where they have gone?"

Jimmy Simpson liked mysterious things. Jimmy Simpson made up his mind that he was going to find out what the mystery was about. "I'm going to buy another red pencil," he said, "and I'm going to stay right here in the school room and find out who takes them."

When school was out that day, Jimmy stayed in his seat. Miss Waller asked him why he did not leave with the others, and he told her, that because he was going to be a policeman when he grew up, he was going to stay and solve the "Red Pencil Mystery."

"You see, I might as well begin now, Miss Waller, so if you don't mind, I'll stay awhile. In the morning I'll be able to tell you and Molly and all the others where those red pencils have gone."

Miss Waller agreed that Jimmy might stay. "But only until six o'clock, Jimmy. At six you must go home for your supper."

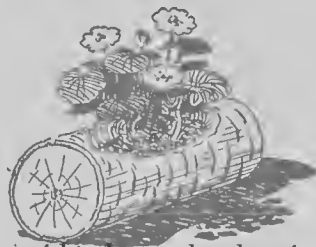
Jimmy promised, and settled down to drawing pictures on his pad. A half hour went by. Nothing had happened. No one had come. Another half hour passed. The clock struck five and nothing had happened. Jimmy was getting restless. He was tired of sitting alone, but he still had an hour, and really good policemen stayed on the job. At twenty three minutes after five, Jimmy heard a small sound. It was coming from a corner near the teacher's desk. Jimmy sat very still and waited. The sound came closer. Jimmy looked down and saw a little field mouse coming toward his desk. He almost cried out but he didn't. Surely a mouse wasn't the thief, but that mouse came directly to his desk. He didn't see Jimmy because Jimmy

HAVE you noticed that during the month of November everyone you know suddenly becomes very busy and occupied with different plans? For a time after the busy harvest season everyone was glad to have a rest and things were quiet but all at once a stir begins throughout the house. This excitement usually starts with mother who one day announces that she is gathering together the fruit for her Christmas cake. "Christmas!" you say in a startled tone, "Why it's a long time until Christmas!" and then you take a look at the calendar—Oh! A few days later mother asks you to stir the Christmas cake three times and make a wish. Then you know that your plans cannot be put off any longer—you too must get ready for Christmas!



Here are two ideas for Christmas gifts which any boy or girl could make as a gift for mother, an aunt or married sister. Salt and pepper cans are handy in the kitchen. Make them of baking powder cans or small glass jars which have screw tops. Place the lid of the can or jar on a block of wood with crumpled paper under it to serve as a cushion. Now punch the holes with a shingle nail. Paint the cans blue for salt which comes from the sea and red for pepper because it is hot. If you use glass jars just paint the tops.

A pretty table centrepiece, like the one sketched, can be made from a piece of birch about seven inches in diameter and 12 inches long. Lay your piece of birch on a level surface to decide the position it will rest in without rocking. Now outline in pencil the section you are going to hollow out. Be sure to leave about two inches at each end that will not be cut. Use a sharp knife, chisel and hammer to make the hollow smooth and trim. If you wish you could shellac the outside of the wood or leave it natural. This centrepiece is a fine gift which can be used to hold flowers or fruit.



Ann Sankey

didn't even move an eye lash. And then the mouse jumped to his desk and pulled the red pencil to the floor and started to drag it away. Jimmy let him get half way across the room, and then he said loudly, "Stop Thief!"

The mouse dropped the pencil and turned in fright. "So," said Jimmy, "you're the one who is stealing all our red pencils."

"Pencils?" said the mouse. "What are pencils? These are pickets. I'm building a red picket fence around my house with these."

Jimmy began to laugh. The mouse didn't know that pencils were pencils, and he didn't know he was stealing. Jimmy told him about pencils and what they were for and how they each cost ten cents. "So," said Jimmy, "you'll have to stop taking them. But I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll tell the children about your fence, and we'll leave our lolly pop sticks for you. They're just as good for pickets, and you can lick the sugar off the end of them."

After that, every day, right by the teacher's desk, the children left their lolly pop sticks. Every morning when they came back to school, they were gone. The mystery at Sunny Creek was solved.

8 Times-Rhyme-a-Table

GIRLS, here is a new skipping rhyme, and while you are saying it, you are learning your eight Times Table:

1 little girl came to school so late,
She never learned 8x1 is 8.
2 little girls were dressed in green,
They were surprised to know 8x2 is 16.
3 little girls said, "Tell us more!"
Well, 8x3 is 24!
4 little girls had eyes of blue,
8x4 is 32.
5 little girls got their dresses darty,
We must make it rhyme; 8x5 is 40.
6 little girls rode to school in state,
8x6 is 48.

7 little girls played Pick-Up-Sticks,
8x7 is 56.
8 little girls went to the Nut House Store,
8x8 is 64.
9 little girls said, "How do you do?"
8x9 is 72.

—Audrey McKim.

Try This Character Quiz

THE kid's revolution is on. Spear-headed by a gang of live-wire 'teen-agers, the young folks are out to meet the threat of world chaos with character.

The recent atomic bomb tests have proven that unless people and nations learn to end their splits, the split atom will end all. So to off-set the possibility of a future rocket and atomic war, many clear-thinking youngsters have started a campaign to capture the 28 million kids on this continent. That's just the start. It's a big enough assignment at that, but the young folks know it must be done, and done quickly.

There are all kinds of fun-loving youngsters in the gang who are swinging into action to make their lives and everybody's life not only safer but a lot more thrilling. One leader, Frank McGee, of Salem, Oregon, is a real whiz at mechanics. Another, Shelagh Stevenson, of Lethbridge, Alberta, is one of the spark plugs of the outfit. She loves jive music, skating and skiing, in fact, anything that's fun.

First, the gang leaders started to put their own lives in order. They did this by facing up squarely to their own failings, by always considering the other person's viewpoint, and by being strictly honest in word and deed.

Having got by round one, they next proceeded to write a play based on their own experiences. They called it "Drugstore Revolution," and it has already played to record crowds in many large centres. This play is well produced, well acted, and so brimful of pep it just seems to prove that 'teen-age power can outclass the split atom

when it comes to injecting super living energy into modern life. One high school boy who saw the play said, "It made me so I'm not afraid to tell my parents the things I never had spunk enough to tell them before."

To discover how well you are fitted to become a 'teen-age leader in your own community, try your rating on the following quiz. It's daring and exciting, but you'll like it all the better for that. Simply check off the answer which most closely describes your own conduct or reaction in each of the following every-day situations.

1. You have made a mistake and know you are wrong. Do you: (a) Blow up; (b) Try to convince others you are right; (c) Admit your mistake?

2. When you prepare for examinations, do you: (a) Rely on a last big grind; (b) Depend on others for help; (c) Feel that your year's steady work will get you through?

3. Do you consider your parents: (a) A bit out of line with your own thinking; (b) A bank for withdrawals; (c) "Tops" with you?

4. If your parents knew where your thoughts often drift, would you: (a) Try to change the subject quickly; (b) Feel embarrassed; (c) Smile and say, "Well, you knew about this, I've told you all about it."

5. When faced with chores, do you: (a) Skip out; (b) Grumble a bit; (c) Take over cheerfully?

6. When faced with your own work, do you: (a) Stall a while; (b) Sluff over it as quickly as possible; (c) Dig in and do your best?

7. Do you find life: (a) An obstacle race; (b) A bit of a grind; (c) A barrel of fun?

8. Do you think your future depends chiefly on: (a) The United Nations Organization; (b) Atomic Power; (c) You?

9. What are you going to do about it: (a) Tell others about the poor outlook; (b) Forget the future; (c) Start to prepare for it by re-making yourself now?

10. And about question 4. Did you: (a) Feel uncomfortable when you came to it; (b) Skip over it faster than the other questions; (c) Answer it honestly?

The correct answers? Part (c) every time.

Your rating? All correct is outstanding. Even eight or nine right indicates you have sound character in good measure. If your score is only six or seven it is the tip-off that you need to check your oil. Lower than six calls for a complete overhauling. But no matter how low your score, if you scored fairly, there is always hope that you too will rise to be a 'teen-age leader of character.—Walter King.

Frosted Panes

An elf drew silver fronded trees
Upon our window pane;
The moon came by and traced with gold
Each fern and silver lane.
By morning light the sun arose
And with efficient touch,
Erased each frosted frond and tree
As nothing very much.

—By EFFIE BUTLER.

THE *Country* GUIDE

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VOL. LXVII WINNIPEG, NOVEMBER, 1948 No. 11

The Berlin Situation

The Berlin controversy lies like a pall over the civilized world. Thoughtful men and women who know the importance of continuing to hope against all appearances earnestly ask how many steps lie between the present deadlock and the cataclysm of war. Only a world accustomed to violence could have remained as calm under the growing intensity of the cold war.

Many months of barren negotiation have brought the western Allies to the realization that it is better to admit frankly that the Russians are malignantly hostile than to pretend that a little more patience on our part will win them over to sweet reasonableness. It is a grave admission, but it is one that will enable us to see more clearly, to shorten the intolerable suspense for better or for worse, and to make those moral and material preparations on which resolute words ultimately depend.

The Russian blockade of Berlin was inaugurated by a power which knew fully what the consequences would be. Either the western powers would submit or run a terrible risk. They have chosen not to submit. They have made it plain that they will not even negotiate while the blockade continues. One Munich in a lifetime is sufficient.

The very character of the blockade should silence those who charge that the Allies are equally guilty of aggression. The economic rehabilitation of Germany is essential for the recovery of western Europe. The Politburo is determined it shall not take place. Its successive aims are to drive the Allies out of Berlin, Communize the whole of eastern Germany, set up a so-called all-German government in Berlin, demand the withdrawal of occupation troops from the whole country, invite the severed portions of Germany to rejoin "the Fatherland," and to depend on the Communist organization in eastern Germany to do the rest. To achieve this end Russia begins by threatening 2½ million civilians, including women and children, with starvation.

The appeal of the Western Allies to the U.N. is an appeal to the world court of public opinion. The Allies charge that the Berlin blockade is a threat to the peace of the world—words of dreadful omen. Up to the moment of writing, the effort within the council has been to prevent this momentous issue from splitting the U.N. asunder. The smaller nations on the council have submitted two questions to the big powers: (1) under what circumstances were the transport restrictions imposed and (2) why had the Big Four been unable to carry out the Moscow agreement of August 27 to lift the blockade and simultaneously to straighten out the Berlin currency tangle? But this enquiry has bogged down under Mr. Vishinsky's fits of self-imposed silence and displays of verbal acrobatics.

Meanwhile the debate on atomic control has come to an impasse. On this issue the Russians are trying to sell a pig in a poke. They insist that the present stock of atomic bombs must be destroyed as a first step in armament control. They assure us with a solemnity they have taught us to distrust that they will accept as a second step effective international control. The West has learned from sad experience that deals of this sort must be reduced to writing before any steps are taken.

The concurrent Russian disarmament proposal was obviously a bogus offer. A percentage reduction of the huge Red Army would still leave a striking force adequate for any aggressive venture. A proportionate reduction of the Anglo-Saxon forces would leave a battle order very much smaller by comparison, and unequal to the occupation duties those countries have contracted. The western nations had no choice but to refuse to entertain it.

Alarms succeed each other daily but the opinion has been advanced from Allied sources in Berlin that the air lift will be continued till after the New Year by which time the inauguration of the American president elected this month will disclose if there is to be any shift in the foreign policy of that country, keystone in the anti-Communist arch.

Undesirable Immigrants

The political waters of Canada were riled last month by the disclosure of a secret Order-in-Council permitting four French collaborators to remain permanently in Canada. When the Germans were driven out of France, these men went underground to escape the consequences of their acts. They made their escape eventually to Canada, using false names and forged passports. In France they were tried in absentia, found guilty, and one of them condemned to death.

Under normal procedure, persons guilty of gaining admission by use of faked passports must be deported. Senator Dessureault, a leading Quebec lumber merchant, however, busied himself on behalf of this group. In a letter of September 22 to the French speaking daily of Montreal, *Le Canada*, the senator declared that his efforts had been backed by prominent lay citizens of the province, and dignitaries of the church, both in Canada and France, adding that "the success of my work has been made possible thanks to the constant and valuable sympathy of Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent."

This case, which is not to be confused with the similar case of the notorious de Bernonville, who is fighting deportation proceedings, presents several interesting aspects to those who hold Canadian citizenship in high regard. Firstly there is no crime more despicable than treason in war time. The French law makes allowance for those who were forced to assist the Germans under pressure, but it deals severely with those who volunteered for services of a damaging character against the underground forces valiantly struggling to liberate their country. Under this law the four men have been condemned by a court of their own nation. It is not for Canadians to question the decision of a French court dealing with its own nationals. If these men are innocent, as they insist, it should be a matter of honor for them to go and vindicate themselves. Failing that, the Canadian government should deport them for a confessed infraction of the immigration laws. Why admit condemned collaborationists when we have deported men of stainless reputation, who fought in the Allied cause, for no other crime than that of endeavoring to get into Canada in too much of a hurry?

The second consideration is that the Order-in-Council establishing these men legally in Canada should have been published in the *Canada Gazette*. During the debate in the House on the continuance of war emergency powers the government gave an undertaking that secret Orders-in-Council would cease. Obviously the government was too ashamed of its action to avow it openly.

Lastly, the Quebec view that these men are good Catholics and anti-Communists does not cover the case entirely. The question "For what did Canada go to war?" produces a variety of answers. But about one thing we may be perfectly clear. Several hundred thousand service men and women enlisted voluntarily because they believed that Nazism should be driven forever from the face of the earth. Some of them would be glad to refresh the minds of Senator Dessureault and his friends on that point if it escaped their notice under pressure of other affairs. Canada wants immigrants but it is not so badly in need of them that it will harbor men who threw in their lot with the Milice, French tool of the inhuman Gestapo, as is alleged in the case of these men. It is simply no use for Mr. Howe, presently acting prime minister, to shake the incident off as closed. There are principles involved which parliament will doubtless call to his attention at its next session.

Palestine Ablaze Again

The resumption of fighting in Palestine is a heavy disappointment to those who realize the necessity for maintaining peace on all secondary fronts in the face of overshadowing dangers else-

where. World opinion has long since given up hope of finding a solution acceptable to both parties to the Jew-Arab dispute. But the Bernadotte proposals, approved by both Britain and the U.S., did seem to promise a way out. They were in keeping with the military situation and seemed to do less injustice than any previously proposed scheme.

With the Arab League racked by internal dissension, the chief sufferer from the establishment and expansion of Israel was not in a position to press its case effectively. With the early conclusion of the American election campaign it would soon be easier to deal with Zionist pretensions. The Palestine issue was high on the crowded U.N. agenda. The atmosphere was definitely clearing when organized campaigning broke out afresh.

It is difficult to determine with certainty which of the warring factions touched off the fuse, but the preponderance of political and military evidence is against the Jews. The accusation seems to be confirmed by the refusal of Ben Gurion's government to obey the order of Dr. Bunche, Bernadotte's successor, to relinquish the strategic positions gained in the recent breach of the armistice. Foreign opinion which formerly was friendly to Jewish aspirations now concedes that as there can be no calm deliberation when the disputants are at each others' throats it begins to look as though Israel is seeking, not justice, but privilege.

Israel is the creature of the U.N., albeit spurred by strong American pre-election pressure. Her status among the nations derives from sanctions of the world authority. Israel had everything to gain by strict observation of the orders emanating from this source. Its strong willed defiance of the U.N. reads strangely in view of what went before. Her policy of all or nothing would be suited to the 19th century colonial adventures which drove out native populations with no regard for foreign opinion. It has no place in the 20th century. It is said that 400,000 homeless Arabs now roam the Judean Hills. Their plight is, if anything, worse than the Jewish D.P.'s fed and housed in German camps. The U.N. has a heavy responsibility for their welfare. Their position is the sequel of a decision taken by the U.N. It presents a problem which cannot be settled over night. The Israelites, who are the only ones to have gained so far, cannot be allowed to force the pace.

Against Centralization

A new word—"Centralist"—has found its way into our political jargon. At the Liberal convention, that party was abjured by its friends to cast out the Centralists from their midst. At the Conservative convention two months later, Ontario Tories accused the King government of making common cause "with Socialists, Communists, and Centralists." The speakers in both cases belong to the same stripe. They are provincial righters who believe in the maximum degree of authority for the provinces, and a relatively weak federal government.

In Quebec, of course, there may be some genuine, if unjustified, fears that racial and religious privileges will be curtailed if control passes from an overwhelming French legislature on the St. Lawrence to a predominantly English parliament on the banks of the Ottawa.

The single motive in Ontario, however, a motive which is equally powerful in Quebec, is quite different. These provinces house the head offices of innumerable industrial and commercial enterprises doing business all over Canada. Profits earned in every province are drawn toward the centre where a considerable part of it is collected for taxes. Not a few people in these two provinces believe that taxes should be spent in the province where they are collected, regardless of where the profits taxed are earned. The recommendations of the Rowell-Sirois Commission were a sharp challenge to this group. They are determined to see that the taxation proposals embedded in the report shall not be put into effect. They will brook no increase in the taxing power of the central government. By bracketing their antagonists who advocate greater centralization with Socialists and Communists they express their determination eloquently. The new designation "Centralists" will come into wider use as a term of abuse in the East as the date of the next federal election draws near.